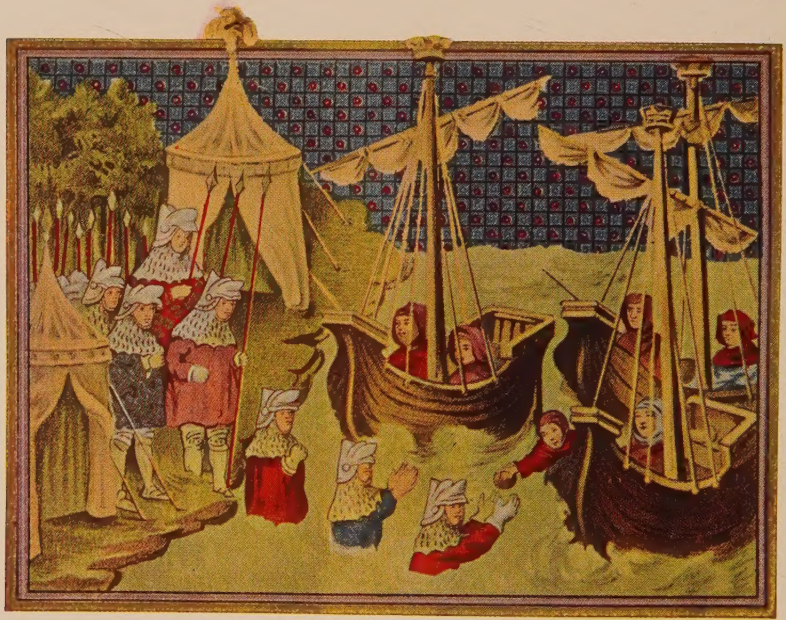
IRISH
LITERATURE



AN IRISH MANUSCRIPT

From the Harleian Manuscripts

Richard II. in Ireland, from the Harleian manuscripts, showing the scene at the conference between Richard and the King of Leinster.

The Harleian manuscripts take their name from the Harleys, father and son, who made the collection during the eighteenth century. They are perhaps among the most valuable ancient historical manuscripts that Great Britain possesses.

It was in 1395 that King Richard received the submission of Art. MacMurrough and the other Irish chieftains near Carlow. Good accounts of Art. MacMurrough will be found in the work on him by T. D'Arcy McGee and in Joyce's "Short History of Ireland."

IRISH LITERATURE

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THE SUNNINESS OF IRISH LIFE.

James Anthony Froude has said many hard things of Ireland—that is, of Ireland as the battle-ground of political and social questions—but he has paid an ungrudging and eloquent tribute to the charms of Ireland, of the mountain, the lake, and the valley, and of its light-hearted and humorous inhabitants. "We have heard much of the wrongs of Ireland, the miseries of Ireland, the crimes of Ireland," he writes; "every cloud has its sunny side, and, when all is said, Ireland is still the most beautiful island in the world; and the Irish themselves, though their temperament is ill-matched with ours, are still amongst the most interesting of peoples." Every cloud in Ireland has, indeed, its glint of sunshine. Thanks to the natural charms of the country, and the kindly, genial manners of the people, there is diffused through Irish life a warm, pleasant, stimulating influence, which is best described by the expressive and picturesque word "sunny." That delightful quality of sunniness in Irish life is most appreciated by those who know the strain on mental and physical energies of living amid the perpetual rush and noise and excitement of a large and busy English city. After such an experience, one feels, while in Ireland, that there is no country in the world so fresh and reposeful as the Emerald Isle, with its perpetual touch of spring—no race so leisurely and restful as the Irish—that there is no land and no people so well adapted to reinvigorate an overworked frame or restore to cheerfulness a weary mind.

What a consciousness of tranquillity, what a restfulness of spirit, one feels in Ireland! says one writer. What repose and quietude is inspired, mentally and physically, by the clear, serene atmosphere of the country; its soft lights; its expanses of blue sky; the refreshing green of its fields and trees; the varied tints of its mountain ranges; its wind-swept moorlands; its flat stretches of bog; its gorgeous sunset glows; the dreamy flow of its streams; the restful expanse of its broad lakes; and the soothing wash of the sea on its rugged cliffs and craggy strands! What a delightful picture of Ireland is that drawn by the ancient Irish student-poet in France:—

"A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
Uileacan dubh O!
Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley ear,
Uileacan dubh O!
There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fanned;
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the yellow sand,
On the fair hills of holy Ireland."

And if the stern rugged coasts, the heather-covered moors and mountain ranges, the vernal valleys of Ireland can vie with those of any pleasure haunt in the United Kingdom in health-giving air and pleasure-inspiring scenery, the characteristics of the Irish people are no less admirably adapted to refresh and amuse an overworked and weary mind.

A few uncongenial visitors to Ireland—people, as a rule, without a glint of humor or inspiration, to whom the complex Irish character is a hopeless enigma—have been shocked by what they conceive to be the low regard for truth which prevails in the country. They say it is very difficult to get at the Irish peasant's real opinion on any subject. But I think it will be found that the Irish peasant's occasional picturesque indifference to facts is due, not to an ingrained love for falsehood and hypocrisy—as these critics too often suppose—but partly to his powers of imagination, and partly to his amiable desire to make himself agreeable. A man, weary after a long walk, asked a peasant whom he met on the high road how far he was from a certain village. "Just four short miles," was the reply. Now the place happened to be eight miles distant, and the peasant was aware of the fact. Why, then, did he deceive the man? "Shure," said he, when reproved for the deception, "I saw the poor fellow was tired, and I wanted to keep his courage up." In this anecdote we have an illustration of the peasant's desire to say pleasant things on all occasions. This is the secret also of his general subserviency to one's expressed opinions. His sense of politeness is so fine that he positively thinks it rude to express disagreement with the views of a stranger, even though he is convinced that they are mistaken.

And who has such a pretty faculty for paying compliments as the average Irish peasant? Two young ladies stopped to talk to an old man working in a potato field.

In the course of the conversation one said to him, "Which of us do you think is the elder?" "Ah, thin, each of ye looks younger than the other," replied the gallant old fellow. An aged lady, getting into a cab in Dublin, said to the driver, "Help me in, my good man, for I 'm very old." "Begor, ma'am," said he, "no matter what age you are, you don't look it." No one mingles fun with flattery so genially as the Irish peasant. You are never made to blush or to feel uncomfortable by his compliments. No matter how extravagant his flattery may be, it is so expressed that you are enabled to carry it off with a laugh, while at the same time you are bound to feel pleased with the spirit which dictates it. A lady who was learning Irish in London paid a visit to a Gaelic-speaking part of Kerry, and, in order to improve her colloquial acquaintance with the language, tried to carry on a conversation in the old tongue with one of the peasants. The attempt, however, was a failure. They could not understand each other. "Ah," said the peasant at last, "how could I be expected to know the fine Irish of the grand lady from London?"

A pat answer to be given by a native of the Emerald Isle is only in the eternal fitness of things. For example: An Irish laborer coveted a lowly municipal appointment in a certain borough, and called on one of the local town councilors to secure his influence in getting the desired job. "Is his worship at home?" inquired Pat. "He is not at home just now," replied the lady of the house, who had a very prepossessing appearance; "but perhaps I may do as well. I 'm the wife of his worship," she added, repeating Pat's words quizzically. "An' sure, ma'am," said the applicant, by way of introducing his errand, "his worship isn't to be wondered at." Whether the town councilor's wife used her influence on his behalf or not, Pat never knew, but, all the same, he got the situation. A servant girl named Bridget, applying for a place, said to the lady of the house, "Yis, ma'am, I lived in me last place for three weeks." "And why did you leave?" inquired the lady. "I couldn't get along with the misthress; she was ould and cranky." "But I may be ould and cranky, too," said the lady. "Cranky ye may be, ma'am, for faces is sometimes decavin'; but ould, niver!" said Bridget. And Bridget got the place. Two kinds of conveyances are com-

monly in use in the south of Ireland, and are known respectively as "inside" and "outside" cars. A very nice-looking lady in Cork engaged an outside car to take her to the house of a friend. As the day was rather chilly, the friend met her with the exclamation, "Have you really come on an outside car?" Instantly the driver replied, "Why, thin, ma'am, is it inside you 'd be after puttin' *her* —a handsome lady that could bear inspection!"

Another characteristic feature of Irish life is the easy freedom of manners and the familiarity of intercourse between strangers. Among the people, certainly, the stranger is never received in Ireland with that cold, distant, and suspicious demeanor with which he is too often greeted in the sister countries. In Ireland the stranger is treated confidingly as a friend until he has done something wrong; in England he is regarded with distrust until he has established his good character. I have often seen, in the south of Ireland, carters pull up their wagons or vans, and walk into a house without ceremony, beyond the salutation, "God save all here," go over to the fireplace, and take up a burning sod of turf with which to light their pipes; and then were ready, with native loquacity, to enter into conversation with any members of the household present.

There is a very humorous medieval Irish story which I am disposed to think is a satire on the talkativeness of the race. Three hermits sought peace and quietude in a valley far remote from the haunts of men. At the end of a year one remarked, "It 's a fine life we are having here." After another year the second hermit replied, "It is." When a third year had elapsed, the remaining hermit broke into the conversation with the threat, "If I cannot get peace here, I 'll go back to the world!"

Simplicity is also a trait in the Irish character. A dispensary doctor told me that he had occasion to prescribe two pills for a sick laborer, which he sent him by his wife in a small box, bearing the directions, "The whole to be taken immediately." On visiting his patient subsequently, the doctor was surprised to learn that the desired effect had not been produced by the pills. He asked the man's wife if she had really given her husband the medicine. "I did, doctor," she replied; "but maybe the lid hasn't come

off yet." The sick man had been made to swallow pills and box together! Mrs. Murphy's husband was extremely ill, so she called in a doctor, and then anxiously inquired as to the sufferer's state. "I am sorry to say, madam," replied the doctor gravely, "that your husband is dying by inches." "Well, docthor," said Mrs. Murphy, with an air of resignation, "wan good thing is, me poor husband is six feet three in his stockin'-feet, so he 'll lasht some time yit." It is a grand thing to have—as the Irish peasants have—faith in the doctor! What wonders it can work is shown by the following story. An Irishman, who had a great respect for the medical profession, but had had the good fortune never to have required a doctor's services in his life before, was one day taken ill. A doctor was sent for. With eyes big with astonishment, the patient watched the doctor take his clinical thermometer from its case. As the doctor slipped it under his patient's armpit, he told him "to keep it there a second or two." Paddy lay still, almost afraid to breathe, and, when the doctor took it out, he was astonished to hear his patient exclaim, "I do feel a dale better after that, sur!"

Stories of the simpleness and artlessness of the people are very entertaining. A well-known society lady, residing at Cork, sent a letter to the militia barracks, requesting the pleasure of Captain A.'s company at dinner on a certain day. The letter must have got into the wrong hands, for the answer rather astonished the hostess. It ran: "Private Hennessy and Private O'Brien are unable to accept, owing to their being on duty; but the remainder of Captain A.'s company will have much pleasure in accepting Mrs. B.'s hospitality." Some years ago the keeper of the lighthouse on Tory Island (an Englishman) got married to a London girl, and his wife had, among other effects, a small light pianette sent after her to her new home. By-and-by news reached the island that the instrument was on the mainland, and two islanders were dispatched in a lugger to fetch it across. The lighthouse keeper and his wife were awaiting the arrival of the pianette, which was to brighten the long winter evenings; but, to their disappointment, they saw the boat returning without the instrument. "Where 's the pianette?" shouted the lighthouse keeper when the lugger had got within hailing distance.

"It 's all right," replied one of the boatmen; "shure, we 're towin' it behind us!" The inhabitants of Tory Island are an extremely simple and primitive people. Lady Chatterton, who made a visit she paid to Ireland thirty years ago the subject of a book, describes the mingled astonishment and alarm she saw on the face of a peasant from the island as he mounted the stairs of a house on the mainland.

Another characteristic of the peasantry is their carefulness about the superscription of the letters they commit to the post. They find it difficult to believe in the capability of the post-office authorities to deliver safely a letter, outside their own immediate postal district, unless it is addressed with the utmost fullness of detail. The manager of a large hotel in Dublin showed me the envelope of a letter received by one of the maids of the establishment from her old mother in County Mayo. The superscription was as follows:—

"For Margaret Maloney,
Rotunda Hotel.
All modern improvements. Lift. Electric lights. Terms moderate.
Tariff on application to manager.
Sackville Street, Dublin, Ireland."

The old lady with rural simplicity had faithfully copied all the printed details at the top of the sheet of the hotel notepaper on which her daughter had written to her.

Perhaps it is only in Ireland—a country where everything is taken for granted—that an incident like the following is possible. During the meeting of the British Association in Dublin in 1871, a visit was paid by the ethnological section to the island of Arranmore, off the coast of Galway, famous for its magnificent cyclopean ruin, the Dun Angus. Among the other objects of interest pointed out for the admiration of the assembled savants was a rude specimen of those domica buildings of a beehive form, variously called oratories or *blockaunes*. They are stone-roofed structures of narrow proportions, with low entrances, and containing one or more small chambers. While a famous Irish archeologist, who acted the cicerone, was descanting on the architectural peculiarities and the profound antiquity of the structure, which,

perhaps, he said, was once the residence of Firbolg or Danaun kings, one of the excursionists on the outside of the group sought such information about the mysterious building as he could gather from the crowd of wondering natives who were congregated around. "Isn't that a very ancient building now?" he said to an Arranite. "I suppose it 's a thousand years old at least?" "Oh, no, yer honner," was the reply. "Shure, it 's no more than four or five years since Tim Bourke built it for a donkey that he do be workin' in the winter."

The national characteristics are so diffused that the same traits are to be found in the houses of the gentry—tempered, somewhat, by education and training—as in the cabins of the peasantry. An amusing illustration of what "a ruling passion," the passion for hunting and racing is among the well-to-do classes in Ireland, occurred in a speech on the state of Ireland delivered by Lord Stanley in 1844. He pointed out, amid the laughter of the House of Commons, that an affidavit respecting the striking out of Roman Catholics from the panel from which the jury which tried O'Connell and other Repeal leaders was selected, was signed by William Kemmis, "Clerk of the Course," instead of "Clerk of the Crown." Chief Justice Doherty used to relate a strange experience which befell him during a visit to a country house. His friend, the host, sent a car to the railway station to bring him to the place. He had not gone far when the horse became very restive, and finally upset the vehicle into a ditch. The judge asked the driver how long the animal had been in harness. "Half an hour, sur," replied the man. "I mean, how long since he was first put in harness?" said the judge. "Shure, I 've tould you, half an hour, sur," answered the driver, "an' the masther said if he carried ye safe he 'd buy him." I was one evening in the Queen's Theater, Dublin, during the week of the famous August Horse Show, when the Irish metropolis is crowded with visitors from every province. An elderly country gentleman, in pronounced "horsey" attire, came into the stalls; and the "gods," as is their wont, began to chaff him. He bore their remarks in silence for a time, and then, rising in his seat and looking up to the gallery, waved his hand for silence. "Gentlemen," he cried, "if you don't

stop that noise, I 'll lave the theater." A shout of laughter greeted his humorous threat from all parts of the house, and he was left in peace by the "gods" for the remainder of the evening.

The Irish peasant will never confess to ignorance if he can at all escape it. This characteristic is also due to his desire to be on the best of terms with everybody. Some years ago the Fishery Commissioners held at Kilrush an inquiry into the condition of the fisheries of the lower Shannon. One old witness was very discursive, and inclined to aver everything. "Are there any whales about there?" asked one of the commissioners sarcastically. "Is it whales?" exclaimed the witness, who did not notice that the commissioner was humbugging him. "Shure ye may see thim be the dozen sphoutin' about like water engines all over the place." Another commissioner gravely inquired whether there were dogfish there. "Faix, you 'd say so, if ye passed the night at Carrigaholt. We can't sleep for the barkin' of thim," replied the witness. Lastly, the third commissioner asked if flying fish abounded in the river. The old man's marvelous imagination and rapid invention were by no means exhausted, for he replied, "Arrah, if we didn't put the shutters up ivery night there wouldn't be a whole pane of glass left in the windies from the crathurs beatin' agin thim." A gamekeeper in County Waterford, who was very proud of the woods under his charge, was wont to indulge in the most extravagant accounts of the quantity of every description of game to be found there. A gentleman once asked him, for amusement's sake, "Are there any paradoxes to be found here, Pat?" Without the slightest hesitation the keeper replied, "Oh, thim 's very rare in these parts, yer honner; but ye might find two or three of thim sometimes on the sands whin the tide 's out."

"I suppose there are no lobsters in Ireland, Pat?" said a traveler. "Lobsters, is it? Shure the shores is red wid them."

These harmless and very amusing exaggerations may undoubtedly be traced to the fancifulness of the Irish peasantry, their excessive geniality and courtesy, and their desire to please. John Wesley, the famous founder of the Methodist sect, who visited our country about the middle

of the eighteenth century, said of the peasantry that "a people so generally civil he had never seen either in Europe or in America." He also described them as "an immeasurably loving people," and declared, "I have seen as real courtesy in their cabins as could be found at St. James' or the Louvre." This, indeed, is the testimony of all fine natures who have been brought into close relations with the Irish people. Some of the *foibles* of the peasantry may have perplexed them a little; but that they are an attractive and interesting and lovable race has been admitted by all. Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the renowned artist, a Welshman, has written: "I am by blood and nature and sympathy more Irish than Saxon. I do not love the English even; I admire and respect them often more than any other nation now existing; but they don't touch my heart a bit, and I often really hate them, and though the Irish disappoint, vex, and confuse me, they touch me and melt my heart often and often."

I heard a very amusing story from a priest, who related it, he told me, on the authority of the clergyman who figured in the incident, which shows that this attention and courtesy to strangers sometimes leads to laughable *contretemps*. Three Protestant ladies were staying at Glengariff. Owing to the sympathetic manner in which they interested themselves in the welfare of the people, they became great friends with the parish priest. One Sunday the ladies were obliged to take refuge from a heavy shower of rain in the little chapel. The parish priest, who happened to be celebrating Mass at the time, observed them, and whispering to the simple old clerk, who was attending him at the altar, he said, "Get three chairs for the Protestant ladies." The clerk, mistaking his instructions, turned round to the congregation and cried—"His riverence wants three cheers for the Protestant ladies." They were given with a heart and a half.

The Irishman is the most approachable of human beings. There is no man with whom one can become so thoroughly acquainted in a short time, and there is no man who takes so kindly and keen an interest in one's affairs on a casual acquaintance. The Duke of Connaught had an amusing experience of this quality of the Irish character during the tour which he made through Ireland about twenty years

ago. He was standing on the steps of a hotel in the west of Ireland when a peasant approached him, and with native bland and infantile assurance, said: "Welcome to Ireland, yer Royal Highness. I hope I see yer Royal Highness well." "Quite well. I 'm much obliged to you," replied the Duke. "And yer noble mother, the Queen. I hope her ould ladyship is enjoyin' the best of health," said the peasant. "Yes, thank you, the Queen is very well," answered the Duke, who seemed highly amused by the easy familiarity of the peasant. "I 'm glad to hear it," continued the latter; "an' tell me, yer Royal Highness, how are all yer noble brothers and sisters?" But at that moment an *aide-de-camp* appeared on the scene, and cried, "Get along there, you fellow." "What are ye interferin' wid me for?" retorted the peasant, apparently much affronted. "Don't ye see that I 'm houldin' a conversation wid his Royal Highness?"

But the irrepressible sense of humor of the people often leads them to the perpetration of amusing practical jokes on unwary visitors. Could there be anything more laughable than the joke played on the clever and astute Thackeray by a simple peasant? The author of 'Vanity Fair' was filled with a detestation of O'Connell when, in 1843, he made that journey through Ireland which led to the production of the caustic 'Irish Sketch Book.' Going along a country road one day, the eminent novelist saw at certain intervals pillar-stones bearing the mystic letters "G.P.O." The stones had just been erected by the post-office authorities to mark the post roads. But great men do not know everything, and Thackeray happened to be ignorant of that fact. He therefore asked an explanation of the stones and their inscription from a peasant whom he met on the road. "Sure, sur," said the man; "G.P.O. stands for 'God Presarve O'Connell!'" Thackeray took a note of the explanation, and in the original manuscript of the 'Irish Sketch Book' he gravely stated that so blind and extravagant was the devotion of the people to the great demagogue that they had actually erected along the highways pillar-stones with the inscription "G.P.O.," which meant "God Preserve O'Connell." The blunder was, however, discovered in the office of the publisher, and was set right before the book appeared.

But the practical joking is by no means confined to visitors. Some years ago the Shannon Rowing Club, Limerick, had a famous boat crew, which carried everything before them in aquatic sports in Ireland. The crew went to Cork one year, and, as usual, won the big race. Naturally there was immense excitement in the rival cities over the event, and during its height, on the day of the race, a telegram purporting to come from the Mayor of Cork reached the Mayor of Limerick. It was couched in the following terms: "Your Limerick crew beat us to-day, but, for the honor of Cork, I hereby challenge you, for a stake of £50, to row a measured mile on the river Lee." Now, as the Mayor of Limerick had only one arm, he saw in this message a deliberate insult, and, remembering that the Mayor of Cork was not complete in the matter of legs, he furiously dispatched to Cork a message to this effect: "If you want to avenge your disgraceful beating to-day, I 'll hop you over the Wellesley Bridge, in this city, for £100."

The Mayor of Cork was perfectly innocent, and absolutely ignorant of the sending of the first telegram, and recognizing in this message from Limerick the addition of insult to the injury done to the reputation of the city of which he was the chief magistrate, by the ill-fortune of the Cork oars, he gratified himself by informing the Mayor of Limerick by telegraph that he was "a cowardly cad." The correspondence was subsequently continued by the solicitors of the respective mayors, and it took some days to reach a conclusion which avoided an appeal to the law courts.

"Peter," said a gentleman to his servant, "did you take my note to Mr. Downey?" "Yis, sur, an' I think his eyesight is gettin' very bad," replied Peter. "Why so?" asked the master. "Begorra, sur," said Peter, "while I was in the room, he axed me twice where me hat was, an' 't was on me head all the time." But it 's not often that Irish servants are wanting in good manners, and the offense in this case was unintentional. Here is another story of an Irish servant. Having carried a basket of game from his master to a friend, he waited a considerable time for the customary fee, but, not finding it forthcoming, he said: "If me masther should say, 'Pat, what did the

gintleman give you?' what would your honner have me tell him?"

"Old White," the late major-domo or house-steward of the Mansion House, Dublin—an office which he filled for many, many years—was a well-known character. Many funny stories are told of him. He was once guilty of some neglect of duty, and was summoned before the Lord Mayor, who said: "White, I have borne with you in many things, but this complaint goes beyond my power of endurance." "And does yur lordshup really cridit the sthory?" asked White. "Certainly," answered the Lord Mayor. "I 've just heard it from two members of the Corporation." "Faith," retorted White, "if I believed all that twinty town councilors and aldhermin say about you, it 's little I 'd think you was fit to ware the gould chain of Lord Mayor of Dublin." White, as on many a previous occasion, was dismissed with a caution. He had, indeed, a hot temper and a sarcastic tongue, from the sting of which even the Lord Mayor himself was occasionally not sacred.

I often heard from "Old White" wonderful stories of "the great doings," and "the lashin's of hospitality," in the Mansion House before its civic sanctity was invaded by "the Commonalty"—as White called them—who came in when the Nationalists got the upper hand in the Corporation. A licensed vintner was Lord Mayor some years ago. A captain of a regiment stationed in Dublin called one day to see his lordship in connection with a concert for some charitable institution. The door of the Mansion House was, as usual, opened by White. "Good-morrow, White," was the salute of the captain. "Ah, thin, good-day to yez, captain, and how 's ivery bit of yez? Shure you 're welcome," said White. "Is the Lord Mayor in?" asked the captain. "Well, the way it is, captain, if yez want to see him at wanst, he 's out; but if yez can wait a quarther of an hour, he 's in." The visitor agreed to wait in the room off the hall. "Captain," continued White, "would yez be after havin' a dhrop of whisky wid me?" "I really can't, White; but thank you very much," replied the captain. "Oh, shure, make yer mind aisy! It's none of the Lord Mayor's fusil oil I 'd be after givin' ye; it 's rale John Jameson. I paid me solid twinty-wan shillin's

the gallon for it. You can dhrink it wid safety, captain." Then, "Whist yer sowl, captain; here 's his lordshup!"

Some of the priests were opposed to the custom, very popular at one time with the boys and girls, but now almost a thing of the past, of public dances at "the cross roads,"—a point where three or four roads meet—on fine Sunday afternoons. A blind fiddler was brought out from a neighboring town to supply the music at one of these festive gatherings. Just as the fun was at its height, "his riverence" the parish priest was seen approaching, and the boys and girls fled across the fields. But the blind fiddler, unconscious of the stampede, continued rasping out the lively strains of the jig, 'The Cats' Rambles to the Child's Saucepan,' when he was interrupted by the priest asking him, "Do you know the Third Commandment?" "It sounds familiar like to me, but I can't recall it," said the fiddler. "Maybe, if ye whistled a bar or two of it I might remimber it." He thought it was another jig he had been asked to play, instead of being reproved for desecrating the Sabbath!

The following good story may not be true—I certainly would not care to vouch for its accuracy—but those who know the leisurely and casual way many things are done in Ireland will admit that it is by no means improbable. A train which was slowly wending its way in the south of Ireland suddenly pulled up outside a station. The guard, putting his head out of his van at the end of the train, shouted to the engine driver, so that all the passengers might hear, "I say, Jim, what are ye stoppin' for? Go on out o' that, will ye?" The engine driver roared back, "Yerra, man, how can I go on? Don't ye see the signal 's agin us." "The signal 's agin us!" cried the guard contemptuously. "Musha, how mighty particular yer gettin'!" I remember attending at Limerick an inquiry into the wreck of a ship in the Shannon, while it was being brought up the river by one of the local pilots. The captain stated in the course of his evidence that when the vessel struck on a rock he said angrily to the pilot, "You said you knew every rock in the river." "Of course I do, sur, and that 's wan o' thim," replied the pilot!

The average tourist, with his inordinate love of personal comfort and personal well being when holiday-making,

often finds it hard to bear with the shortcomings of some of the hotels in the remote parts of Ireland. But the genuine, heartfelt welcome which is given to visitors at these primitive hostelries—a welcome which is not at all inspired by mercenary motives—and the quaint and homely experiences to be met with in them, undoubtedly add to the charm of touring in out-of-the-way parts of Ireland. Thackeray relates in his 'Irish Sketch Book' that once when dining in a rural hotel in Ireland he asked the waiter for some currant jelly with his roast mutton. "There 's no jelly, sur, but I 'll give you some fine lobster sauce!" was the waiter's answer. We may be sure that this quaint and unexpected reply lent more piquancy to the novelist's dinner than all the currant jelly in the world could have imparted.

A traveler staying at one of these out-of-way inns found his boots still lying uncleaned outside his bedroom door in the morning. He summoned the landlord, to obtain an explanation of this remissness in the service. "My boots have been lying there all night untouched!" he exclaimed. "Yes, yer honner," said the landlord, proud of the honesty and good name of his house, "an' they might lie there for a month, and no wan wud touch thim!" The excuses given for deficiencies at these hotels are always diverting. "Bring me a hot plate, waiter," said a visitor to a Mayo hotel as he sat at the dinner table. "The hot plates is not come in yet, sur," replied the waiter. "Then hurry up and get them in," said the hungry visitor. "I mane, sur, they 're not in saison," explained the waiter. "Hot plates come in in October and goes out in May." A friend of mine who visited the backward parts of Kerry last summer told me that he stayed one night at a humble hotel in Cahirciveen. His bedroom was on the ground floor. During the night he was awakened by a noise in the room, and to his consternation saw a rat prowling about for something to eat. Next morning he reported the matter to the landlord. "Look at that, now," said the landlord; "it 's all that Johnnie's fault. Johnnie, Johnnie!" he cried, and on the appearance of a bare-legged youth, who acted the part of "boots," he exclaimed, "You bla'guard, why didn't ye put Biddy into the room wid this gintleman last night?" "Biddy" was an Irish terrier!

The Irish waiters in country hotels are, as a rule, very comical and amusing. Lord Carlisle used to relate a laughable experience he had with a waiter at an agricultural dinner in Galway during the time he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. This waiter, who happened to be a droll person, was specially appointed to attend to the wants of the Viceroy. He passed remarks on every dish with which he supplied his Excellency. Handing him a dish of peas, he said, "Pays, yer Excellency," adding in a whisper, "an' if I was you, the divil a wan iv thim I 'd touch, for they 're as hard as bullets!" A barrister told me that during an assize at Nenagh he and some friends played cards one night at the hotel where they were staying. He dropped a pound note under the table, and, discovering his loss as he was going to bed, returned to the room immediately. The waiter said to him, "Did you lose anything, sur?" "Yes, a pound note," replied my friend. "I found it; and here it is," returned the waiter, adding, "Begor, wasn't it lucky for you none of the gintlemen found it!"

Whatever may be said of Irish hotels, it cannot be written of them what Dr. Magee, Archbishop of York, a witty Irishman, wrote in the visitors' book of the hostelry in a popular holiday resort in England: "I came here for change and rest. The waiter has the change; the landlord the rest."

Heinrich Heine has described Ireland as an ethereal young lady, "with her heart full of sun, and her head full of flowery wit." A happy and poetic description, truly. It is not, alas! all flowery wit in the head of Ireland, nor all sunshine in her heart; but she has as large a share of joyousness and humor as any nation in the world. She also rejoices in the passionate devotion of her children. Wherever they may be, Ireland is always in their thoughts. An Irish exile was at a dinner in Paris. Some one proposed the toast of "The land we live in." "Aye, with all my soul," cried the Irishman, raising his glass, "Here 's to poor old Ireland!"

Michael MacDonagh.

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GEORGE PETRIE.

(1789—1866.)

GEORGE PETRIE was born in Dublin in 1789. His father, James Petrie, was a noted portrait painter and a man of much intellect and culture. Mr. Whyte of Dublin, who taught Sheridan and Moore, had charge of his early education. He was intended for a surgeon, but he preferred art, and displayed very early considerable proficiency. In his excursions into the country for subjects for his pencil he was attracted to the round towers, cromlechs, raths, ruined monasteries, etc., in which Ireland abounds. Endowed with the true spirit of an antiquarian, he did not content himself with merely sketching from this mine of treasures, but pushed his researches into the origin, history, and uses of these remains, and by his notes and observations he was able during these excursions to accumulate such valuable information as afterward gained for him the reputation of an accomplished antiquary. He collected, also, as he wandered through the cottages of the peasantry, the old national airs, which, in the process of being handed down from father to son, were rapidly dying out.

After his marriage in 1821, he settled down to the regular work of an artist. Several of his large water-color drawings, such as 'Walks in Connemara,' 'Shruel Bridge,' 'Pilgrims at Clonmacnoise,' 'The Home of the Herons,' 'Dun Aengus,' 'Gougane Barra,' etc., appeared from time to time on the walls of the Royal Hibernian Academy, of which he was elected a member in 1826. He also contributed to the Royal Academy in London. In 1830 he was chosen President of the Academy of his own country. He succeeded in having a proper museum established for the preservation of antiquities in Ireland; he assisted in the formation of a library, and he induced the purchase of ancient Irish manuscripts. He also contributed himself numerous and valuable papers on archeology, the principal among them being 'On the Origin and Uses of the Round Towers of Ireland,' for which he gained a prize of £50 ($250) and a gold medal from the Royal Irish Academy. In 1832 he became editor of the *Dublin Penny Journal*, in connection with Cæsar Otway, Carleton's earliest patron, and in this his notes, sketches, and articles on the antiquities of Ireland were a marked and valuable feature. In 1833 he was employed to superintend the topographical department connected with the Ordnance Survey of Ireland. A staff of learned men was placed at his disposal, among them being John O'Donovan and Eugene O'Curry.

When the scheme of the Irish Ordnance Survey was abandoned, after one volume on the city of Londonderry and its vicinity had been published and much valuable historical and antiquarian material collected, Petrie returned again to his brush as a means of support, but shortly afterward a pension from the civil list relieved him from difficulty and sufficed for his modest wants. The degree

of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the Dublin University as a mark of the value of his labors. He continued his tours through Ireland, visiting occasionally Scotland and Wales, seeking everywhere subjects for pen and pencil, and adding bells, croziers, coins, etc., to the store of antiquities he had collected from an early period. This collection was purchased after his death by the Government and now rests in the Royal Irish Academy. He was a proficient performer on the violin, and, although appreciating the works of the Italian and German masters, he loved most the ancient and pathetic melodies of his native country; and the closing years of his life were devoted to their collection and to the arrangement of what he had already collected. He organized a society for the purpose, which ultimately published one volume and supplement, containing about one hundred and eighty airs, with curious and interesting annotations.

He died at Rathmines, Dublin, Jan. 17, 1866. His great work, 'The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland Anterior to the Anglo-Norman Invasion'—in which is included the essay already mentioned 'On the Origin and Uses of the Round Towers of Ireland'—was published in 1845. He also wrote a number of essays. One lasting service which Dr. Petrie rendered the Irish Academy deserves to be specially recorded. In 1831 he secured for it a hitherto uncared-for and neglected autograph copy of the second part ofthe 'Annals of the Four Masters.'

His friend, Dr. William Stokes, a distinguished medical practitioner of Dublin, published in 1869 an account of his life and labors in art and archeology.

That the time was ripe for the work to which he devoted his life is proved by the following anecdote: "I shall not easily forget," said Dr. Petrie, addressing a meeting of the Royal Irish Academy upon that celebrated example of early Celtic workmanship, the Tara Brooch, "that when in reference to the existence of a similar remain of ancient Irish art, I had first the honor to address myself to a meeting of this high institution, I had to encounter the incredulous astonishment of the illustrious Dr. Brinkley" (of Trinity College, President of the Academy), "which was implied in the following remarks: 'Surely, sir, you do not mean to tell us that there exists the slightest evidence to prove that the Irish had any acquaintance with the arts of civilized life anterior to the arrival in Ireland of the English?' nor shall I forget that in the skepticism which this remark implied nearly all the members present very obviously participated."

ANCIENT IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL REMAINS.

From 'The Round Towers.'

"An opinion has long prevailed, chiefly countenanced by Mr. Somner, that the Saxon churches were mostly built with timber; and that the few they had of stone consisted

only of upright walls, without pillars or arches; the construction of which it is pretended they were entirely ignorant of" (Grose). Yet this opinion is now universally acknowledged to be erroneous, and I trust I shall clearly prove that the generally adopted conclusion as to the recent date of our ecclesiastical stone buildings is erroneous also.

It is by no means my wish to deny that the houses built by the Scotic race in Ireland were usually of wood, or that very many of the churches erected by that people, immediately after their conversion to Christianity, were not of the same perishable material. I have already proved these facts in my essay on the 'Ancient Military Architecture of Ireland anterior to the Anglo-Norman Conquest.' But I have also shown in that essay that the earlier colonists in the country, the Firbolg and Tuatha De Danann tribes, which our historians bring hither from Greece at a very remote period, were accustomed to build, not only their fortresses, but even their dome-roofed houses and sepulchers, of stone without cement, and in the style now usually called Cyclopean and Pelasgic. I have also shown that this custom, as applied to their forts and houses, was continued in those parts of Ireland in which those ancient settlers remained, even after the introduction of Christianity, and, as I shall presently show, was adopted by the Christians in their religious structures. As characteristic examples of these ancient religious structures still remaining in sufficient preservation to show us perfectly what they had been in their original state, I may point to the monastic establishment of St. Molaise, on Inishmurry, in the bay of Sligo, erected in the sixth century; to that of St. Brendan, on Inishglory, off the coast of Erris, in the county of Mayo, erected in the beginning of the same century; and to that of St. Fechin, on Ard-Oilean, or High Island, off the coast of Connamara, in the county of Galway, erected in the seventh century. In all these establishments the churches alone, which are of the simplest construction, are built with lime cement. The houses or cells erected for the use of the abbot and monks are of a circular or oval form, having dome roofs, constructed like those of the ancient Greek and Irish sepulchers, without a knowledge of the principle of the arch, and without the use of

cement; and the whole are encompassed by a broad wall composed of stones of great size, without cement of any kind.

Such also or very nearly appears to have been the monastic establishment constructed on the island of Farne, in Northumberland, in the year 684, by St. Cuthbert, bishop of Lindisfarne, who is usually reputed to have been an Irishman, and, at all events, received his education from Irish ecclesiastics. This monastery, as described by Venerable Bede in the seventeenth chapter of his Life of that distinguished saint, was almost of a round form, four or five perches in diameter from wall to wall. This wall was on the outside of the height of a man, but was on the inside made higher by sinking the natural rock, to prevent the thoughts from rambling by restraining the sight to the view of the heavens only. It was not formed of cut stone, or brick cemented with mortar, but wholly of rough stones and earth, which had been dug up from the middle of the inclosure; and of these stones, which had been carried from another place, some were so large that four men could scarcely lift one of them. Within the inclosure were two houses, of which one was an oratory or small chapel, and the other for the common uses of a habitation; and of these the walls were in great part formed by digging away the earth inside and outside, and the roofs were made of unhewn timber thatched with hay. Outside the inclosure, and at the entrance to the island, was a larger house for the accommodation of religious visitors, and not far from it a fountain of water. . . .

That these buildings were, as I have already stated, erected in the mode practiced by the Firbolg and Tuatha De Danann tribes in Ireland, must be at once obvious to any one who has seen any of the Pagan circular stone forts and beehive-shaped houses, still so frequently to be met with along the remote coasts, and on the islands of the western and southwestern parts of Ireland—into which little change of manners and customs had penetrated that would have destroyed the reverence paid by the people to their ancient monuments—the only differences observable between these buildings and those introduced in the primitive Christian times being the presence of lime cement, the use of which was wholly unknown to the Irish in Pagan

times—and the adoption of a quadrangular form in the construction of the churches, and, occasionally, in the interior of the externally round houses of the ecclesiastics, the forts and houses of the Firbolg and Tuatha De Danann colonies being invariably of a rotund form, both internally and externally. . . .

It is remarkable, however, that the early Irish Christians do not appear to have adopted all at once the quadrangular form and upright walls characteristic of the houses of the Romans, and observable in the churches still existing, the erection of which is ascribed to St. Patrick and his successors. In the remote barony of Kerry called Corcaguiny, and particularly in the neighborhood of Smerwick Harbor, where the remains of stone fortresses and circular stone houses are most numerously spread through the valleys and on the mountains, we meet with several ancient oratories exhibiting only an imperfect development of the Roman mode of construction, being built of uncemented stones admirably fitted to each other, and their lateral walls converging from the base to their apex in curved lines;—indeed their end walls, though in a much lesser degree, converge also. Another feature in these edifices worthy of notice, as exhibiting a characteristic which they have in common with the Pagan monuments, is, that none of them evince an acquaintance with the principle of the arch, and that, except in one instance, that of Gallerus, their doorways are extremely low, as in the Pagan forts and houses. . . .

Having now, as I trust, sufficiently shown that the Irish erected churches and cells of stone, without cement, at the very earliest period after the introduction of Christianity into the country,—and, if it had been necessary I might have adduced a vastly greater body of evidence to substantiate the fact, I may, I think, fairly ask:—Is it probable that they would remain much longer ignorant of the use of lime cement in their religious edifices, a knowledge of which must necessarily have been imparted to them by the crowds of foreign ecclesiastics, Egyptian, Roman, Italian, French, British, and Saxon, who flocked to Ireland as a place of refuge in the fifth and sixth centuries? Of such immigration there cannot possibly exist a doubt; for, not to speak of the great number of foreigners who were dis-

ciples of St. Patrick, and of whom the names are preserved in the most ancient Lives of that saint, nor of the evidences of the same nature so abundantly supplied in the Lives of many other saints of the primitive Irish Church, it will be sufficient to refer to that most curious ancient document, written in the year 799, the 'Litany of St. Aengus the Culdee,' in which are invoked such a vast number of foreign saints buried in Ireland. Copies of this ancient litany are found in the Book of Leinster, a MS. undoubtedly of the twelfth century preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. . . .

That the Saxons at a very early period, through the instruction of foreign missionaries, acquired the art of building with stone and lime cement, and also that in the erection of their most distinguished churches they even employed foreign architects and workmen, is a fact now so fully established that it is unnecessary for me to quote any of the evidences from which it can be proved. But it may be worthy of remark that the first church built of lime and stone in the Roman style—"insolito Britonibus more," as Bede expresses it—in Scotland, that of Candida Casa, now Withern, erected by Ninian, the apostle of the Picts, about the year 412, being on the shore of Galloway, immediately opposite Ireland, and within sight of it, must have been an object familiar to at least the northern Irish; and, what is more to the point, it appears from an ancient Irish Life of St. Ninian, as quoted by Ussher, that this saint afterwards deserted Candida Casa, at the request of his mother and relations, and passed over to Ireland, where, at a beautiful place called Cluain-Coner, granted him by the king, he built a large monastery, in which he died many years afterwards.

Independently of the preceding considerations—which, however, must be deemed of great weight in this inquiry—a variety of historical evidences can be adduced from the Lives of the Irish saints and other ancient documents to prove that the Irish were in the habit of building their churches of lime and stone, though it is most probable that, in their monastic houses and oratories, they generally continued the Scotic mode of building with wood, in most parts of Ireland, till the twelfth or thirteenth century.

IRISH MUSIC.

Time will roll on and carry on its wings the arts and luxuries of a new civilization, obliterating all the memorials of the old world, all the natural strength and freedom and tenderness that belonged to man in his simpler and in his less artificial state, and which he has expressed in his works. But the depths of feeling that are expressed in the natural works of man in this state of imperfect civilization, and particularly in the original music which comes direct from the heart, untrammeled by rules, will, however simple, possess charms of a more lasting and touching kind to those who retain the pure simplicity of man's nature, than the finest works produced by the brain or the fancy of the most skillful musicians of a cold and artificial age.

The music of Ireland has hitherto been the exclusive property of the peasantry—the descendants of the ancient inhabitants of the country.

It is characteristic of their ardent and impassioned temperament, and expressive of the tone of feeling that has been for ages predominant. The upper class are a different race—a race who possess no national music; or, if any, one essentially different from that of Ireland.

They were insensible to its beauty, for it breathed not *their* feelings; and they resigned it to those from whom they took everything else, because it was a jewel of whose worth they were ignorant. He, therefore, who would add to the stock of Irish melody must seek it, not in the halls of the great, but in the cabins of the poor. He must accept the frank hospitality of the peasant's humble hearth, or follow him as he toils at his daily labors; but he must choose a season to do so—unlike the frightful Summer of 1822—when even "the song of sorrow" was only heard embodied with the song of death!

It is a great error to suppose that all the valuable melodies in Ireland have been gathered. I am satisfied—and I speak from experience, having for very many years been a zealous laborer in this way—I am satisfied that not the half of the ancient music of the country has yet been saved from the danger of extinction. What a loss would these be to the world! How many moments of the most delightful

enjoyment would be lost to thousands upon thousands, by the want of those most deeply touching strains. Dear music of my country! I cannot speak of it without using the language of enthusiasm; I cannot think of it without feeling my heart glow with tenderness and pride! Well may Ireland exult in the possession of such strains; but she will exult more when freedom shall bid her indulge the proud feelings that of right belong to her!

If the character of a people were to be judged by its national music—and is there a truer criterion?—where, in the world, would there be found a people of more intense sensibility—that sensibility, which, though it may, in its unconfined expansion, often exceed the limits within which cold prudence would confine it, is still the root of all genius, and the source of every generous feeling!

Could we suppose a being of another planet to come down to live among the inhabitants of this, ignorant of every language but music—that language of the heart—what strains would allure him like those of this green island? In what region would he be addressed with such eloquent language, whether of gayety or tenderness, of sorrow or of joy, as in this bright land of song?

Alas for those who are insensible to its beauty! It is among them that the dull and ungenerous bigots will be found who spread poison in the land which they tread. Could music penetrate their stony hearts, the melodies of Ireland would make them weep for the ill they were the means of perpetuating on this unhappy island; and they would embrace that ill-treated people with a generous affection, anxious to make reparation for past injuries.

PEARL OF THE WHITE BREAST.

From the Irish.

There 's a colleen fair as May,
For a year and for a day
I 've sought by every way—Her heart to gain.
There 's no art of tongue or eye,
Fond youths with maidens try,
But I 've tried with ceaseless sigh—Yet tried in vain.

If to France or far-off Spain,
She 'd cross the watery main,
To see her face again—The sea I 'd brave.
And if 't is Heaven's decree,
That mine she may not be,
May the Son of Mary me—In mercy save!

O thou blooming milk-white dove,
To whom I 've given true love,
Do not ever thus reprove—My constancy.
There are maidens would be mine,
With wealth in hand and kine,
If my heart would but incline—To turn from thee.
But a kiss, with welcome bland,
And a touch of thy dear hand,
Are all that I demand,—Wouldst thou not spurn;
For if not mine, dear girl,
O Snowy-breasted Pearl!
May I never from the Fair—With life return!

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

(1787—1859.)

Charles Phillips was born in Sligo, about 1787. He received his early education there, and at fifteen went to Trinity College, Dublin, where he was graduated in 1806; he was admitted to the Irish bar in 1812, and speedily made a reputation by his florid style of oratory, which, though effective with jurors, was condemned by some critics.

He took a principal part in the agitation regarding Catholic emancipation, and in 1813 he was presented with a national testimonial and publicly thanked by the Catholic Board. O'Connell eulogized him warmly, which good turn Phillips reciprocated. In 1812 he was called to the English bar, where his reputation had already become known, and in 1842 he was appointed Commissioner of the Bankruptcy Court of Liverpool. In 1846 he obtained the post of Commissioner of the Insolvent Debtor's Court of London, in which city he died in 1859.

NAPOLEON.

From 'An Historical Character of Napoleon.'

He is fallen!—We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptered hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his awful originality. A mind bold, independent, and decisive; a will despotic in its dictates; an energy that distances expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character, the most extraordinary perhaps, that, in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell. Flung into life in the midst of a revolution, that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity;—with no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves; competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshiped no God but ambition; and, with an eastern devotion, he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary

to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce he bowed before the cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the Republic; and, with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and the tribune he reared the tower of his despotism; a professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and, in the name of *Brutus,* he grasped, without remorse, and wore, without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars!

Through this pantomime of his policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices. At this touch crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished; the wildest theories took the color of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the operations of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny; ruin itself only elevated him to empire.

But, if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his councils, and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combinations appeared utterly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption. His person partook of the character of his mind—if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount—space no opposition that he did not spurn; and, whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and endowed with ubiquity! The whole Continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs and the miracle of their execution. Skepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performances—romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became commonplaces in his contemplation—kings were his people—nations were his outposts—and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board!

Amid all these changes, he stood as immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field or the drawing-room—with the mob or at the levee—wearing the Jacobin bonnet or the iron crown—banishing a Braganza or espousing a Lorraine—dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating a defeat at the gallows of Leipsic—he was still the same military despot.

Cradled in the camp, he was to the last hour the darling of the army. Of all his soldiers, not one forsook him, till affection was useless, and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favorite.—They knew well if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself; and that if he exposed them to peril, he repaid them with plunder. For the soldier, he subdued every people—to the people he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with his gains, and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe. In this wonderful combination, his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The jailer of the press, he affected the patronage of letters—the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy—the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning!—The assassin of Palm—the silencer of De Stael—and the denouncer of Kotzebue—he was the friend of David—the benefactor of De Lille—and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England.[1]

Such a medley of contradictions, and, at the same time, such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character.—A royalist—a republican, and an Emperor—a Mahometan—a Catholic, and a patron of the synagogue—a subaltern and a sovereign—a traitor and a tyrant—a Christian and an infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, potent, inflexible original—the same mysterious incomprehensible *self*—the man *without a model, and without a shadow.*

His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. In short, his whole history was like a dream to the world, and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie. Such is a faint and feeble picture of Napoleon Bonaparte, the first, and, it is to be hoped, the last, Emperor of the

[1] Sir Humphrey Davy had the first prize of the Academy of Sciences transmitted to him.

French. That he has done much evil there is little doubt—that he has been the origin of much good there is just as little. Through his means, intentional or not, Spain, Portugal, and France, have arisen to the blessings of a free constitution; superstition has found her grave in the ruins of the Inquisition; and the feudal system, with its whole train of tyrannic satellites, has fled for ever. Kings may learn from him, that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people; the people are taught by him, that there is no despotism so stupendous against which they have not a resource and, to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson, that if ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest.

A EULOGY OF WASHINGTON.

From 'The Dinas Island Speech.'

It matters very little what immediate spot may be the birthplace of such a man as Washington. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him; the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared; how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet which it revealed to us! In the production of Washington it does really appear as if nature were endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances no doubt there were; splendid exemplifications of some single qualification. Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely *chef d'œuvre* of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty the pride of every model and the perfection of every master. As a general he marshaled

the peasant into a veteran and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage, and such was the wisdom of his views and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman he almost added the character of the sage! A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here history might have doubted what station to assign him, whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created?

> "How shall we rank thee upon glory's page,
> Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage?
> All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
> Far less than all thou hast forborne to be!"

THE AMBITION OF THE IRISH PATRIOT.

From a Speech to the Catholics of Sligo, 1813.

Let us turn from the blight and view of this wintry day, to the fond anticipation of a happier period, when our prostrate land will stand erect among the nations, her brow blooming with the wreaths of science, and her paths strewed with the offerings of art; the breath of heaven blessing her flag, the extremities of earth acknowledging her name; her fields waving with the fruits of agriculture, her ports alive with the varieties of commerce, and her temples rich with unrestricted piety: above all, her mountains crowned with the wild wreath of freedom, and her valleys vocal with the ecstasies of peace! Such is the ambition of the Irish patriot—such are the views for which we are calumniated! Oh, divine ambition! Oh, delight-

ful calumny! Happy he, who shall see thee accomplished! Happier he, who, through every peril, toils for thy attainment! Proceed, friend of Ireland, and partaker of her wrongs, proceed undaunted to thy virtuous achievement! Though fortune may not gild, nor power ennoble thee, thou wilt be rich in the love, and titled by the blessings of thy country; thy path will be illumined by the public eye, thy labors enlightened by the public gratitude! The good will give thee their benediction; the great, their applause; the poor, all they have—their prayers! And, perhaps, when the splendid slave and he shall go to their accounts together, the Great Spirit may hear that prayer, though it rise from a poor man and a *Catholic.*

WILLIAM CONYNGHAM PLUNKET

(1764—1854.)

Among those leaders of the Irish bar who were members of the Irish House of Commons, and by their talents and legal acquirements gained high rank at the bar, and afterward seats on the bench, Plunket, as first Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and afterward Lord Chancellor of Ireland, stands in the front rank.

The Rev. Thomas Plunket, his father, was Presbyterian minister of Enniskillen, where William Conyngham Plunket was born, July 1, 1764.

An anecdote is told of him when he was quite young, which is indicative of his logical turn of mind. One day he was taken for a walk by his aunt. He became tired and she carried him in her arms. On the way they met a gentleman who helped her with her burden. On reaching home, his aunt told the child to thank the kind gentleman.

"Thank him for what?" he inquired.

"For his trouble in carrying you home."

"Not I," argued the youth. "'T is for you to do that." Pointing to a coal-porter with a bag of coals, "Suppose the gentleman carries home the coals, who should thank him but the porter he relieved of the bag."

In 1779 young Plunket entered Dublin University, and in 1782 he joined the Historical Society, in which he soon became conspicuous. He was a frequent visitor to the galleries of the Irish House of Commons, where he listened with delight to the eloquence of Grattan. After five years of college life Plunket entered Lincoln's Inn as a law student, and in 1787 he was called to the bar. In 1790 he gained distinction in an important election case, in which Provost Hutchinson was charged with having unfairly influenced the university election in favor of his son. Two years later he married Miss Catherine M'Causland of Fermanagh, the daughter of an eminent solicitor. In 1797 he received a silk gown, and afterward practiced chiefly in the equity courts.

In 1798 Plunket entered the Irish Parliament for the borough of Charlemount. Through the whole of the struggle on the question of the Union he took a foremost place in opposition to the Government, and his speeches were models of eloquence. In the memorable Union debate of January, 1799, his reply to Lord Castlereagh created a deep impression on his hearers.

During the state trials of 1803 he was engaged as counsel for the Crown, and in this capacity the prosecution of Robert Emmet, the brother of an old friend, became his painful duty. His conduct in this case was immediately assailed with showers of abuse. Cobbett

published a libelous account of the transaction ; Plunket sued and obtained £500 ($2,500) damages, completely clearing his character at the same time. Some months later he accepted the post of Solicitor-General. In 1805, during Pitt's administration, he became Attorney-General ; but when, under the administration of Lords Grenville and Howick, the Attorney-Generalship had assumed a Parlimentary and party character, he did not hesitate to resign it, and followed his leader into fifteen years' exile from power. In 1807 he was elected Member for Midhurst ; but a dissolution took place soon after, and he did not offer himself for re-election.

In 1812, by the death of his brother, Dr. Patrick Plunket, he acquired a fortune of £60,000 ($300,000). In the same year he again entered Parliament as member for Trinity College, and began to take an active part in the business of the House. In February Grattan moved for a committee to inquire into the laws affecting the Roman Catholics, and Plunket strenuously supported him. The speech he made on the occasion was a memorable one, every speaker who followed on either side referring to it with admiration. Before long he had become a power in the House and spoke on all important occasions. In 1821, on the Catholic question being again brought forward, he delivered another of his telling speeches.

In 1821 Plunket again became Attorney-General. In 1825 he supported the bill for putting down the Catholic Association, although he still strenuously supported the claims of the Catholics. In 1827 he was appointed Master of the Rolls in England ; but on learning the objection of the English bar to an Irish lawyer being nominated to such an office, he resigned it in a few days. As compensation he was created Chief Justice of Common Pleas in Ireland and also made a peer of the United Kingdom under the title of Baron Plunket of Newton in the county of Cork.

Plunket was the constant and faithful adviser of the Duke of Wellington during the passage of the Roman Catholic Emancipation bill. In 1830 he became Lord Chancellor of Ireland and from 1830 to 1840 his influence with Government was very considerable, his advice being taken on all Irish affairs. In 1841, while Lord Melbourne was in office, it was intimated to Lord Plunket that it would be desirable he should resign his office, to make way for Sir John Campbell, the English Attorney-General. This after some correspondence he reluctantly consented to do and delivered up his seals. For several years Lord Plunket possessed the full exercise of brilliant intellect, and spent some time abroad, especially in Rome, which he greatly enjoyed. On his return home he settled down to the enjoyment of a calm and lengthened autumn of life, and died at Old Connaught, near Bray, Jan. 4, 1854.

Lord Plunket's 'Speeches at the Bar and in the Senate' have been published in one volume, with a memoir and historical notices by Mr. John Cashel Hoey ; and 'The Life, Letters, and Speeches of Lord Plunket,' by his grandson, the Hon. David Plunket, appeared in two volumes, London, 1867.

THE UNION.

Speech in the Irish House of Commons, in reply to Lord Castlereagh, January 23, 1799.

Sir, I shall make no apology for troubling you at this late hour, exhausted though I am in mind and body, and suffering though you must be under a similar pressure. This is a subject which must arouse the slumbering, and might almost reanimate the dead. It is a question whether Ireland shall cease to be free. It is a question involving our dearest interests and for ever.

Sir, I congratulate the house on the manly temper with which this measure has been discussed; I congratulate them on the victory which I already see they have obtained —a victory which I anticipate from the bold and generous sentiments which have been expressed on this side of the house, and which I see confirmed in the doleful and discomfited visages of the miserable group whom I see before me. Sir, I congratulate you on the candid avowal of the noble lord who has just sat down. He has exposed this project in its naked hideousness and deformity. He has told us that the necessity of sacrificing our independence flows from the nature of our connection. It is now avowed that this measure does not flow from any temporary cause; that it is not produced in consequence of any late rebellion, or accidental disturbance in the country; that its necessity does not arise from the danger of modern political innovations, or from recent attempts of wicked men to separate this country from Great Britain. No, we are now informed by the noble lord that the condition of our slavery is engrafted on the principle of our connection, and that by the decrees of fate Ireland has been doomed a dependent colony from her cradle.

I trust that after this barefaced avowal there can be little difference of opinion. I trust that every honest man who regards the freedom of Ireland, or who regards the connection with England, will, by his vote on this night, refute this unfounded and seditious doctrine. Good God, sir, have I borne arms to crush the wretches who propagated the false and wicked creed, "that British connection was hostile to Irish freedom," and am I now bound to com-

bat it, coming from the lips of the noble lord who is at the head of our administration?

But, sir, in answer to the assertion of the noble lord I will quote the authority of the Duke of Portland in his speech from the throne at the end of the session 1782, "that the two kingdoms are now one, indissoluble, connected by unity of constitution and unity of interest; that the danger and security, the prosperity and calamity of the one must mutually affect the other; that they stand and fall together." I will quote the authority of the king, lords, and commons of Ireland, who asserted and established the constitution of our independent parliament founded on that connection; and the authority of the king, lords, and commons of Great Britain, who adopted and confirmed it. With as little prospect of persuasion has the noble lord cited to us the example of Scotland, and as little am I tempted to purchase, at the expense of two bloody rebellions, a state of poverty and vassalage at which Ireland at her worst state, before she attained a free trade or a free constitution, would have spurned.

But, sir, the noble lord does not seem to repose very implicit confidence in his own arguments, and he amuses you by saying that in adopting this address you do not pledge yourselves to a support of the measure in any future stage. Beware of this delusion. If you adopt this address you sacrifice your constitution. You concede the principle, and any future inquiries can only be as to the terms. For them you need entertain no solicitude, on the terms you can never disagree. Give up your independence, and Great Britain will grant you whatever terms you desire. Give her the key, and she will confide everything to its protection. There are no advantages you can ask which she will not grant, exactly for the same reason that the unprincipled spendthrift will subscribe, without reading it, the bond which he has no intention of ever discharging. I say, therefore, that if you ever mean to make a stand for the liberties of Ireland, now, and now only, is the moment for doing it.

But, sir, the freedom of discussion which has taken place on this side of the house has, it seems, given great offense to the gentlemen on the treasury bench. They are men of nice and punctilious honor, and they will not en-

dure that anything should be said which implies a reflection on their untainted and virgin integrity. They threatened to take down the words of an honorable gentleman who spoke before me, because they conveyed an insinuation; and I promised them on that occasion that if the fancy for taking down words continued I would indulge them in it to the top of their bent. Sir, I am determined to keep my word with them, and I now will not insinuate, but I will directly assert, that base and wicked as is the object proposed, the means used to effect it have been more flagitious and abominable.

Do you choose to take down my words? Do you dare me to the proof?

Sir, I have been induced to think that we had at the head of the executive government of this country a plain, honest soldier, unaccustomed to, and disdaining the intrigues of politics, and who, as an additional evidence of the directness and purity of his views, had chosen for his secretary a simple and modest youth, *puer ingenui vultus ingenuique pudoris,* whose inexperience was the voucher of his innocence; and yet I will be bold to say, that during the viceroyalty of this unspotted veteran, and during the administration of this unassuming stripling, within these last six weeks, a system of black corruption has been carried on within the walls of the castle which would disgrace the annals of the worst period of the history of either country.

Do you choose to take down my words?

I need call no witness to your bar to prove them. I see two right honorable gentlemen sitting within your walls, who had long and faithfully served the crown, and who have been dismissed because they dared to express a sentiment in favor of the freedom of their country. I see another honorable gentleman who has been forced to resign his place as commissioner of the revenue because he refused to co-operate in this dirty job of a dirty administration.

Do you dare to deny this?

I say that at this moment the threat of dismissal from office is suspended over the heads of the members who now sit around me, in order to influence their votes on the question of this night, involving everything that can be sacred or dear to man.

Do you desire to take down my words? Utter the desire, and I will prove the truth of them at your bar.

Sir, I would warn you against the consequences of carrying this measure by such means as this, but that I see the necessary defeat of it in the honest and universal indignation which the adoption of such means excites. I see the protection against the wickedness of the plan in the imbecility of its execution, and I congratulate my country that when a design was formed against her liberties, the prosecution of it was intrusted to such hands as it is now placed in.

The example of the prime minister of England, imitable in its vices, may deceive the noble lord. The minister of England has his faults. He abandoned in his latter years the principle of reform, by professing which he had attained the early confidence of the people of England, and in the whole of his political conduct he has shown himself haughty and intractable; but it must be admitted that he is endowed by nature with a towering and transcendent intellect, and that the vastness of his resources keeps pace with the magnificence and unboundedness of his projects. I thank God that it is much more easy for him to transfer his apostasy and his insolence than his comprehension and his sagacity; and I feel the safety of my country in the wretched feebleness of her enemy. I cannot fear that the constitution which has been founded by the wisdom of sages, and cemented by the blood of patriots and of heroes, is to be smitten to its center by such a green and sapless twig as this.

Sir, the noble lord has shown much surprise that he should hear a doubt expressed concerning the competence of parliament to do this act. I am sorry that I also must contribute to increase the surprise of the noble lord. If I mistake not his surprise will be much augmented before this question shall be disposed of; he shall see and hear what he has never before seen or heard, and be made acquainted with sentiments to which, probably, his heart has been a stranger.

Sir, I, in the most express terms, deny the competency of parliament to do this act. I warn you, do not dare to lay your hands on the constitution. I tell you that if, circumstanced as you are, you pass this act, it will be a nullity,

and that no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it. I make the assertion deliberately—I repeat it, and I call on any man who hears me to take down my words. You have not been elected for this purpose. You are appointed to make laws, and not legislatures. You are appointed to act under the constitution, not to alter it. You are appointed to exercise the functions of legislators, and not to transfer them. And if you do so your act is a dissolution of the government. You resolve society into its original elements, and no man in the land is bound to obey you.

Sir, I state doctrines which are not merely founded in the immutable laws of justice and of truth. I state not merely the opinions of the ablest men who have written on the science of government, but I state the practice of our constitution as settled at the era of the revolution, and I state the doctrine under which the house of Hanover derives its title to the throne. Has the king a right to transfer his crown? Is he competent to annex it to the crown of Spain or any other country? No—but he may abdicate it, and every man who knows the constitution knows the consequence, the right reverts to the next in succession—if they all abdicate it reverts to the people. The man who questions this doctrine, in the same breath must arraign the sovereign on the throne as an usurper. Are you competent to transfer your legislative rights to the French Council of Five Hundred? Are you competent to transfer them to the British Parliament? I answer, No. When you transfer you abdicate, and the great original trust reverts to the people from whom it issued. Yourselves you may extinguish, but parliament you cannot extinguish. It is enthroned in the hearts of the people. It is enshrined in the sanctuary of the constitution. It is immortal as the island which it protects. As well might the frantic suicide hope that the act which destroys his miserable body should extinguish his eternal soul. Again I therefore warn you, do not dare to lay your hands on the constitution; it is above your power.

Sir, I do not say that the parliament and the people, by mutual consent and co-operation, may not change the form of the constitution. Whenever such a case arises it must be decided on its own merits—but that is not this case. If government considers this a season peculiarly

fitted for experiments on the constitution, they may call on the people. I ask you, Are you ready to do so? Are you ready to abide the event of such an appeal? What is it you must in that event submit to the people ? Not this particular project; for if you dissolve the present form of government they became free to choose any other—you fling them to the fury of the tempest—you must call on them to unhouse themselves of the established constitution and to fashion to themselves another. I ask again, Is this the time for an experiment of that nature? Thank God, the people have manifested no such wish—so far as they have spoken their voice is decidedly against this daring innovation. You know that no voice has been uttered in its favor, and you cannot be infatuated enough to take confidence from the silence which prevails in some parts of the kingdom: if you know how to appreciate that silence, it is more formidable than the most clamorous opposition—you may be rived and shivered by the lightning before you hear the peal of the thunder!

But, sir, we are told that we should discuss this question with calmness and composure. I am called on to surrender my birthright and my honor, and I am told I should be calm and should be composed. National pride! Independence of our country! These, we are told by the minister, are only vulgar topics fitted for the meridian of the mob, but unworthy to be mentioned to such an enlightened assembly as this; they are trinkets and gewgaws fit to catch the fancy of childish and unthinking people like you, sir, or like your predecessor in that chair, but utterly unworthy the consideration of this house, or of the matured understanding of the noble lord who condescends to instruct it! Gracious God! We see a Pery reascending from the tomb, and raising his awful voice to warn us against the surrender of our freedom, and we see that the proud and virtuous feelings which warmed the breast of that aged and venerable man are only calculated to excite the contempt of this young philosopher, who has been transplanted from the nursery to the cabinet to outrage the feelings and understanding of the country.

But, sir, I will be schooled, and I will endeavor to argue this question as calmly and frigidly as I am desired to do; and since we are told that this is a measure intended for

our benefit, and that it is through mere kindness to us that all these extraordinary means have been resorted to, I will beg to ask, How are we to be benefited. Is it commercial benefit that we are to obtain? I will not detain the house with a minute detail on this part of the subject. It has been fully discussed by able men, and it is well known that we are already possessed of everything material which could be desired in that respect. But I shall submit some obvious considerations.

I waive the consideration that under any union of legislatures the conditions as to trade between the two countries must be, either free ports, which would be ruinous to Ireland, or equal duties, which would be ruinous to Ireland; or the present duties made perpetual, which would be ruinous to Ireland; or that the duties must be left open to regulation from time to time by the united parliament, which would leave us at the mercy of Great Britain. I will waive the consideration that the minister has not thought fit to tell us what we are to get, and, what is still stronger, that no man amongst us has any definite idea what we are to ask, and I will content myself with asking this question—Is your commerce in such a declining, desperate state that you are obliged to resort to irrevocable measures in order to retract it? Or is it at the very moment when it is advancing with rapid prosperity, beyond all example and above all hope—is it, I say, at such a time that you think it wise to bring your constitution to market, and offer it for sale, in order to obtain advantages, the aid of which you do not require, and of the nature of which you have not any definite idea?

A word more and I have done as to commerce. Supposing great advantages were to be obtained, and that they were specified and stipulated for, what is your security that the stipulation will be observed? Is it the faith of treaties? What treaty more solemn than the final constitutional treaty between the two kingdoms in 1782 which you are now called on to violate? Is it not a mockery to say that the parliament of Ireland is competent to annul itself and to destroy the original compact with the people and the final compact of 1782, and that the parliament of the empire will not be competent to annul any commercial regulation of the articles of union?

And here, sir, I take leave of this part of the question; indeed it is only justice to government to acknowledge that they do not much rely on the commercial benefits to be obtained by the union—they have been rather held out in the way of innocent artifice, to delude the people for their own good; but the real objects are different, though still merely for the advantage of Ireland.

What are these other objects? To prevent the recurrence of rebellion, and to put an end to domestic dissensions? Give me leave to ask, sir, How was the rebellion excited? I will not inquire into its remote causes; I do not wish to revive unpleasant recollections, or to say anything which might be considered as invidious to the government of the country; but how was it immediately excited? By the agency of a party of levelers actuated by French principles, instigated by French intrigues, and supported by the promise of French co-operation. This party, I hesitate not to say, was in itself contemptible. How did it become formidable? By operating on the wealthy, well-informed, and moral inhabitants of the north, and persuading them that they had no constitution; and by instilling palatable poisons into the minds of the rabble of the south, which were prepared to receive them by being in a state of utter ignorance and wretchedness. How will a union effect those predisponent causes? Will you conciliate the mind of the northern by caricaturing all the defects of the constitution and then extinguishing it, by draining his wealth to supply the contributions levied by an imperial parliament, and by outraging all his religious and moral feelings by the means which you use to accomplish this abominable project, and will you not, by encouraging the drain of absentees, and taking away the influence and example of resident gentlemen, do everything in your power to aggravate the poverty, and to sublimate the ignorance and bigotry of the south?

Let me ask again, How was the rebellion put down? By the zeal and loyalty of the gentlemen of Ireland rallying round—what? a reed shaken by the winds; a wretched apology for a minister, who neither knew how to give nor where to seek protection? No! but round the laws and constitution and independence of the country. What were

the affections and motives that called us into action? To protect our families, our properties, and our liberties. What were the antipathies by which we were excited? Our abhorrence of French principles and French ambition. What was it to us that France was a republic? I rather rejoiced when I saw the ancient despotism of France put down. What was it to us that she dethroned her monarch? I admired the virtues and wept for the sufferings of the man; but as a nation it affected us not. The reason I took up arms, and am ready still to bear them against France, is because she intruded herself upon our domestic concerns—because with the rights of man and the love of freedom on her tongue, I see that she has the lust of dominion in her heart—because wherever she has placed her foot she has erected her throne; and to be her friend or her ally is to be her tributary or her slave.

Let me ask, Is the present conduct of the British minister calculated to augment or to transfer that antipathy? No, sir, I will be bold to say that licentious and impious France, in all the unrestrained excesses which anarchy and atheism have given birth to, has not committed a more insidious act against her enemy than is now attempted by the professed champion of civilized Europe against a friend and an ally in the hour of her calamity and distress —at a moment when our country is filled with British troops—when the loyal men of Ireland are fatigued with their exertions to put down rebellion; efforts in which they had succeeded before these troops arrived—whilst our Habeas Corpus Act is suspended—whilst trials by court-martial are carrying on in many parts of the kingdom—whilst the people are taught to think that they have no right to meet or to deliberate, and whilst the great body of them are so palsied by their fears, and worn down by their exertions, that even this vital question is scarcely able to rouse them from their lethargy—at the moment when we are distracted by domestic dissensions—dissensions artfully kept alive as the pretext for our present subjugation and the instrument of our future thraldom!

Yet, sir, I thank the administration for this measure. They are, without intending it, putting an end to our dissensions—through this black cloud which they have collected over us I see the light breaking in upon this unfor-

tunate country. They have composed our dissensions—not by fomenting the embers of a lingering and subdued rebellion—not by hallooing the Protestant against the Catholic and the Catholic against the Protestant—not by committing the north against the south—not by inconsistent appeals to local or to party prejudices; no—but by the avowal of this atrocious conspiracy against the liberties of Ireland they have subdued every petty and subordinate distinction. They have united every rank and description of men by the pressure of this grand and momentous subject; and I tell them that they will see every honest and independent man in Ireland rally round her constitution, and merge every other consideration in his opposition to this ungenerous and odious measure. For my own part, I will resist it to the last gasp of my existence and with the last drop of my blood; and when I feel the hour of my dissolution approaching I will, like the father of Hannibal, take my children to the altar and swear them to eternal hostility against the invaders of their country's freedom.

Sir, I shall not detain you by pursuing this question through the topics which it so abundantly offers. I shall be proud to think my name may be handed down to posterity in the same roll with these disinterested patriots who have successfully resisted the enemies of their country. Successfully I trust it will be. In all events, I have my exceeding great reward; I shall bear in my heart the consciousness of having done my duty, and in the hour of death I shall not be haunted by the reflection of having basely sold or meanly abandoned the liberties of my native land. Can every man who gives his vote on the other side this night lay his hand upon his heart and make the same declaration? I hope so. It will be well for his own peace. The indignation and abhorrence of his countrymen will not accompany him through life, and the curses of his children will not follow him to his grave.

SHEELAGH ON HER PROPOSALS OF MARRIAGE.

Sheelagh (Ireland) is sued in marriage (union) by John Bull (England, who had already been married to another (Scotland). Sheelagh thus details the inducements held out to her, and her dislike to the match. "But conceive, I beg of you, the ridiculousness of the overtures. I to marry Mr. Bull! Mr. Bull, whom, in the year 1783, when he was tolerably vigorous, and reasonably wealthy, and well reported, I would have rejected with contempt! Mr. Bull, now that he has repeated fits of the falling sickness and that a commission of bankruptcy is ready to issue against him!

"I could not have believed the proposal serious if the old gentleman himself had not gravely avowed it. Hear, I beg of you, the inducements which he holds out to me. There is to be no cohabitation, for we are still to continue to live on different sides of the water; no reduction of expense, for our separate establishments are still to be kept up, all my servants are to be paid by me, but to take their orders from him, the entire profits of my trade to be subject to his management, and applied in the discharge of his debts; my family estate to be assigned to him, without any settlement being made on me or my issue, or any provision for the event of a separation. He tells me at the same time that I am to reap great advantages, the particulars of which he does not think proper to disclose, and that in the meantime I must agree to the match, and that a settlement will be hereafter drawn up agreeable to his directions, and by his lawyers.

"This, you will say, is rather an extraordinary carte blanche from an insolvent gentleman, passed his grand climacteric, to a handsome young woman of good character and easy circumstances. But this is not all, the pride of the negotiation equals its dishonesty, for, though I am beset and assailed in private, and threatened with actual force if I do not consent to this unnatural alliance; yet, in order to save the feelings of the Bull family, and to afford grounds for an inadequate settlement, I am desired, in spite of all maiden precedent, to make the first public advances, and to supplicate, as a boon, that he will gratify

my amorous desires, and condescend to receive me and my appurtenances under his protection.

"Still, one of the principal features of the odious transaction remains to be detailed.

"Would you believe it, that this old sinner, several years ago, married a lady, who, though of harsh visage and slender fortune, was of honorable parentage and good character, and who is at this hour alone, and treated by him with every mark of contumely, and it is worthy of observation that many of the clauses in the articles, which were very carefully drawn up previous to his marriage with this lady, have been scandalously violated by him. The truth is, I am determined to live and die a maiden, and I now apply to you merely for advice as to what is the most effectual method of protecting myself in that resolution. If the Bulls will not suffer me to live on friendly terms with them, and will still persist in their dishonest practices in my family, I will turn out their adherents (whom I well know), and, in all events, I will restore my shop-boy to his original rags, and send him to the place whence he came. I will re-establish harmony amongst all those who should naturally be my friends, and if the Bulls attempt to offer me any insolence, I trust I shall be able to repel force by force."

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT.

(1854 ——)

The Hon. Horace Curzon Plunkett, D.L., K.C.V.O., F.R.S., President of the newly created Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland, was born Oct. 24, 1854. He is the third son of Baron Dunsang. He was educated at Eton and took his degree at Oxford. He was engaged in cattle ranching in this country from 1879 to 1889. On his return to Ireland he started to promote agricultural co-operation in that country. He was M.P. for Dublin County from 1892 to 1900, and founded the Irish Agricultural Organization Society—familiarly known to-day through the length and breadth of Ireland as the I. A. O. S.—in 1894. In 1895 he presided over the famous Recess Committee—which resulted in the establishment of the great new Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction. He visited this country in 1903 for the purpose of studying some conditions here and for making known the objects of the I. A. O. S., which are the organization of agricultural and rural credit on co-operative lines.

He published in 1904 a work entitled 'Ireland in the New Century,' giving an account of all these movements, especially of the advent of the new spirit in Ireland based upon constructive rather than destructive thought, and expressing itself in a wide range of fresh practical activities.

When taken together, and in conjunction with the contemporary literary and artistic movements, and when viewed in their relations to history, politics, religion, education and other past or present influences operating upon the Irish mind and character, such phenomena are indisputably worthy of thoughtful consideration by all who desire the well-being of the Irish people. It is precisely these phenomena that constitute the subject of the book, and Sir Horace Plunkett is peculiarly qualified for the exposition which he has here essayed, for it may with truth be said of him that he has been a large part of that which he describes.

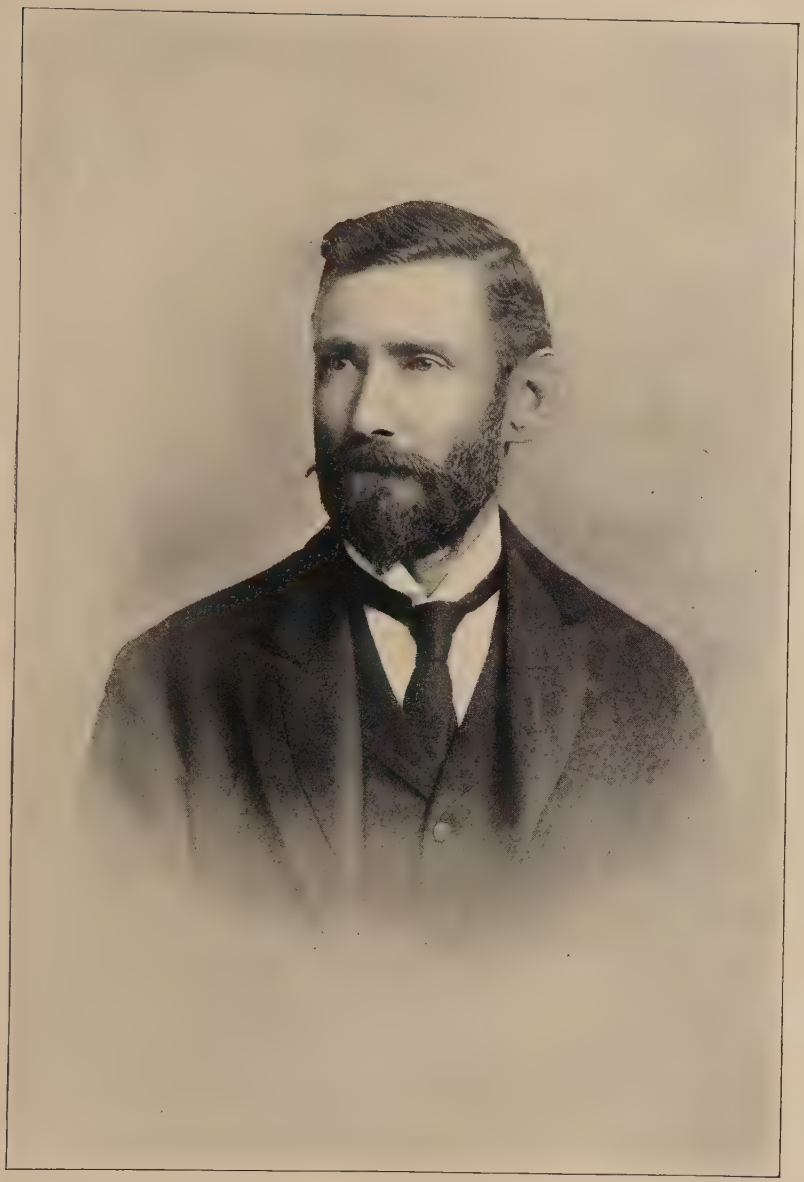
THE GAELIC MOVEMENT.

From 'Ireland in the New Century.'

The Gaelic League, which defines its objects as "The preservation of Irish as the national language of Ireland and the extension of its use as a spoken tongue; the study and publication of existing Irish literature and the cultivation of a modern literature in Irish," was formed in 1893. Like the Agricultural Organization Society, the Gaelic League is declared by its constitution to be "strict-

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT

From photograph by LaFayette, of London



y non-political and non-sectarian," and, like it, has been the object of much suspicion, because severance from politics in Ireland has always seemed to the politician the most active form of enmity. Its constitution, too, is somewhat similar, being democratically guided in its policy by the elected representatives of its affiliated branches. It is interesting to note that the funds with which it carries on an extensive propaganda are mainly supplied from the small contributions of the poor. It publishes two periodicals, one weekly and another monthly. It administers an income of some £6,000 a year, not reckoning what is spent by local branches, and has a paid staff of eleven officers, a secretary, treasurer, and nine organizers, together with a large number of voluntary workers. It resembled the agricultural movement also in the fact that it made very little headway during the first few years of its existence. But it had a nucleus of workers with new ideas for the intellectual regeneration of Ireland. In face of much apathy they persisted with their propaganda, and they have at last succeeded in making their ideas understood. So much is evident from the rapidly increasing number of affiliated branches of the League, which in March, 1903, amounted to 600, almost treble the number registered two years before. But even this does not convey any idea of the influence which the movement exerts. Within the past year the teaching of the Irish language has been introduced into no less than 1,300 National Schools. In 1900 the number of schools in which Irish was taught was only about 140. The statement that our people do not read books is generally accepted as true, yet the sale of the League publications during one year reached nearly a quarter of a million copies. These results cannot be left unconsidered by anybody who wishes to understand the psychology of the Irish mind. The movement can truly claim to have effected the conversion of a large amount of intellectual apathy into genuine intellectual activity.

The declared objects of the League—the popularizing of the national language and literature—do not convey, perhaps, an adequate conception of its actual work, or of the causes of its popularity. It seeks to develop the intellectual, moral, and social life of the Irish people from

the country a pleasant place to live in, have almost disappeared, and with them one of the strongest ties which bind people to the country of their birth. The Gaelic revival, as I understand it, is an attempt to supply these deficiencies, to give to Irish people a culture of their own; and I believe that by awakening the feelings of pride, self-respect, and love of country, based on knowledge, every department of Irish life will be invigorated.

JOHN PATRICK PRENDERGAST.

(1808—1893.)

JOHN PATRICK PRENDERGAST was born in Dublin in 1808, and was educated at Reading, England, under the Rev. Dr. Valpy. He was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was called to the bar in 1830. With the Very Rev. Dr. Russell, the President of Maynooth College, he was appointed by Lord Romilly to select state papers relating to Ireland from the Carte Collection of Papers in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and was afterward engaged in cataloguing the state papers (Ireland) of James I. He was the author of 'The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland,' a very remarkable product of industry and zeal. It is the first work that has thrown full light on a dark period in Irish history. In its pages we have an account of that terrible tragedy in Irish history—the displacement of the old Irish and Anglo-Irish families by the retainers of Cromwell, and the story is told with great dramatic skill.

He contributed to the old *Nation* and replied to Froude's 'Lectures on Irish History.' He had a strong tinge of Nationalist feeling, but he was never a Home Ruler, and was much opposed to the policy of C. S. Parnell.

He was a great authority on Irish pedigrees and archeology, and was much sought after on this account, as well as on account of the fact that he was a brilliant talker, full of anecdotes and reminiscences—personal, professional, and political. He died in 1893, bequeathing his collection of manuscripts to the King's Inn, Dublin.

THE CLEARING OF GALWAY.

From 'The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland.'

[The English Parliament during the Protectorate sold several Irish towns to satisfy the demands of the soldiery and public creditors. The inhabitants were "cleared out" to make way for immigrants from England. In most cases the persons displaced were themselves originally of the English race. The following extract describes this process in the capital of Connaught.]

Galway seems to have been, even before the English conquest, the seat of foreign traders; and some time after the invasion of Henry II. the town is found inhabited by a number of families, all of French and English blood, who refused to intermarry with the Irish. Their relations with the native race may best be understood by one of the corporation by-laws, which enacts (A. D. 1518) that none of the inhabitants should admit any of the Burkes, M'Wil-

liams, Kellys, or any other sept into their houses, to the end "that neither O ne Mac should strutte ne swagger throughe the streets of Gallway." In 1641 the townsmen were all English. Richard Martin, one of the principal inhabitants, in announcing from Galway the outbreak of the Irish in the neighborhood to Lord Ormond, informs him (December, 1641) that the town is disfurnished with arms and munitions, so that to defend those maiden walls they had but naked bodies; and in allusion to a rumor current that they would be allowed none, he says, God forbid it should be true. "If it be (said he) we are very unfortunate to be hated by some powerful neighbors for being all English; and to have our four hundred years' constant and unsuspected loyalty without the help of a garrison (until the last year, when there was no need for it) forgotten and buried."

Galway was the last fortress of the Irish in the war of 1641, and surrendered to Ludlow on the 20th March, 1652, on articles securing the inhabitants their residences within the town, and the enjoyment of their houses and estates. The taxation was soon so great that many of the townspeople quitted their habitations, and removed their cattle, unable to endure it. Consequently the contribution fell the heavier on the remaining inhabitants. This tax was collected from them every Saturday by sound of trumpet; and if not instantly paid, the soldiery rushed into the house, and seized what they could lay hands on. The sound of this trumpet every returning Saturday shook their souls with terror like the trumpet of the day of judgment. On the 15th March, 1653, the commissioners for Ireland, remarking upon the disaffection thus exhibited, confiscated the houses of those that had deserted the town. Those that fled were wise in time. On 23d July, 1655, all the Irish were directed to quit the town by the 1st of November following, the owners of houses, however, to receive compensation at eight years' purchase; in default the soldiers were to drive them out. On 30th October this order was executed. All the inhabitants, except the sick and bedrid, were at once banished, to provide accommodation for such English Protestants whose integrity to the state should entitle them to be trusted in a place of such importance; and Sir Charles Coote on the

7th November received the thanks of the government for clearing the town, with a request that he would remove the sick and bedrid as soon as the season might permit, and take care that the houses while empty were not spoiled by the soldiery. Among the sick and bedrid was not counted Robert French, a cripple, though not able to stand or sit without the assistance of another. He was helped out of the town by George French, and they betook themselves to a village in the country. They had converted all their little substance into money, in hopes to bestow the same in some bargain of advantage to them.

But their banishment was peculiarly unfortunate. On the 10th June, 1664, in the dead time of the night, they were plundered of £44 12*s.* ($225) in money, and of gold rings, spoons, and other things to the value of £20 ($100), and of their evidences, and writings of great value, by four unknown and disguised horsemen, who, upon fresh pursuit, could not be discovered in the country—only of late one of them was hanged in Galway. Ever since they were in a miserable condition, living on the charity of friends. They accordingly asked liberty of the lord-lieutenant and council to live again and abide in Galway, out of the danger of further plundering.

Mathew Quin and Mary Quin (otherwise Butler) his wife, asked liberty of the lord-lieutenant to clear the graveyard of Saint Francis' Abbey, without the walls in the north Franchises of the town of Galway, of the stones laid in heaps upon the graves by the late usurped power. It was the burial place of the petitioners and their ancestors since the reign of James I., and of very many inhabiting the town and country near it. The late Abbey was demolished by the usurpers, and the monuments defaced and taken away, and the stones laid down in great heaps upon the graves. So that the inhabitants who ought to be buried there cannot be interred in their ancestral vaults and graves without great charge and trouble. By such desolation the town was made ready for newer English to inhabit.

On 22d July, 1656, the commissioners for Ireland moved his highness, the lord-protector, and council of state, that some considerable merchants of London might be urged to occupy it, to revive its trade and repair the town, which

was falling into ruin, being almost depopulated, and the houses falling down for want of inhabitants. But the city of London had known enough of Ireland. Starchambered in 1637 for their neglect at Derry, and "censured in" £70,000 ($350,000) and their charter suspended, and their whole plantation effaced by the Irish war in 1641, they would venture no more. The lord-protector and council therefore turned to two less experienced cities.

There was a large debt of £10,000 ($50,000) due to Liverpool for her loss and suffering for the good cause. The eminent deservings and losses of the city of Gloucester also had induced the parliament to order them £10,000, to be satisfied in forfeited lands in Ireland. The commissioners for Ireland now offered forfeited houses in Galway, rated at ten years' purchase, to the inhabitants of Liverpool and Gloucester, to satisfy their respective debts, and they were both to arrange about the planting of it with English Protestants. To induce them to accept the proposal, the commissioners enlarged upon the advantages of Galway. It lay open for trade with Spain, the Straits, the West Indies, and other places; no town or port in the three nations, London excepted, was more considerable. It had many noble uniform buildings of marble, though many of the houses had become ruinous by reason of the war, and the waste done by the impoverished English dwelling there. No Irish were permitted to live in the city, nor within three miles of it. If it were only properly inhabited by English, it might have a more hopeful gain by trade than when it was in the hands of the Irish that lived there. There was never a better opportunity of undertaking a plantation and settling manufacturers there than the present, and they suggested that it might become another Derry.

The bait took. On 17th February, 1657-58, the houses in Flood Street, Key Street, Middle Street, Little Gate Street, south side of High Street, and other parts adjoining, valued to £1,518 8*s.* 9*d.* ($7,592) by the year, were set out to the well-affected inhabitants of Gloucester. Others of like value were set out to those of Liverpool. But no new Gloucester or Liverpool arose at Galway. Nor did her ancient crowds of shipping return to her bay.

For it is a comparatively easy thing to unsettle a nation

or ruin a town, but not so easy to resettle the one, or to restore the other to prosperity, when ruined; and Galway, once frequented by ships with cargoes of French and Spanish wines, to supply the wassailings of the O'Neills and O'Donnells, the O'Garas and the O'Kanes, her marble palaces handed over to strangers, and her gallant sons and dark-eyed daughters banished, remains for two hundred years a ruin; her splendid port empty, while her "hungry air" in 1862 becomes the mock of the official stranger.

CHARLES ANDERSON READ.

(1841—1878.)

Charles Anderson Read was born Nov. 10, 1841, at Kilsella House, near Sligo. He was intended for the Church, but at an early age he was apprenticed to a merchant in Rathfriland. He, however, continued his study of Latin, and under the instruction of his mother acquired a knowledge of Irish; when only about fifteen he contributed verses to the local journals. He became the proprietor of the business and for a short time success appeared to crown his adventure, and he married in 1862. But he gave assistance and credit to every one who appeared to be in difficulty, and only a year after his marriage he was obliged to close his doors. He gave everything he possessed to his creditors, and in the course of a few years, by dint of hard work and much personal privation, he paid them in full.

He now went to London and obtained a position in the publishing office of Mr. James Henderson, the proprietor of several popular periodicals. He retained his connection with this establishment till the end. His widow writes: "After his office hours, and only then, he followed his favorite pursuit of literature, not at that time, as formerly, for amusement, but of stern necessity." In this manner he produced numerous sketches, poems, short tales, and nine novels, the most notable of the latter being 'Love's Service,' which appeared in *The Dublin University Magazine*. Indeed, it is his best novel, although less known than his 'Aileen Aroon' or 'Savourneen Dheelish.' In 1873 he became so ill that he took a voyage to Australia. He returned apparently restored to health, and resumed work with as much energy as ever, although he could scarcely be said to have ceased work, for during the voyage out and home he completed two tales and a metrical version of the Psalms of David. A series of stories from the classics for the young appeared in rapid succession in *Young Folks*, a periodical circulating over 100,000 copies weekly.

In 1876 he began the compilation of 'The Cabinet of Irish Literature,' but did not live to complete it. He died at his residence, Thornton Heath, Surrey, Jan. 23, 1878.

AN IRISH MISTAKE.

"I cannot reach Sligo now before dark; that 's certain," I muttered, as I hoisted my knapsack an inch or two higher, and began to cover the ground at my best rate. "However, the sooner I get there the better."

Presently I reached a spot where four roads met, and while I stood doubtful which to take a gig driven by some one singing in a loud key overtook me. At sight of my

lonely figure the gig was halted suddenly, and the driver ceased his song.

"Ah, thin, may I ask, is your honor goin' my way?" said a full round voice. "It 's myself that 's mighty fond of company o' nights about here."

"I don't know what *your* way may be," I replied. "I wish to go to Sligo."

"Ah! thin, an' it 's that same Sligo, the weary be on it, that I 'd be afther goin' to myself," answered the driver. "But you honor looks tired—manin' no offinse—an' perhaps you 'd take a lift in the gig?"

"Thank you; I will take a lift," I replied, as I stepped forward and sprang quickly to the seat. "The truth is, I feel rather tired, as you say."

"An' has your honor walked far?" asked the driver as the gig rolled on towards the town.

"I 've walked from Ballina since morning," I replied quietly.

"From Ballina! There, now, the Lord save us!" cried the man, as he half turned in his seat and gazed at me in astonishment. "Why, that 's a day's work for the best horse in the masther's stables."

"Your master must keep good horses, if I may judge by the one before us," I answered.

"The best in all the county, your honor, though I say it. There isn't a gossoon in the three baronies but knows that."

"Your master's a bit of a sportsman, then?"

"Yes, your honor; an' if he 'd stick to that, it 's himself 'd be the best-liked man from Ballina to Ballyshannon. You wouldn't find a better rider or a warmer heart in a day's march. But thim politics has been his ruin with the people."

"Oh, ah! I have heard that Sligo is rather a hot place during elections," I replied. "But surely the people don't turn upon their friends at such a time?"

"They 'd turn upon their own father, if he wint agin them," replied the driver solemnly. "See now, here I am, drivin' the masther's own gig to town just be way of a blin', ye see, while he 's got to slip down the strame in Jimmy Sheridan's bit of a boat. Ah, thim politics, thim politics!"

"Oh, then, there's an election about to take place, I presume?"

"Thrue for ye, your honor, thrue for ye," replied the man dolefully. "There niver was such a ruction in Sligo before, in the mimiry of man. Two lawyers a-fightin' like divils to see who's to be mimbir."

"Then I'm just in time to see the fun."

"Fun, your honor?" echoed the man. "It's not meself that'id object to a bit of a scrimmage now an' agin. But it's murther your honor'll see before it's all over, or my name isn't Michael O'Connor. Whist now! Did ye hear nothin' behin' that hedge there?"

At this moment we were about the middle of a rather lonesome stretch of the road, one side of which was bounded by a high thin hedge. The dusk of the evening was fast giving way to the gloom of night.

"I—ah—yes, surely there is something moving there," I replied. "It's some animal, most likely."

"Down in the sate! down, for your life!" cried the driver, as in his terror he brought the horse to a halt. "I——"

His speech was cut short by a couple of loud reports. A lance-like line of fire gushed from the hedge, and one, if not two, bullets whizzed close past my ear.

As I sprang to my feet in the gig, the driver slid down to the mat, and lay there in a heap, moaning. "Are you hurt?" I asked, as I strove to get the reins out of his palsied hands.

"I'm kilt, kilt intirely!" he moaned.

"Aisy now, aisy there, your honor!" cried a voice from behind the hedge just as I had gained the reins. "It's all a mistake, your honor, all a mistake!"

"Give the mare the whip! give the mare the whip!" cried the driver, as he strove to crawl under the seat; "we'll all be murthered!"

Instead of taking his advice, however, I held the mare steady, while a man pressed through the thin hedge and stood before us, a yet smoking gun on his shoulder.

"What's the meaning of this?" I asked coolly, for the new-comer's coolness affected me. "Did you want to murder a person you never saw before?"

"I'm raale downright sorry, your honor," replied the

man, in just such a tone as he might have used had he trod upon my toe by accident; "but ye see you 're in Wolff O'Neil's gig, an' I took ye for him.—Where 's that fellow Michael?"

As he said this the man prodded the driver with the end of his gun, while I—I actually laughed outright at the strangeness of the affair.

"Go away with ye, go away!" moaned the driver. "Murther! thaves! murther!"

"Get up with ye, an' take the reins, you gomeril, you," said the man, as he gave Michael another prod that brought him half out. "You 're as big a coward as my old granny's pet calf. Get up, an' take the reins, or I 'll—"

"Oh, don't; there, don't say nothin', for the love of heaven," cried the driver, as he scrambled into his seat again and took the reins in his shaking hands. "I 'll do anythin' ye till me, on'y put that gun away."

"There," replied the man, as he lowered the gun till its mouth pointed to the ground; "will that plase ye? Now, tell me where 's Squire O'Neil?"

"He 's in the town be this," replied the driver. "O thim politics, thim politics!"

"Hum; so he 's managed to get past us, after all. Well, tell him from me, Captain Rock, that if he votes for the sarjint to-morrow, it 's an ounce of lead out of this he 'll be after trying to digest. Now mind."

"I 'll tell him, captain, dear! I 'll tell him," replied the driver, as he fingered the reins and whip nervously. "But mayn't we go on now? mayn't we go on?"

"Yis, whiniver the gentleman plases," replied the man. "An' I 'm raale sorry, as I told your honor, I 'm raale sorry at the mistake."

"Well, I 'm pleased, not sorry," I replied, laughing, "for if you 'd hit me it wouldn't have been at all pleasant. But let me advise you to make sure of your man next time before firing. Good-night."

"Good-night, your honor, good-night," cried the man, as Michael gave the mare the whip, and sent her along at the top of her speed to the now fast-nearing lights of the town. In less than a quarter of an hour we had dashed through the streets and halted opposite a large hotel. Here Michael found his master, as he expected; and here

I put up for the night, very much to the astonishment of every one. Soon after my arrival I asked to be shown to my room; but it was one o'clock in the morning before the other guests ceased their noise and allowed me to go to sleep. Next day I slept rather late, and might have slept even later, but that I was rudely shaken out of a pleasant dream by a wild howl, as of a thousand demons just let loose. Starting up quickly, and looking out on the street, I saw that it was filled with a fierce-looking crowd, out of whose many mouths had proceeded the yell that awakened me. Dragging on my clothes, I rushed down to the coffee-room. There I learned that the people outside had just accompanied Squire O'Neil back from the polling-place, where he had been the first to vote for "the sarjint." Now that this fact had become generally known, they were clamorous that he should be sent out to them, "to tear him limb from limb." Presently, while their cries rose loud and long, the squire entered the room—a tall military-looking man, with a little of a horsey tone, nose like a hawk, eyes dark, yet glowing like fire.

"They don't seem over-fond of me, I see," he said with a smile, as he bowed to those in the room, and advanced to one of the windows and coolly opened it. Waving his hand, the crowd became instantly silent.

"Now, don't be in a hurry, gentlemen," he said, in a clear voice that must have been distinctly heard by every one. "You shall have the honor of my company, so soon as my horse can be harnessed, I assure you."

"Eh, what! what does he mean?" I asked of a person next me. "Surely he will not venture out among these howling fiends?"

"That is just what he is going to do," replied my companion. "There is no use talking to him. He has given orders for the mare and gig to be got ready, and it 's as much as any one's life is worth to try to stop him. Wolff by name, and wolf by nature; he 's enraged at having to steal down here last night like a thief. Ah, there the fun begins! Look out!"

As my companion spoke he gripped me by the arm, and dragged me close against a space between two windows. Next moment a shower of stones crashed through the windows, leaving not a single inch of glass unbroken. Then,

at longer or shorter intervals, volley followed volley, till the floor of the room was completely covered with road metal and broken glass. Presently there was a lull in the storm, and the crowd became all at once as silent as the grave. In the hush I could distinctly hear the grating sound of the opening of some big door almost under us. I looked inquiringly at my companion.

"It 's the entry doors being opened to let the wolf out," he said in reply. "Ah! there he is."

I glanced out of the window, and saw the squire alone in his gig, a smile on his face, his whole bearing as cool and unconcerned as if there was not a single enemy within a thousand miles. Then I heard the great doors clang to, and as they did so the crowd gave vent to a howl of delighted rage.

At the first appearance of the squire in his gig the people had swayed back, and left an open space in front of the hotel. Now they seemed about to close in on him, and one man in the front stooped to lift a stone. Quick as lightning the hand of the squire went to his breast, and just as the man stood upright to throw, I heard the sharp crack of a pistol. The man uttered a wild shriek of pain, clapped his hands to his cheeks, and plunged into the crowd. The bullet had entered at one cheek and gone out at the other, after tearing away a few teeth in its passage. The man was the very person who had made the mistake in shooting at me over-night.

"A near nick that for our friend," said the squire in his clear voice, while the crowd swayed back a pace or two. "But the next will be nearer still, and I 've nearly half-a-dozen still left. Now, will any of you oblige me by stooping to lift a stone!"

He paused and glanced round, while every man in the crowd held his breath and stood still as a statue.

"No? you won't oblige me?" he said presently, with a sneer. Then fierce as if charging in some world-famous battle: "Out of my way, you scoundrels! Faugh-a-ballagh!"

At the word he jerked the reins slightly, and the mare moved forward at a trot, with head erect and bearing as proud as if she knew a conquerer sat behind her. Then, in utter silence, the crowd swayed to right and left leav-

ing a wide alley, down which the squire drove as gayly as if the whole thing were some pleasant show. When he had disappeared the crowd closed to again, utterly crestfallen. Then for a short time the whole air was filled with their chattering one to another, like the humming of innumerable bees; and presently without a shout, and without a single stone being thrown, the great mass melted away.

Next morning, at an early hour, I left Sligo as fast as a covered conveyance could carry me. I did not care to wait for the slower means of escape by foot, fearful that next time a mistake was made with me the shooting might possibly be better than it was at first.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

Weep no more about my bed;
Weep no more, be comfortèd.
That which pale and cold you see,
Once was mine, but is not me:
Kiss no more that thing of clay,
  That as garment once I wore;
Foul, I fling it far away,
  That it soil my soul no more—
That no more it close me in
With its bands of grief and sin.

Weep no more about my bed;
Weep no more, be comfortèd.
That which you to earth convey,
Weeping, wailing on the way,
Is but as an empty shell,
  As a cage whence bird is flown,
As a hut where one did dwell
  Ever full of pain and moan,
As a mask that mocks and jeers
'Fore a face all filled with tears.

Weep no more about my bed;
Weep no more, be comfortèd.
Now at last I live in truth,
Now I feel unfading youth,

Now the world's dark ways are clear,
  Now the weary wonder dies,
Now your little doubts appear
  Mists that fail to veil the skies;—
Now your knowledge, skill, and strength,
Childish toys appear at length.

Weep no more about my bed;
Weep no more, be comfortèd.
He you weep you may not see,
But he stands beside your knee:
He who loved you loves you still,—
  Loves you with a treble pow'r,—
Loves you with a mightier will,
  Growing, growing every hour.
He you clasped in arms of clay
Tends you closely day by day.

Weep no more about my bed;
Weep no more, be comfortèd.
Where I am ye soon will come;
This, this only is our home
I am only gone before,
  Just a moment's little space;
Soon upon this painless shore
  Ye shall see me face to face;
Then will smile, and wonder why
Ye should weep that I should die.

JOHN EDWARD REDMOND.

(1856 ——)

JOHN EDWARD REDMOND, M.P., was born in 1856. He is the son of the late W. A. Redmond, M.P. for Ballytrent. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He became a barrister of Gray's Inn in 1886 and an Irish barrister in 1887. He was M.P. for New Ross from 1881 to 1885, for North Wexford from 1885 to 1891, and has sat for Waterford since 1891. He has published a volume of historical and political addresses.

THE FIRST STEP TOWARDS HOME RULE.

From the Speech at the National Convention, Chicago, Aug. 18, 1886

The duty which devolves upon my colleagues and myself of representing the Irish nation at home, at this great gathering of the Irish nation abroad, is one in which the honor is great and the responsibility heavy. Perhaps the greatest glory of our nation is to be found in the fact that our people, driven by misfortune and misrule from the land of their fathers, and coming to this land, rude, ignorant and poor, have yet been able to bear an honorable part in building up the fortunes of America, and to give to the world undeniable proof that, in addition to the qualities of fidelity and honesty, Irishmen, under a free constitution, can be worthy sons and good citizens of their adopted country. The Irish people in this great republic, no less as American citizens than as Irish Nationalists, have arrested the attention and commanded the admiration of the world. The assembly of this day is a proof of devotion to a great cause, perhaps unparalleled in history.

The hardships, the oppressions, and the miseries which drove you or your fathers from Ireland, have wedded your hearts to Ireland's cause by ties which neither prosperity, nor distance, nor time, can destroy or weaken. No selfish interests urge you to support the old cause, devotion to which brought ruin and death upon your forefathers and exile upon yourselves. Selfishness and worldly interests all point to another course as the best; but it is the undying glory of Ireland that her exiled sons, in the midst of prosperity, and in the light of liberty, have yet found time

JOHN E. REDMOND, M.P.

Associate Editor of Irish Literature.

From a photograph by the London Stereoscoptic Company

to absent themselves from felicity awhile to tell her story, and have made it a part of their daily life and nightly dream to help in working out her redemption.

The Irish soldier, whose sword was consecrated to the service of America, dreamed as he went into battle, of the day when his arm, skilled in the service of his adopted country, might strike a blow for Irish liberty. The Irish business man, who found in one of your gigantic cities scope for his enterprise and for his industry, looked forward to the day when from his store help might go across the Atlantic to sustain Ireland's champions on the old sod. The Irish laborer, whose brawny arms have built your railroads and reared your stately palaces, in the midst of his labors laid aside his daily or weekly mite to help those who were fighting, time after time, with one weapon or another, in the old cause against the old enemies of Ireland. Rich or poor, high or low, alike, the Irish in America have never forgotten the land whence they sprang, and our people at home, in their joys and their sorrows, in their hopes and in their fears, turn ever for help and encouragement, and confidence to this great republic, upon whose fortunes and whose future rest to-day the blessings of the Irish race. To assist at this great convention of the Irish nation in America, especially to stand here as we do, as the ambassadors sent here to represent the Irish nation at home, is indeed a supreme honor which we can never over-estimate and can never forget.

But it is also an honor which bears with it indeed an overwhelming sense of responsibility—the responsibility of showing to you that we who are conducting this movement at home are worthy of your confidence, and have a right to claim your continued support; the responsibility also of clearly placing before you the conditions upon which alone we can accept that support or value that confidence. Let me dwell a moment upon these two points. Are we worthy of your confidence, and have we a right to claim your continued support? In order to answer this question satisfactorily we must show, first, that we are guided by the same principle and animated by the same hopes as yourselves; and in the second place, that our movement is conducted on a wise and honest policy. What is the principle underlying this movement? It is

the unquestioned recognition of the nationality of Ireland. We are working not simply for the removal of grievances or the amelioration of the material condition of our people. Nothing, I think, is plainer than if Ireland had in the past abandoned principle, she could easily have bartered her national rights to England, and in return have obtained a certain amount of material prosperity. If only our forefathers had meekly accepted the yoke of an alien rule, Ireland's fetters would have been gilded, and the hand which for centuries has scourged her would have given her, as a slave, indulgences and favors which would have perhaps saved her from sufferings which are without a parallel in the history of oppression. If, at the bidding of England, Ireland had ages since abandoned her religion, and consented to merge her nationality, we might to-day be the sleekest of slaves, fattened by the bounty of our conquerors. Scotland, by even a smaller compromise of her national existence, has secured for herself comparative prosperity. But Ireland has preferred rags and an unconquered spirit of liberty to favors won by national dishonor.

The principle embodied in the Irish movement of to-day is just the same principle which was the soul of every Irish movement for the last seven centuries—the principle of rebellion against the rule of strangers; the principle which Owen Roe O'Neil vindicated at Benburb; which animated Tone and Fitzgerald, and to which Emmet sacrificed a stainless life. Let no man desecrate that principle by giving it the ignoble name of hatred of England. Race hatred is at best an unreasoning passion. I, for one, believe in the brotherhood of nations, and bitter as the memory is of past wrongs and present injustice inflicted upon our people by our alien rulers, I assert the principle underlying our movement is not the principle of revenge for the past, but of justice for the future. When a question of that principle arises there can be no such thing as compromise. The Irish leader who would propose to compromise the national claims of Ireland, who would even incline for one second to accept as a settlement of our demand any concession short of the unquestioned recognition of that nationality which has come down to us sanctified by the blood and tears of centuries, would be false

to Ireland's history and would forfeit all claims upon your confidence or support. Such a contingency can never arise, for the man who would be traitor enough to propose such a course would find himself no longer a leader. No man can barter away the honor of a nation. The one great principle of any settlement of the Irish question must be the recognition of the divine right of Irishmen and Irishmen alone, to rule Ireland. This is the principle in support of which you are assembled to-day; this is the principle which guides our movement in Ireland. But consistently with that principle we believe it is possible to bring about a settlement honorable to England and Ireland alike, whereby the wrongs and miseries of the past may be forgotten; whereby the chapter of English wrongs and of Irish resistance may be closed; and whereby a future of freedom and of amity between the two nations may be inaugurated.

Such a settlement, we believe, was offered to us by Mr. Gladstone, and quite apart from the increased strength which Mr. Gladstone's proposals, even though temporarily defeated, have given to our cause, we have, I think, reason to rejoice at the opportunity which they afforded to our suffering and exasperated people to show the magnanimity of their natures and the unalloyed purity of their love of liberty. What a spectacle Ireland afforded to the world, when at last one great Englishman arose bold enough and wise enough to do justice to her character! Ages of heartless oppression and bitter wrong, hundreds of thousands of martyrs to Irish freedom, ages of stupid religious persecution, ages of depopulation and state-created famine, never-ending insult, and ruthless calumny —all in that one moment were forgotten, and the feelings uppermost in the hearts of the Irish race at home and abroad were gratitude to the aged statesman who simply proposed to do justice, and anxiety for a "blessed oblivion of the past." Who, in the face of the reception given to the Bill of Mr. Gladstone, cramped and deformed as it was by humiliating safeguards and unnecessary limitations, will dare to say that the principle of our movement is merely race hatred of England?

No! Last April Ireland was ready to forget and forgive. She was ready to sacrifice many things for peace, as long

as the one essential principle for which she struggled was conceded. She was willing, on the day when the portals of her ancient senate-house were reopened, to shake hands with her hereditary foe, and to proclaim peace between the democracies of two nations whom the Almighty placed side by side to be friends, but who had been kept apart by the avarice, the passions, and the injustice of a few. What centuries of oppression had failed to do seemed about to be accomplished by one word of conciliation, by one act of justice.

Almost one hundred years before a similar opportunity arose. Wolfe Tone and the Society of United Irishmen demanded Catholic emancipation and Parliamentary reform, and in 1795 Lord Fitzwilliam came to Ireland to carry out a policy of justice. Then, just as last April, the Irish question was on the very brink of settlement. The passion of revenge died out, ancient wrongs were forgotten, faction faded at the approach of liberty, and for one brief moment the clouds lifted over Ireland. But the moment was brief.

Lord Fitzwilliam was recalled, and Lord Camden went to Ireland and deliberately commenced the policy which culminated in the rebellion of 1798. Fatally alike in almost all its details was the crisis of that day to the crisis of to-day. Once again the policy of conciliation has been cast aside by England. The English Viceroy who represented the policy of liberty, and who was the first English Viceroy since 1795 who was greeted with the acclamations of the populace in Dublin, has left our shores, and in his place has come one bearing the hated name of Castlereagh. Once again all thought of amity with England has been banished from the minds of Irishmen, and to-day we are once more face to face with our hereditary foes. The storm cloud has descended once more upon our land, but we have a right to call on the world to remember, when by and by it perhaps shudders at the darkness and gloom and horror of the scene, how brightly and peacefully the Irish landscape smiled during the brief sunshine of the last few months.

The duty of the moment is clear. We have given England the most convincing proof that on the concession of liberty we can be trusty friends; it now remains for us

to prove for the thousandth time that as slaves we can be formidable foes. I assert here to-day that the government of Ireland by England is an impossibility, and I believe it to be our duty to keep it so. Were our people tamely to submit to the yoke which has been once again placed on their necks they would be unworthy of the blood which they have inherited from fathers who preferred poverty to dishonor and death to national slavery.

MAYNE REID.

(1819—1883.)

Captain Mayne Reid, the prince of story-tellers for boys, was born in Kloskilt, County Down, in 1819. His father, a Presbyterian clergyman, intended him for the Church, but he ran away from home and came to this country in 1838, more with the idea of seeing the world and finding adventures than with any definite plan. He landed at New Orleans and went on several excursions on the Red River and the Missouri. During this period he traded and hunted with the Indians, and for more than five years he enjoyed the wild adventures, the strange and eccentric scenes, and the bracing freedom of the prairie. It was at this stage of his life that he obtained that intimate acquaintance with the Indian character and wild scenery which he has so well reproduced in several of his works. Afterward he went on a systematic tour, visiting almost every part of the country.

He had already begun to use his pen, but the outbreak of the war between the United States and Mexico in 1845 supplied a new and, at the moment, more attractive field of activity. He obtained a commission and passed through some of the most exciting and dangerous scenes of the war. He was present at the capture of Vera Cruz ; he led the last charge of the infantry at Cherubusco, and as one of the forlorn hope at Chapultepec he was severely wounded and reported killed. At the close of the war he resigned his commission, and his next idea was the organization of the American legion to help the Hungarians in their insurrection against the then oppressive rule of Austria. When he arrived at Paris he found that the rebellion had been suppressed. He now devoted himself to literature, and works came from his pen with extraordinary rapidity. The popularity of his writings has been remarkable. Of 'The Scalp Hunters' alone a million copies are said to have been sold. In Russia he was more popular than even Scott or Dickens. In France, Spain, and Italy several authors have produced different translations of his works. The most remarkable of his books are 'The Rifle Rangers,' 'The Scalp Hunters,' 'The War Trail,' 'The Quadroon,' 'The White Chief,' and 'The Headless Horseman.'

He died in London, Oct. 22, 1883. Though he did not write especially for boys, his books have been eagerly appropriated by them. The simplicity of his plots, the variety of incident, and the rapid movement in his stories are precisely the elements which attract and hold the attention of youth.

CAPTURE OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

From 'The Scalp Hunters.'

Our eyes rolled over the prairie together, eastward, as the speaker pointed. An object was just visible low down

on the horizon, like a moving blazing star. It was not that. At a glance we all knew what it was. It was a helmet, flashing under the sunbeam, as it rose and fell to the measured gallop of a horse.

"To the willows, men! to the willows!" shouted Seguin. "Drop the bow! Leave it where it was. To your horses! Lead them! Crouch! crouch!"

We all ran to our horses, and seizing the bridles, half-led, half-dragged them within the willow thicket. We leaped into our saddles, so as to be ready for any emergency, and sat peering through the leaves that screened us.

"Shall we fire as he comes up, captain?" asked one of the men.

"No."

"We kin take him nicely, just as he stoops for the bow."

"No; not for your lives!"

"What then, captain?"

"Let him take it and go," was Seguin's reply.

"Why, captain? what's that for?"

"Fools! do you not see that the whole tribe would be back upon our trail before midnight? Are you mad? Let him go. He may not notice our tracks, as our horses are not shod. If so, let him go as he came, I tell you."

"But how, captain, if he squints yonder-away?"

Garey, as he said this, pointed to the rocks at the foot of the mountain.

"*Sac-r-ré Dieu!* the Digger!" exclaimed Seguin, his countenance changing expression.

The body lay on a conspicuous point, on its face, the crimson skull turned upward and outward, so that it could hardly fail to attract the eye of any one coming in from the plain. Several coyotes had already climbed up on the slab where it lay, and were smelling around it, seemingly not caring to touch the hideous morsel.

"He's bound to see it, captain," added the hunter.

"If so, we must take him with the lance, the lasso, or alive. No gun must be fired. They might still hear it, and would be on us before we could get round the mountain. No! sling your guns! Let those who have lances and lassoes get them in readiness."

"When would you have us make the dash, captain?"

"Leave that to me. Perhaps he may dismount for the

bow; or, if not, he may ride into the spring to water his horse, then we can surround him. If he see the Digger's body he may pass up to examine it more closely. In that case we can intercept him without difficulty. Be patient! I shall give you the signal."

During all this time the Navajo was coming up at a regular gallop. As the dialogue ended he had got within about three hundred yards of the spring, and still pressed forward without slackening his pace. We kept our gaze fixed upon him in breathless silence, eying both man and horse.

It was a splendid sight. The horse was a large coal-black mustang, with fiery eyes and red open nostrils. He was foaming at the mouth, and the white flakes had clouted his throat, counter, and shoulders. He was wet all over, and glittered as he moved with the play of his proud flanks. The rider was naked from the waist up, excepting his helmet and plumes, and some ornaments that glistened on his neck, bosom, and wrists. A tunic-like skirt, bright and embroidered, covered his hips and thighs. Below the knee his legs were naked, ending in a buskined moccasin that fitted tightly around the ankle. Unlike the Apaches, there was no paint upon his body, and his bronze complexion shone with the hue of health. His features were noble and warlike, his eye bold and piercing, and his long black hair swept away behind him, mingling with the tail of his horse. He rode upon a Spanish saddle with his lance poised on the stirrup, and resting lightly against his right arm. His left was thrust through the strap of a white shield, and a quiver with its feathered shafts peeped over his shoulder.

His bow was before him.

It was a splendid sight, both horse and rider, as they rose together over the green swells of the prairie; a picture more like that of some Homeric hero than of a savage of the "wild west."

"Wagh!" exclaimed one of the hunters in an undertone; "how they glitter! Look at that 'ar head-piece! it 's fairly a-blazin'!"

"Ay," rejoined Garey, "we may thank the piece o' brass. We 'd have been in as ugly a fix as he 's in now if we hadn't sighted it in time. What!" continued the trapper, his

voice rising into earnestness; "Dacoma, by the Eternal! The second chief of the Navajoes!"

I turned toward Seguin to witness the effect of this announcement. The Maricopa was leaning over to him, muttering some words in an unknown tongue, and gesticulating with energy. I recognized the name "Dacoma," and there was an expression of fierce hatred in the chief's countenance as he pointed to the advancing horseman.

"Well, then," answered Seguin, apparently assenting to the wishes of the other, "he shall not escape, whether he sees it or no. But do not use your gun: they are not ten miles off: yonder behind the swell. We can easily surround him. If not, *I* can overtake him on this horse, and here 's another."

As Seguin uttered the last speech he pointed to Moro. "Silence!" he continued, lowering his voice; "Hish-sh!" The silence became death-like. Each man sat pressing his horse with his knees, as if thus to hold him at rest.

The Navajo had now reached the border of the deserted camp; and inclining to the left, he galloped down the line, scattering the wolves as he went. He sat leaning to one side, his gaze searching the ground. When nearly opposite to our ambush, he descried the object of his search, and sliding his feet out of the stirrup, guided his horse so as to shave closely past it. Then, without reining in, *or even slacking his pace*, he bent over until his plume swept the earth, and picking up the bow, swung himself back into the saddle.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed the bull-fighter.

"By gosh! It 's a pity to kill him," muttered a hunter; and a low murmur of admiration was heard among the men.

After a few more springs the Indian suddenly wheeled, and was about to gallop back, when his eye was caught by the ensanguined object upon the rock. He reined in with a jerk, unail the hips of his horse almost rested upon the prairie, and sat gazing upon the body with a look of surprise.

"Beautiful!" again exclaimed Sanchez; "*carambo*, beautiful."

It was, in effect, as fine a picture as ever the eye looked upon. The horse with his tail scattered upon the ground,

with crest erect and breathing nostril, quivering under the impulse of his masterly rider; the rider himself, with his glancing helmet and waving plumes, his bronze complexion, his firm and graceful seat, and his eye fixed in the gaze of wonder.

It was, as Sanchez had said, a beautiful picture—a living statue; and all of us were filled with admiration as we looked upon it. Not one of the party, with perhaps an exception, should have liked to fire the shot that would have tumbled it from its pedestal.

Horse and man remained in this attitude for some moments. Then the expression of the rider's countenance suddenly changed. His eye wandered with an inquiring and somewhat terrified look. It rested upon the water, still muddy with the trampling of our horses.

One glance was sufficient; and, with a quick strong jerk upon the bridle, the savage horseman wheeled and struck out for the prairie.

Our charging signal had been given at the same instant; and, springing forward, we shot out of the copsewood in a body.

We had to cross the rivulet. Seguin was some paces in advance as we rode forward to it. I saw his horse suddenly balk, stumble over the bank, and roll headlong into the water!

The rest of us went plashing through. I did not stop to look back. I knew that *now* the taking of the Indian was life or death to all of us; and I struck my spur deeply and strained forward in the pursuit.

For some time we all rode together in a dense "clump." When fairly out on the plain we saw the Indian ahead of us about a dozen lengths of his horse; and one and all felt with dismay that he was keeping his distance, if not actually increasing it.

We had forgotten the condition of our animals. They were faint with hunger, and stiff from standing so long in the ravine. Moreover, they had just drunk to a surfeit.

I soon found that I was forging ahead of my companions. The superior swiftness of Moro gave me the advantage. El Sol was still before me. I saw him circling his lasso; I saw him launch it and suddenly jerk up; I saw the loop sliding over the hips of the flying mustang. He had

missed his aim. He was recoiling the rope as I shot past him, and I noticed his look of chagrin and disappointment.

My Arab had now warmed to the chase, and I was soon far ahead of my comrades. I perceived, too, that I was closing upon the Navajo. Every spring brought me nearer, until there were not a dozen lengths between us.

I knew not how to act. I held my rifle in my hands, and could have shot the Indian in the back; but I remembered the injunction of Seguin, and we were now closer to the enemy than ever. I did not know but that we might be in sight of them. I dared not fire.

I was still undecided whether to use my knife or endeavor to unhorse the Indian with my clubbed rifle, when he glanced over his shoulder and saw that I was alone.

Suddenly he wheeled, and throwing his lance to a charge, came galloping back. His horse seemed to work without the rein, obedient to his voice and the touch of his knees.

I had just time to throw up my rifle and parry the charge, which was a right point. I did not parry it successfully. The blade grazed my arm, tearing my flesh. The barrel of my rifle caught in the sling of the lance, and the piece was whipped out of my hands. The wound, the shock, and the loss of my weapon had discomposed me in the *manège* of my horse, and it was some time before I could gain the bridle to turn him. My antagonist had wheeled sooner, as I knew by the "hist" of an arrow that scattered the curls over my right ear. As I faced him again another was on the string, and the next moment it was sticking through my left arm.

I was now angry; and drawing a pistol from the holster I cocked it and galloped forward. I knew it was the only chance for my life.

The Indian, at the same time, dropped his bow, and, bringing his lance to the charge, spurred on to meet me. I was determined not to fire until near and sure of hitting.

We closed at full gallop. Our horses almost touched. I leveled and puller trigger. The cap snapped upon my pistol!

The lance-blade glittered in my eyes; its point was at my breast. Something struck me sharply in the face. It was the ring-loop of a lasso. I saw it settle over the

shoulders of the Indian, falling to his elbows. It tightened as it fell. There was a wild yell, a quick jerk of my antagonist's body, the lance flew from his hands, and the next moment he was plucked out of his saddle and lying helpless upon the prairie.

His horse met mine with a concussion that sent both of them to the earth. We rolled and scrambled about and rose again.

When I came to my feet El Sol was standing over the Navajo with his knife drawn, and his lasso looped around the arms of his captive.

"The horse! the horse! secure the horse!" shouted Seguin, as he galloped up; and the crowd dashed past me in pursuit of the mustang, which, with trailing bridle, was scouring over the prairie. In a few minutes the animal was lassoed, and led back to the spot so near being made sacred with my grave.

GEORGE NUGENT REYNOLDS.

(1770—1802.)

GEORGE NUGENT REYNOLDS was born at Letterfyan, County Leitrim, about 1770 ; the son of a landowner in that county, he became a yeomanry officer and had considerable reputation as a wit. He wrote numerous songs and poems for the Dublin magazines between 1792–95 ; published a musical prelude called 'Bantry Bay' in 1797, which was performed at Covent Garden, and a poem in four cantos entitled 'The Panthead' in 1791. Several pieces have been attributed to him which he did not write. He died at Stowe, Buckinghamshire, England, in 1802.

KATHLEEN O'MORE.

My love, still I think that I see her once more,
But alas! she has left me her loss to deplore,
  My own little Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
    My Kathleen O'More!

Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue,
Her color still changing, her smiles ever new—
  So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,
    My Kathleen O'More!

She milked the dun cow that ne'er offered to stir;
Though wicked to all, it was gentle to her—
  So kind was my Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
    My Kathleen O'More!

She sat at the door one cold afternoon,
To hear the wind blow and to gaze on the moon—
  So pensive was Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
    My Kathleen O'More!

Cold was the night-breeze that sighed round her bower;
It chilled my poor Kathleen; she drooped from that hour
  And I lost my poor Kathleen, my own little Kathleen,
    My Kathleen O'More!

The bird of all birds that I love the best
Is the robin that in the churchyard builds its nest;
  For he seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly o'er Kathleen,
    My Kathleen O'More!

GRACE RHYS.

(1865 ——)

Mrs. Rhys (née Little) was born at Knockadoo, Boyle, County Roscommon, July 12, 1865. She is the youngest daughter of J. Bennett Little, and married in 1891 Ernest Rhys, the poet. She has edited 'Cradle Songs' (Canterbury Poets) and 'The Banbury Cross Series,' for children. Her first novel, 'Mary Dominic,' was published in 1898. It is a book not only of remarkable promise but of remarkable performance as well. 'The Wooing of Sheila,' her second novel, has more than fulfilled the promise of her first and her third, 'The Prince of Lismore,' was published in 1904. They deal with Irish life, which she knows well, and are written with sympathetic insight, tenderness, and tragic power.

THE HONEY FAIR.

From 'The Wooing of Sheila.' [1]

That same morning old Theresa and Sheila had been up with the dawn. They had borrowed a small gray ass and creels to take their honey to the autumn fair of Gurt.

He was an old ass and very cunning, said his owner, and was in the habit of playing on every woman he had to do with. So they must rise early and put a nail in the end of a stick if they wanted to be in time for the fair.

The honey was in two great earthen pots, and they lifted Theresa's into one creel and Sheila's into another, and covered each with a fair white cloth.

As they were going to the town, Sheila must wear her long black dress, and her boots too; but as she had the ass to drive, she could not take the wide black shawl; so she loosely tied on a little drab-colored head-shawl and let it fall back on her shoulders.

It was a very cheerful young face that looked up to the sky to discover the promise of the day. Old Theresa, too, was in fine spirits; it was a good honey year, none better. She trundled along behind Sheila and the ass in her handsome red cloak, the frilled cap under her little round hat of black straw shining as white as snow.

They got down the hill path and out along the road before the sun fairly rose; the air was fresh with an au-

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MARKET DAY IN AN IRISH TOWN

From a photograph

tumnal chill, and from twig to twig in the hedges hung a tapestry of spiders' webs wonderfully beaded with dew.

Theresa had armed herself with a holly branch, then when the old gray ass desired to go home to his owner and went sideways across the road, looking at Sheila with a cautious eye, Theresa would correct him with a loud screech and a blow from the holly branch.

In this way they got on very comfortably together a good piece of the road. Then the warm sun came up and, flashing through the hedges, turned the gray dew-drops to many-colored flaming jewels. Soon it woke up flies or wasps from their sleep, and, smelling the sweet heather honey as it passed, they followed after Sheila in an increasing swarm.

Carts and donkeys laden with honey and butter and eggs began to overtake them, and Sheila and Theresa received many greetings and kind words, for in their slow traveling all the fair that took that way must pass them.

As they drew on to the town, the air was alive with the noise of men's voices shouting, of the screaming of poultry and the squealing of pigs. They could hardly find a way to guide their ass and precious creels through the people to the great wall of the convent garden beneath which always sat the women with their eggs and butter and the honey of the autumn fair.

Theresa had secured a board and trestles, and they set out their two pots side by side and tethered the ass near by. So much business done, Theresa fell to talking at a great rate with the women right and left of her. Sheila found a block of wood for a seat and leaned back against the wall, excited and bewildered.

This was the first time she had been at a fair; her mother, come of a strict and respectable family herself, had never allowed her daughter even to the market; so that this was only the second time she had been to Gurt.

From her seat she looked across the wide sunny market-place, feeling somewhat forlorn, for Theresa was not of her blood; and then her talk was that of an old woman, and Sheila had the thoughts of a young girl who still fears the mysteries of life.

The market-place was fast filling, and her ears were almost deafened by the noise that rose up from the crowd.

To her right, across the slated roofs of the better-class houses, she could see the Chapel Tower, in the shadow of which her parents were resting. Right across the market-place was the ancient Abbey of Gurt, showing now only a ruined arch or two shadowed in tree-tops that appeared above the edge of the hollow in which it had hidden secure during hundreds of years.

On the left hand, whitewashed cottages, their roofs of every shade from dun to gold, climbed up the slope.

On the far side of the market-place a man was putting his head out of a barrel and inviting the young men to take shots at it. In front of Sheila and a little distance off, a cheap Jack had pulled up his cart. He had raised a white canvas awning over it, and now he was shouting and dancing upon it in the middle of his wares.

The crowd grew thicker and the noise greater every moment; it seemed a good-humored crowd and well clothed, the men in their gray-blue frieze, the women in their scarlet cloaks or petticoats, greeting, talking, and bargaining together.

Sheila had lived so lonely upon her hill that she knew little or nothing of what was in the public mind of the people. She had heard now and then a talk of the Protestant tithes; Theresa had told her a tale of how soldiers, horse and foot, had been sent into the next county to take a Catholic widow's cow. But Sheila had lived too remote, and the signs of a secret discontent, shared here and there among little dark-faced groups, passed unnoticed by her.

As she gazed about her, the traveling merchant having assembled a fine company about his cart by his antics, commenced business by dangling an article of clothing before their eyes.

"Look at this, now," he shouted in a powerful roar, now using English, now Irish. "What do ye call this? I won't make so bold as to name it, but I 'll just ask ye to look at the beauty of it. There 's cut for ye and patthern. Sure the red soldiers themselves don't have a better shape to them than this, and no offense. How much? Six shillin's? Ah, take shame to yourself. Will six shillin's pay the sheep that carried it, and the man that wove it, and the ship that took it over the say, and me for the trouble I 'm at to improve yer appearance? Sure this is

rale English. Eight shillin's? Eight dhivils! Aren't I after telling ye it 's rale English? None of your dirty Irish factory stuff, as thick as a board, that the girls is tired of beholdin'. Eight and six, nine shillin's. Look at the check on it. Ten and six. Here ye are, me boy, and that ye may never repint it!"

And rolling up the article, in a moment he had sent the little bundle flying over the heads of the people in the direction of a bashful young peasant in the background.

Sheila was still smiling at the antics of the little black-browed man, when a sudden strange misgiving came upon her. It was like the rising of a cloud that darkens a sunny day. She felt as though some ill-wishing person were near, or as though she were somewhere evilly spoken of.

At the same moment she saw people's heads all turning in one direction; some were laughing and others gaping. Sheila looked, and in the distance across the market-place she saw moving a strange purple-colored dress. The people between hindered her view of the woman that wore it, and she had just stood up to look, when Theresa spoke in her ear.

"Sheila," she said in a hurry, "I 'm just goin' round the fair, and it 'll not be wan minute before I 'm back. I 've sold me honey, pot and all, to Mrs. Muldoon, and I 'd advise you to be lookin' after your own in place of gapin' about ye."

There was a tone of sharp familiarity in Theresa's voice, yet Sheila in her new unrealized anxiety took her by the sleeve, saying,

"Oh, Theresa, why would ye leave me? See, now, I don't know the place nor the people, nor yet how to sell the honey."

Theresa looked cross.

"Don't I tell ye I 'll be back in a minute?" said she. "To hear ye talk, annybody would think ye were a baby, and you nigh eighteen years old."

Sheila took away her hand and drew up her head. "And look at here, now," went on Theresa more kindly, "the wasps is something to frighten you. I never seen the like of them. They 're into the honey in spite of ye. Here 's for ye, now, and Mrs. Mulcahy 'll mind ye while I 'm gone." Thrusting a stick with a piece of leather on

the end of it into Sheila's hand, she went off hastily to join two other women, and Sheila was left alone.

With a beating heart she stood up by her big honey-pot, noticing for the first time the number of wasps that crawled upon the board and flew round about it, making a sharp hum that could be heard through the shouting of the fair.

Sheila looked down and up the row of honey-sellers, and there were all the women guarding their faces, while with colored handkerchiefs and sticks like Sheila's they struck away the swarm.

Sheila turned about to look for the Mrs. Mulcahy that Theresa had said was to mind her. She saw a little old woman with a witch-like look, untidy gray hair, and a long sharp nose. She was talking confidentially to a middle-aged farmer, while with a wry smile she laid out in patterns on her board the dead bodies of the wasps she had killed.

Sheila thought they seemed to be glancing at her as they talked, and felt still more uneasy. But that moment she caught sight again of the purple-clad figure moving through the fair, looking, so Sheila thought, like a princess out of a book.

She forgot her shyness and ran across to her neighbor.

"Oh, Mrs. Mulcahy!" she said, "look at the wonderful lady! Did you ever see the like of her before?"

Mrs. Mulcahy looked up sharply into Sheila's innocent face without speaking. But the sharpness soon melted out under the glance of Sheila's shining eyes.

"Lady?" she said, "and on foot in the fair in that dress? That 's no lady. Sure I lived ten years up at the Castle, and I can tell a lady be the kick of her skirt."

Sheila stood still by Mrs. Mulcahy's board and looked across at the purple-clad woman, whom she could see more plainly now. She was both stout and tall, and her dress of flowered puce muslin was covered with many strange frills; her tiny hat rode upon a mass of bright-colored hair, and as she swam along she rolled her shoulders and laughed.

There were two gentlemen by her side, one a young officer in undress uniform, the other Sheila looked at with some anxiety; in a moment he turned and she saw it was

Hawks. At the same moment he caught sight of her and, smiling widely, kissed his hand to her across the space between. Sheila turned pale. Mrs. Mulcahy and the farmer had both seen it, and it seemed to her they looked at her suspiciously. She was just going to beg Mrs. Mulcahy to take care of her honey and let her go away home by herself, when she felt a tap on her shoulder.

A stout motherly-looking country body had come up and wanted to taste Sheila's honey, so she had to go and attend upon her and talk and offer her a piece of the comb, knocking away the wasps that swarmed about it; but all the time her heart within her was fluttering with anxiety lest Hawks should make his way in her direction.

"Beautiful honey, my dear," said the country-woman, "as sweet as the flowers; but fourpence a pound! Everything is as dear to-day as if it was set out for a nation of princes to be buyin'. But, holy Virgin, who at all is this?"

Sheila dared not raise her eyes; she held by the board with both hands and felt rather than saw that the purple-clad lady and her companions were descending upon her.

She heard a harsh laugh and saw the country-woman backing away, and looked up at last to see herself surrounded.

Right in front of her stared and laughed the face of the woman; it was of a strange whitish color, with a wide smile—such a face as Sheila had never imagined, even in dreams. Instinctively she made the sign of the cross on her bosom, and "Christ be between us and harm!" she murmured to herself.

"This is the young woman I told you about," Hawks was saying loudly. "'Pon me word, for as simple as she looks, it would be a good job if she was put out of the fair!"

Sheila looked up in horror. A crowd had gathered behind Hawks and round about her table; some of the young people were laughing and staring at the strange woman, but the older faces behind were serious enough.

"Ow, Mr. Hawks!" laughed the strange woman, "don't ask me to believe in a face! The greatest little wretches ever I seen had the sweetest looks in the world. Lard, wat

a parcel of wasps! They 're after the honey. I declare I dote upon honey meself."

"Have some now," said the lively officer.

"Give the good lady some honey, my dear," said Hawks, smiling.

Sheila's anger began to rise, and with it her courage; she looked straight into her enemy's face, and said quietly:

"I could not give you any honey, even if you had manners in the asking. If I break the comb, I cannot sell it after."

With a loud laugh the young officer snatched up a long-handled spoon and drove it into Sheila's honey, breaking the comb and spoiling more than he took, while Hawks began working his way round to Sheila. "I 'll sell the honey for you fast enough," he said. Sheila did not see that Mrs. Mulcahy and the farmer were making their way over to her, nor did she notice that many people in the crowd were scowling angrily at Hawks; she only saw the many eyes that looked and looked. She glanced despairingly round, and catching sight at the same moment of a familiar face, she ran from her place and pressed forward, calling, "Oh, Nora, Nora, let me go with you! Theresa has left me, and I 'm all alone!" Her face was white and she was greatly affrighted.

But in place of the friendly welcome she had always had from Nora, she was treated to a new manner, a high and mighty stare.

"Well, and hasn't she the face!" said Mrs. O'Hea, her round red countenance growing redder, and her voice audible to all around. "Nice tales they 're telling about you, young woman, and from all I see I think them true. Come along, Nora; what would Mylotte say?"

"Shame on ye, woman," said a voice Sheila did not know, and a tall strapping woman put her arm about her and threw the corner of a wide shawl round her. "Come with me, my dear; I knew your mother well; it 's a shame for you to be left like this to run like a rabbit through the fair. Never take on, agra," she said as Sheila turned and wept under the friendly shawl. "What 's this now? Saints alive! there 's Mick-a-Dandy. He 's goin' to sell the honey for ye and, troth, he 's more than a match for them Hawkses. Husht now, and listen."

Sheila looked out from her shelter, and there was Mick-a-Dandy standing on a tub behind her board, with his hands raised to heaven, and his face beaming with delight, as he confronted her enemies, who seemed to be trying to escape but could not for the crowd behind.

"Ah, then!" Mick-a-Dandy was saying, "who'd have thought it? The Lord be praised! If it isn't Bould Bridget, the publican's daughter out of Bawnboy that ran off with the tide-waiter! Ah, but you're lookin' grand! Ah, yerra, where at all did ye get the dhress, woman dear, and the little hat? Ah, Bridget darlin', many 's the day I seen your mother, decent woman, waitin' for ye in the back yard with her ould besom; for, says she, the bould strap 'll be afeared to come in the front way because of her dada, but she 'll think to play on her mammie, and little she knows the sort of sweepin' I have ready for her. Arrah, Captain, your honor, what at all are ye goin' on that way for? Sure, why wouldn't I be glad to see Bridget Flannery? Haven't I known her since the days she was runnin' the linth of the gutter in Bawnboy, before your honor's father so much as had the news of ye for good or evil? More betoken, yer honor had better be goin' home: sign is on it, I met your honor's father out raisin' the country after ye, and a blackthorn stick in the trap behind him." The crowd roared with laughter, and Mick-a-Dandy stood for a minute enjoying himself; he dipped his finger in the spilt honey and waved it in the air while three or four wasps flew and tried to settle upon it. Then he turned and shouted after Hawks, who was making his way through the crowd:

"Ah, your worship, glad and thankful I am to see ye laughin' and jokin' this mornin', and the bailiffs gone out to Killaraa. 'Deed the whole country 's sorry for yer honor, to think the noble house of Killaraa should come to disgrace for half a hundred dirty debts to poor tradespeople and farmers like. Troth and I think," he went on, raising his voice higher and higher as his victims escaped, "yer honors might find a better mornin's work to do than stravagin' the country with Bridget Flannery.—Ah sure, they 're gone," he said, looking about him with a smile, "and I might as well quit."

The crowd laughed and cheered him. "Now," said he,

"who 'll buy the orphan's honey? Mountain honey from Swanlabar: look at all them wasps come after it. Troth, and there 's been another kind of wasps about in the fair this mornin', and it 's after something else than the honey they were. Let them that has a feelin' heart buy the orphan's honey, fourpence a pound!"

MRS. J. H. RIDDELL.

(1832 ——)

Mrs. J. H. Riddell (Charlotte Eliza Lawson) was born at Carrickfergus, Country Antrim, Sept. 30, 1832. She is the daughter of James Cowan, Carrickfergus, high sheriff for the county of that town. She married J. H. Riddell, the grandson of Luke Riddell, of Winson Green House, Staffordshire, in 1857.

She wrote at first under a pseudonym, but after the publication of 'George Geith' her books came out with her own name. They are as follows: 'The Ruling Passion,' 'The Moors and the Fens,' 'Too Much Alone,' 'City and Suburb,' 'The World in the Church,' 'Maxwell Drewitt,' 'Phemie Keller,' 'The Race for Wealth,' 'Far Above Rubies,' 'Austin Friars,' 'A Life's Assize,' 'The Earl's Promise,' 'Home, Sweet Home,' 'Mortomley's Estate,' 'Above Suspicion,' 'Her Mother's Darling,' 'The Mystery in Palace Gardens,' 'Alaric Spencely,' 'The Senior Partner,' 'Daisies and Buttercups,' 'A Struggle for Fame,' 'Berna Boyle,' 'Mitre Court,' 'Miss Gascoigne,' 'A Mad Tour,' 'The Nun's Nurse,' 'The Head of the Firm,' 'A Silent Tragedy,' 'Did He Deserve It?' 'A Rich Man's Daughter,' and 'Football and Fate.'

A BUSINESS QUARTER AND A BUSINESS MAN IN LONDON.

From 'George Geith of Fen Court.'

Fen Court is far from cheerful now, and except that it was fifteen years younger—which fact could not have made any material difference in its appearance—I do not know that it looked any brighter when George Geith tenanted the second floor of the house which stands next but one to the old gateway, on the Fenchurch Street side, and transacted business there, trading under the firm of "Grant and Co., accountants."

If quietness were what he wanted, he had it. Except in the summer evenings, when the children of the Fenchurch Street housekeepers brought their marbles through the passage, and fought over them on the pavements in front of the office doors, there was little noise of life in the old churchyard. The sparrows in the trees, or the footfall of some one entering or quitting the Court, alone disturbed the silence. The roar of Fenchurch Street on the one side, and of Leadenhall Street on the other, sounded in Fen

Court but as a distant murmur; and to a man whose life was spent among figures, and who wanted to devote his undivided attention to his work, this silence was a blessing not to be properly estimated save by those who have passed through that maddening ordeal, which precedes being able to abstract the mind from external influences, and to keep it steady to one object, in spite alike of the rattle of a fire-engine and the thunder of a railway van.

For the historical recollections associated with the locality he had chosen, George Geith did not care a rush.

It was the London of to-day in which he lived and moved and had his being. The London of old was as a sealed book unto him; and if any one had opened its pages for his benefit, he would not have read a line of the ancient story.

Passing every day by places famous in former times, he never paused to inquire how and when and why they ceased to be of note. In the present he thought of nothing, cared for nothing, save his business; and for the rest, his dreams, when he had any, were of the future, not of the past.

What the past held of his—what of the struggle, sorrow, resolve, grief, fear—no one was ever likely to learn from George Geith. The people with whom he talked most did not know whence he had come, what he had been, whither he was bound.

Never a vessel hoisted fewer signals than the accountant. When other men hung out all their poor rags of colors, when they spread the stories of their lives out for public inspection, this auditor remained obstinately mute. Not a word had he to say about home, or friends, or relatives. He made no pretension to having seen better days—to having ever been anything different from what the world then saw him—a struggling man, who worked from early in the morning till late at night, and who seemed to have no thought nor care for anything save making of money and extending his connection.

He lived with his work, slept in his back office, ate his breakfast while he read his letters, and swallowed his tea surrounded on all sides by books and balance-sheets, and labyrinths and mazes of figures.

As for his dinner, at whatever hour in the day he could best spare ten minutes, he went to the nearest coffee-house,

and had a chop or steak, as the case might be. From which it will be clearly seen, that the accountant was not laboring for creature comforts—for rich dishes and old wines, for soft couches and idle hours; but that he was working either for work's sake, or for some object far outside the round of his daily and yearly existence.

And what an existence that was! What a dull, monotonous road it would have seemed to most, unrelieved as it was by social intercourse, unlightened by domestic ties; with no friend to talk to, no wife to love, no child to caress, no parent to provide for. A lonesome, laborious life, which had little in it, even of change of employment; for, so soon as one man's books were balanced, or schedule prepared, another merchant or bankrupt stood at the door, and behold, the same routine had to be gone through again. But monotony did not weary the accountant. Give him work enough, and strength sufficient to toil eighteen hours a day, and he was content. If he could have taken more out of himself he would have done it; but, as that was impossible, he labored through all the working days of the week, and up to twelve o'clock on Saturday nights; as I hope you, my reader, may never have to labor for any cause whatsoever.

As is the fashion of the Londoners, those who knew Mr. Geith—whom they called Mr. Grant—ever so slightly, asked him to come to dinner, tea, supper, what he would, on Sunday, and because he persistently declined these invitations, people said the accountant worked seven days in the week on his treadmill in Fen Court.

But in this instance people were wrong. Whether he were a saint or a sinner, George Geith still kept the Sabbath day holy, so far as refraining from labor could keep it so. He put aside his business, and laid down his pen. He went to church, moreover, in the mornings regularly. Sometimes, too, he walked to Westminster Abbey, or to St. Paul's, for afternoon service; but that was seldom, for he usually slept until tea; after which meal he started off to one or other of the City churches, making in this way quite a little visitation of his own during the course of a twelvemonth.

A strange life—one so apparently terrible to an outsider in its voluntary loneliness, that his clients marveled how

he could support it. And yet, my reader, if I can succeed in putting you on friendly terms with this solitary individual, you will come gradually to understand why this existence was not unendurable to him.

It is getting dark in Fen Court, as we stand beside the railings in the gathering twilight. The offices have long been closed; the housekeepers' children have left their marbles and their skipping-ropes, and are gone home to bed. The twitter of the sparrows is hushed, and there is nothing to be heard save the faint hum of the city traffic, and the rustling of the leaves, as the evening breeze touches them caressingly.

It is getting darker and darker, so dark in fact that there is little more to be seen of Fen Court to-night; but still, have patience for a moment. This man, whose story I have undertaken to tell as well as I am able, has just separated himself from the living stream flowing eastward along Fenchurch Street, and is coming up the passage. You can hear his footsteps ringing through the silence. Hark! how they echo beneath the archway—quick, firm, even, unhurried. There is no shadow of turning or wavering about that tread. Listen to the footfalls; you cannot distinguish the left from the right; there is no drag, no twist, no irregularity. Do you think the man whom nature has taught to walk like that would be a person to refrain from using whip and spur if he had an object to compass?

I tell you, no. As he passes us in the gloom of the summer evening, unmindful of the graves lying to his left, and deaf to the low sad tale the wind is whispering among the leaves, I tell you he is a man to work so long as he has a breath left to draw; who would die in his harness rather than give up; who would fight against opposing circumstances whilst he had a drop of blood in his veins; whose greatest virtues are untiring industry and indomitable courage, and who is worth half-a-dozen ordinary men, if only because of his iron frame and unconquerable spirit.

He has let himself in by this time with his latch-key, taken such letters as are intended for his firm out of the box, and proceeded up the easy, old-fashioned staircase, past the painting hanging on the first landing, and so into his own office, where he lights the gas, which, flaring out

across the churchyard, clears a little space for its reflection out of the blackness of the opposite wall.

Night after night the flare and reflection tell the same tale of patient labor, of untiring application.

It seemed strange that the figures did not dance before his eyes, and chase each other up and down his desk. With many a one the pence would have nodded across to the pounds, and the shillings become confused with their neighbors' columns; but the accountant suffered his puppets to take no such liberties.

In the course of a year he went through miles of addition without a stumble; what he carried never perplexed him; midway up the shillings he never got crazed as common mortals might, but mounted gallantly to the summit as a racer goes straight to the winning-post, without a pause.

The skeins of silk which, in the old fairy tale, the godmother gave to her godchild to disentangle were nothing compared to the arithmetical confusion out of which George Geith produced order. The chaos of figures from whence he managed to extract a fair balance-sheet would have seemed hopeless to any person untrained to passages of arms with the numeration table.

The mass of accounts through which he waded in the space of twelve months was of itself almost incredible. Alps on Alps of figures he climbed with silent patience, and the more Alps he climbed the higher rose great mountains of arithmetic in the background—mountains with gold lying on their summits for him to grasp and possess.

If you would like to see the man who thus labored through the monotonous routine of an accountant's daily life, I do not know that any better opportunity than the present is likely to occur; for, with one foot stretched wearily on the floor, and the other resting on the rail of his office-stool, he is sitting beside his desk, with the gaslight streaming full on his face, sorting out the letters he has just brought upstairs with him.

There are eight in all—seven of them he places in a little heap ready to his hand, whilst the other is pushed on one side till the last. He is not handsome, certainly! Too commonplace looking to be the hero of a novel, you object, perhaps; but you are wrong here. Somehow it is

these rough-hewn men who stand at the helms of the best craft that sail across the ocean of existence. Looking over the portraits of those who have labored hardest and longest in the fields of science, literature, theology, and human progress, we find that nature has been niggardly with them in the matter of beauty. Possibly the better the quality of her coin, the less pains she takes in stamping it for the world's market: but let this be as it may, I would rather accept George Geith's stern hard face for that of my hero, than have to tell the life's story of a handsomer man.

He was fit for the fight he had to wage; and it is something to be permitted to tell of the struggles of one who, having elected to go down into the battle, bore the heat and burden of the day, and the agony of the wounds he received during the conflict, without a murmur.

A man, moreover, who was able to work, not merely fiercely, but patiently; for whom no task was too long, no labor too severe. Look in his face and see how it is scored all over with the marks of determination and energy; look at the square forehead with two deep vertical lines graven on it, at the dark resolute eyes, at the well-marked unarched brows, at the straight decided nose, at the nostrils that expand and quiver a little when he is struck hard, as will sometimes happen in business—the only sign of feeling ever to be traced in his features.

As for his mouth, were that mass of disfiguring hair away, you would see how naturally, as his thoughts get to work, his lips compress and harden, not with the mannerism to be noted in weak women and weaker men, but with that fixed rigidity of the muscles never to be found save in a person who is strong mentally and physically; strong in planning, in executing, in loving, in hating, for good or for evil.

There are the outward and visible signs of this strength in George Geith, in his face, in his carriage, in his speech, in his movements. As he now sits reading his letters, his disengaged hand lies on the desk clenched, as though he held the purpose and fruition of his life within it.

There is a significance likewise about the fashion of his beard, which he wears cut and trimmed carefully; not a straggling hair is to be seen in the brown mass which covers the lower part of his face like a gorse hedge.

In the days when you, my reader, make this man's acquaintance, hair was no passport to credit, and people wondered at the accountant's defiance of City prejudices; but they need not have wondered, for he had suffered his beard to grow under the same impulse as that which induces a criminal to stain his skin, and don strange clothes when the police are on his track. In his despair he had dived into the great sea of London life, and when he rose to the surface again he was so changed that not even the parish clerk of Morelands would have recognized him, had he seen the accountant sitting under his official nose.

And yet, seven years before, the Reverend George Geith had been well known at Morelands; but that was in the days when he was curate there, before the night when the one great folly of his youth came home to him in all its bitterness, when he tore the white neckcloth from his throat and flung aside the surplice, and fled from the Church, to recross her portals, as a servant of God, no more.

To London he came to seek his fortune. In a feigned name he sought employment, which he found at last in the offices of Horne Brothers, accountants, Prince's Street, City. For five weary years he stayed there, wandering through labyrinths of figures, and applying himself so closely to learn his business thoroughly, that, when at length he summoned up courage to start on his own account, he carried with him to Fen Court a very respectable number of clients, profitable to him, but so small in the estimation of the great house, that Hornes suffered them to drop through the large meshes of their trade-net without a regret.

Very patiently he had worked his way on; no business was too paltry or insignificant for him, and thus it came to pass that one man brought another, and one transaction led to more. He had succeeded; he was doing well. Let that suffice for our purpose, without speaking further of the weary toil, of the incessant labor, by which success had been achieved.

Even as Jacob served Laban for Rachel, so George Geith was serving fortune for something which was dear to him as the maid to the patriarch—Freedom. Money could give him freedom, and accordingly for money he toiled.

Let the day be never so long, he fainted not; let the heat be never so intense, he sought no cool shade in which to rest. Onward, ever onward, from early morning till late at night he hasted, turning not to the right hand nor to the left; but, keeping the goal of emancipation ever in view, toiled steadily on.

People marveled how he was able to continue the pace, but they did not know of the whip which was lashing him on. If he were ever to taste the sweets of liberty; if he were ever to resume his proper name and his rightful station in the future, he must work like a slave in the present.

And as a traveler, when seeking some far-off land of golden promise, pauses not to seek rest or companions, in the country through which he is passing, so George Geith, hurrying on his road to freedom, took no heed of the roughness and loneliness of the path he was traversing.

Money was what he lacked; money what he hoped to gain; and rocks and stones seemed like smoothest turf under his feet whilst he pressed onward to obtain it. . . .

Talk of the imagination of poets; what are their wildest fancies in comparison to those which fill the brains of speculators?

And this is the true fascination of business. Beyond its weary details, beyond its toils, beyond its certainties, beyond its endless necessities and countless annoyances, lies the limitless region of possibility, which is possessed in fancy by thousands who might seem to you, my reader, commonplace men enough.

That land is boundless, beautiful, happy. It is the El Dorado of struggling men, the heaven of inventors; it is the sun which shines into dingy offices, which gilds dark clouds that would otherwise overwhelm with their blackness tired and anxious hearts.

Into this land the minds of silent and undemonstrative men pass the most readily. And it was because George Geith was to a great extent self-contained and unconfiding, that he clothed the future with such glorious hues and radiant apparel.

And yet as this future had to be won with work, the glimpses he caught of it, instead of inducing idleness, only made him labor more determinedly in the present.

There was nothing in the prospect of rest which caused him to loathe his harness. At sight of the distant pastures, and the far-off streams, he merely quickened his pace onward.

Every step he took over the City stones, every letter he wrote, every piece of business he completed, brought the end closer, the journey nearer to a conclusion.

Freed from the danger of detection, George Geith once again made himself a bondsman.

Never a master lashed on a slave to labor as business now lashed on the accountant. It drove him, it hurried him, he lived in it and for it, far more than he lived by it.

He had worked so long fiercely, that his mind seemed cramped unless his body was always laboring a little beyond its strength. The object for which he had toiled was gone, but it is easy to install a pleasant object in the place of an unpleasant one; and so for wealth instead of for freedom he began to labor, and soon every faculty was stretched in the race he had set himself to run.

He had not a near relation living. Without wife, child, father or mother, sister or brother, he slaved for himself, as few men slave for their families. He made a god out of that which was sapping his health and strength; and he fell down and worshiped it, day after day, and night after night, whilst the wind sobbed among the leaves of the trees, and the dead, who, it might be, had some of them worshiped Mammon too, slept inside the dusty railings forgotten and forsaken.

So passed the autumn, and it was winter. The finest season of the year had departed, and George Geith was glad. The most profitable time was at hand—and the footsteps of clients, old and new, made pleasant music in the accountant's ear, as they ascended the stairs, leading to his second floor.

Bankrupts, men who were good enough, men who were doubtful, men who were (speaking commercially) bad, had all alike occasion to seek the accountant's advice and assistance. Retailers, who kept clerks for their sold books, but not for their bought; wholesale dealers, who did not want to let their clerks see their books at all; shrewd men of business, who yet could not balance a ledger; ill-educated traders, who, though they could make money,

would have been ashamed to show their ill-written and worse-spelled journals to a stranger; unhappy wretches shivering on the brink of insolvency; creditors who did not think much of the cooking of some dishonest debtor's accounts—all these came and sat in George Geith's back-office, and waited their turn to see him.

First come, first served, was the accountant's rule in business; and one which I rather think contributed largely to his success. One of the blood-royal would not in that office have taken precedence of John Oakes and Tom Styles; and it is these latter gentlemen who, after all, are more profitable customers than the Upper Ten Thousand, if tradespeople could only think so.

Country gentry indeed, who came to the City by rail, and west-end folks who made the City more crowded with their cabs, were somewhat disgusted at a regulation which failed to recognize their superiority over the east-end herd; but never was any one more indignant than an individual who, having made a journey to town solely on purpose to visit the office of Grant and Co., found himself left in the background, whilst common people were ushered into the presence chamber—vulgar people evidently in trade, who, the clerk would have hinted to any less stately customer, were a "muslin, two teas, and a cheese."

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE

Associate Editor of Irish Literature.

From a photograph by Pirie Macdonald, "photographer of men," New York

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

(1847 ——)

James Jeffrey Roche, editor-in-chief of *The Pilot* since 1890, was born at Mountmellick, Queen's County, May 31, 1847. He is the son of Edward and Margaret (Doyle) Roche, who removed to Prince Edward Island in his infancy. He took the classical course at St. Dunstan's College, Charlottetown, and was made LL.D. of Notre Dame, Ind., in 1891. He was engaged in commercial pursuits in Boston from 1866–1883. He was assistant editor of *The Pilot* under the late John Boyle O'Reilly from 1883–1890. He was a member of the Metropolitan Park Commission, Boston, 1893.

He is the author of 'Songs and Satires,' 'The Life of John Boyle O'Reilly,' 'The Story of the Filibusters,' 'Ballads of Blue Water,' 'Her Majesty the King,' and 'By-Ways of War,' etc.

HER MAJESTY THE KING.

A ROMANCE OF THE HAREM. DONE INTO AMERICAN FROM THE ARABIC.

"He that repenteth too late may sometimes worry too soon."
—*The Kâtâmarana.*

The Pasha Muley Mustapha was unhappy. He was a peace-loving, easy-tempered man, as Pashas go, and, when allowed to have his own way, was never inclined to ask for more. But now, after seven years of wedded life, he found his wishes thwarted, not for the first time, by the caprice of a woman, and that woman his only wife Kayenna, well surnamed the Eloquent. The misunderstanding had arisen, innocently enough, in this way:—

"I think, my dear," said Muley Mustapha, as he sat smoking his nargileh one day at the beginning of this history, while his wife reclined on a divan,—"I think, my dear, that my parents (may their memory be blessed!) made a great mistake in their treatment of me in my youth. I was brought up too strictly. They gave me no opportunity of seeing life in all its phases. Consequently, I find myself, in middle age, almost a stranger among my own subjects. I mean to adopt an entirely different system with little Muley."

"In what way?" asked his wife, rising on her elbow, and casting a suspicious look at her lord.

"Well, in this way," replied Muley Mustapha, deliberately,—"in this way. I intend to let him go out into the world, mingle with the youth of his own age, share in their sports, and, as the Giaours say, 'sow his wild oats.'"

"Muley Mustapha," said his wife, sitting bolt upright, "you shall do nothing of the sort. 'Sow his wild oats,' indeed! He shall never leave my sight, not for a single moment, until he is a grown man and I have provided him with a wife to take my place as guardian of his morals. It ill becomes a trusted vassal of my noble father, the Sultan of Kopaul, to talk thus of corrupting the child who is to be one day ruler of a mighty empire. You forget that fact, Muley Mustapha."

"On the contrary," retorted the Pasha, a little tartly, "I am not likely to forget it, so long as the daughter of the Sultan of Kopaul condescends to remain the wife of the Pasha of Ubikwi."

For Muley Mustapha had married above his station, and the circumstance had not been permitted to escape his memory. He never complained of his lot; but, when his faithful Vizier once hinted that the Koran allowed each true believer the blessing of four wives, he answered with a sigh, "I find one enough for this world: the rest I will take in houris."

Some subtle reflection of that sentiment must have made itself visible on the face of the Pasha at this moment; for his worthy spouse, with apparent irrelevance, suddenly exclaimed,—

"Muley Mustapha, if you are going to cast your vagabond Vizier in my face, I will leave the room—until I have time to go home to my father, who will protect me from insult."

"Great Allah!" cried the Pasha, "Who is casting anybody in your face? And who had mentioned the name of the Vizier?"

But the virtuous Kayenna had risen to her feet, and in low, intense tones began:—

"Sir, there is a limit to what even a wife may endure. When I think that a son of mine is threatened with contamination at the hands of a low, disreputable, adventurous vagabond, like your worthless underling—"

Here the good lady was so overcome by her feelings that

she burst into a flood of tears, and had to be borne, shrieking, to her apartments.

"I foresee that I shall have trouble in bringing up that boy," mused Muley Mustapha, as he relighted his nargileh, and stroked his flowing beard.

Braver man there was not in all Islam than the dauntless young Pasha of Ubikwi, whose valor on many a hard-fought field finally won him the favor of the Sultan of Kopaul, and the fair hand of that Sultan's only child. Once, some years after his marriage, he propounded to Shacabac the Wayfarer, then a sage, whose merits had not been appreciated by a dull generation, the old paradox of the Frankish schoolmen: "When an irresistible force meets with an immovable object, what happeneth?" And the wise man answered, "In case of matrimony, the Force retireth from business." Struck by the aptness of the reply, Muley Mustapha made the sage his Vizier on the spot.

From that day forth the Pasha had peace in his household. There is much virtue in self-abnegation; but, like most unconditional surrenders, it does not always evoke the admiration of the victors. Yet was Muley Mustapha not without his reward. Kayenna knew just how far she might venture in dictating to him, and, by judiciously yielding that for which she cared naught, managed ever to obtain that which she desired. Thus doth the wise spouse gain new raiment by denying to her lord the society of an unbeloved mother-in-law.

THE FIGHT OF THE ARMSTRONG PRIVATEER.

From 'Ballads of Blue Water.'

Tell the story to your sons
  Of the gallant days of yore,
When the brig of seven guns
  Fought the fleet of seven score,
From the set of sun till morn, through the long September night—
Ninety men against two thousand, and the ninety won the fight
  In the harbor of Fayal the Azore.

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Three lofty British ships came a-sailing to Fayal:
One was a line-of-battle ship, and two were frigates tall;
Nelson's valiant men of war, brave as Britons ever are,
Manned the guns they served so well at Aboukir and Trafalgar.
Lord Dundonald and his fleet at Jamaica far away
Waited eager for their coming, fretted sore at their delay.
There was loot for British valor on the Mississippi coast
In the beauty and the booty that the Creole cities boast;
There were rebel knaves to swing, there were prisoners to bring
Home in fetters to old England for the glory of the King!

At the setting of the sun and the ebbing of the tide
Came the great ships one by one, with their portals opened wide,
And their cannon frowning down on the castle and the town
And the privateer that lay close inside;
Came the eighteen gun Carnation, and the Rota, forty-four,
And the tripled-decked Plantagenet an admiral's pennon bore;
And the privateer grew smaller as their topmasts towered taller,
And she bent her springs and anchored by the castle on the shore.

Spake the noble Portuguese to the stranger: "Have no fear;
They are neutral waters these, and your ship is sacred here
As if fifty stout armadas stood to shelter you from harm,
For the honor of the Briton will defend you from his arm."
But the privateersman said, "Well we know the Englishmen,
And their faith is written red in the Dartmoor slaughter pen.
Come what fortune God may send, we will fight them to the end,
And the mercy of the sharks may spare us then."

"Seize the pirate where she lies!" cried the English admiral:
"If the Portuguese protect her, all the worse for Portugal!"
And four launches at his bidding leaped impatient for the fray,
Speeding shoreward where the Armstrong, grim and dark and ready, lay.
Twice she hailed and gave them warning; but the feeble menace scorning,
On they came in splendid silence, till a cable's length away—
Then the Yankee pivot spoke; Pico's thousand echoes woke;
And four baffled, beaten launches drifted helpless on the bay.

Then the wrath of Lloyd arose till the lion roared again,
And he called out all his launches and he called five hundred men;
And he gave the word "No quarter!" and he sent them forth to smite.
Heaven help the foe before him when the Briton comes in might!
Heaven helped the little Armstrong in her hour of bitter need;
God Almighty nerved the heart and guided well the arm of Reid.

Launches to port and starboard, launches forward and aft,
Fourteen launches together striking the little craft.
They hacked at the boarding-nettings, they swarmed above the rail;
But the Long Tom roared from his pivot and the grape-shot fell like hail:
Pike and pistol and cutlass, and hearts that knew not fear,
Bulwarks of brawn and mettle, guarded the privateer.
And ever where fight was fiercest, the form of Reid was seen;
Ever where foes drew nearest, his quick sword fell between.

Once in the deadly strife
The boarders' leader pressed
Forward of all the rest,
Challenging life for life;
But ere their blades had crossed,
A dying sailor tossed
His pistol to Reid, and cried,
"Now riddle the lubber's hide!"

But the privateersman laughed, and flung the weapon aside,
And he drove his blade to the hilt, and the foeman gasped and died.
Then the boarders took to their launches laden with hurt and dead,
But little with glory burdened, and out of the battle fled.

Now the tide was at flood again, and the night was almost done,
When the sloop-of-war came up with her odds of two to one,
And she opened fire; but the Armstrong answered her, gun for gun,
And the gay Carnation wilted in half an hour of sun.

Then the Armstrong, looking seaward, saw the mighty seventy-four,
With her triple tier of cannon, drawing slowly to the shore.

And the dauntless captain said: "Take our wounded and our dead,
Bear them tenderly to land, for the Armstrong's days are o'er;
But no foe shall tread her deck, and no flag above it wave—
To the ship that saved our honor we will give a shipman's grave."
So they did as he commanded, and they bore their mates to land
With the figurehead of Armstrong and the good sword in his hand.
Then they turned the Long Tom downward, and they pierced her oaken side,
And they cheered her, and they blessed her, and they sunk her in the tide.

Tell the story to your sons,
When the haughty stranger boasts
Of his mighty ships and guns
And the muster of his hosts,

How the word of God was witnessed in the gallant days of yore
When the twenty fled from one ere the rising of the sun,
In the harbor of Fayal the Azore!

THE KEARSARGE.

In the gloomy ocean bed
Dwelt a formless thing, and said,
In the dim and countless eons long ago,
"I will build a stronghold high,
Ocean's power to defy,
And the pride of haughty man to lay low."

Crept the minutes for the sad,
Sped the cycles for the glad,
But the march of time was neither less nor more;
While the formless atom died,
Myriad millions by its side,
And above them slowly lifted Roncador.

Roncador of Caribee,
Coral dragon of the sea,

Ever sleeping with his teeth below the wave;
Woe to him who breaks the sleep!
Woe to them who sail the deep!
Woe to ship and man that fear a shipman's grave!

Hither many a galleon old,
Heavy-keeled with guilty gold,
Fled before the hardy rover smiting sore;
But the sleeper silent lay
Till the preyer and his prey
Brought their plunder and their bones to Roncador.

Be content, O conqueror!
Now our bravest ship of war,
War and tempest who had often braved before,
All her storied prowess past,
Strikes her glorious flag at last
To the formless thing that builded Roncador.

ANDROMEDA.

They chained her fair young body to the cold and cruel stone;
The beast begot of sea and slime had marked her for his own;
The callous world beheld the wrong, and left her there alone.
Base caitiffs who belied her, false kinsmen who denied her,
Ye left her there alone!

My Beautiful, they left thee in thy peril and thy pain;
The night that hath no morrow was brooding on the main:
But, lo! a light is breaking of hope for thee again;
'T is Perseus' sword a-flaming, thy dawn of day proclaiming
Across the western main:
O Ireland! O my country! he comes to break thy chain!

THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST.

We summoned not the Silent Guest,
And no man spake his name;
By lips unseen our Cup was pressed,
And mid the merry song and jest,
The Uninvited came.

Wise were they in the days of old,
Who gave the Stranger place;
And when the joyous catch was trolled,
And toasts were quaffed and tales were told,
They looked him in the face.

God save us from the skeleton
Who sittest at the feast!
God rest the manly spirit gone,
Who sat beside the Silent One,
And dreaded him the least!

AT SEA.

Shall we, the storm-tossed sailors, weep
For those who may not sail again;
Or wisely envy them, and keep
Our pity for the living men?

Beyond the weary waste of sea,
Beyond the wider waste of death,
I strain my gaze and cry to thee
Whose still heart never answereth.

O brother, is thy coral bed
So sweet thou wilt not hear my speech?
This hand, methinks, if I were dead,
To thy dear hand would strive to reach.

I would not, if God gave us choice
For each to bear the other's part,
That mine should be the silent voice,
And thine the silent, aching heart.

Ah, well for any voyage done,
Whate'er its end—or port or reef;
Better the voyage ne'er begun,
For all ships sail the sea of Grief.

THE V–A–S–E.

From the madding crowd they stand apart,—
The maidens four and the Work of Art:

And one might tell from sight alone
In which had Culture ripest grown,—

The Gotham Million fair to see,
The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue,
Or the soulful soul from Kalamazoo;

For all loved Art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

* * * *

Long they worshiped; but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
Who blushing said, "What a lovely Vase!"

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small word:

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries, "'T is, indeed, a lovely Vaze!"

But brief her unworthy triumph when
The lofty one from the home of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
Exclaims, "It is quite a lovely Vahs!"

And glances round with an anxious thrill,
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee,
And gently murmurs: "Oh, pardon me!

"I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming Vaws!"

Dies erit prægelida
Sinistra quum Bostonia.[1]

[1] It will be a very cold day when Boston gets left.

THOMAS W. HAZEN ROLLESTON.

(1857 ——)

Thomas W. H. Rolleston was born in 1857 near Shinrone, King's County, the youngest son of Charles Rolleston Spunner, Q. C., County Judge of Tipperary. He was educated at St. Columba's College, Rathfarnham, and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he won the Vice-Chancellor's prize for English verse, and was graduated in 1878. He has lived much in Europe, chiefly in Dresden. He has translated Walt Whitman into German and is a critic of great refinement. He has written 'The Teaching of Epictetus' and a 'Life of Lessing'; has contributed poems to *The Academy*, *The Speaker*, and other reviews, and is represented in every modern Irish anthology. Two small volumes of his poems have been issued by The Rhymers' Club. He was first Honorary Secretary of the London Irish Literary Society, and is a Vice-President of the National Literary Society of Dublin. He has edited 'The Prose Writings of Thomas Davis,' 'Selections from Plato,' and Ellen O'Leary's poems.

ON THE 'COLLOQUY OF THE ANCIENTS.'

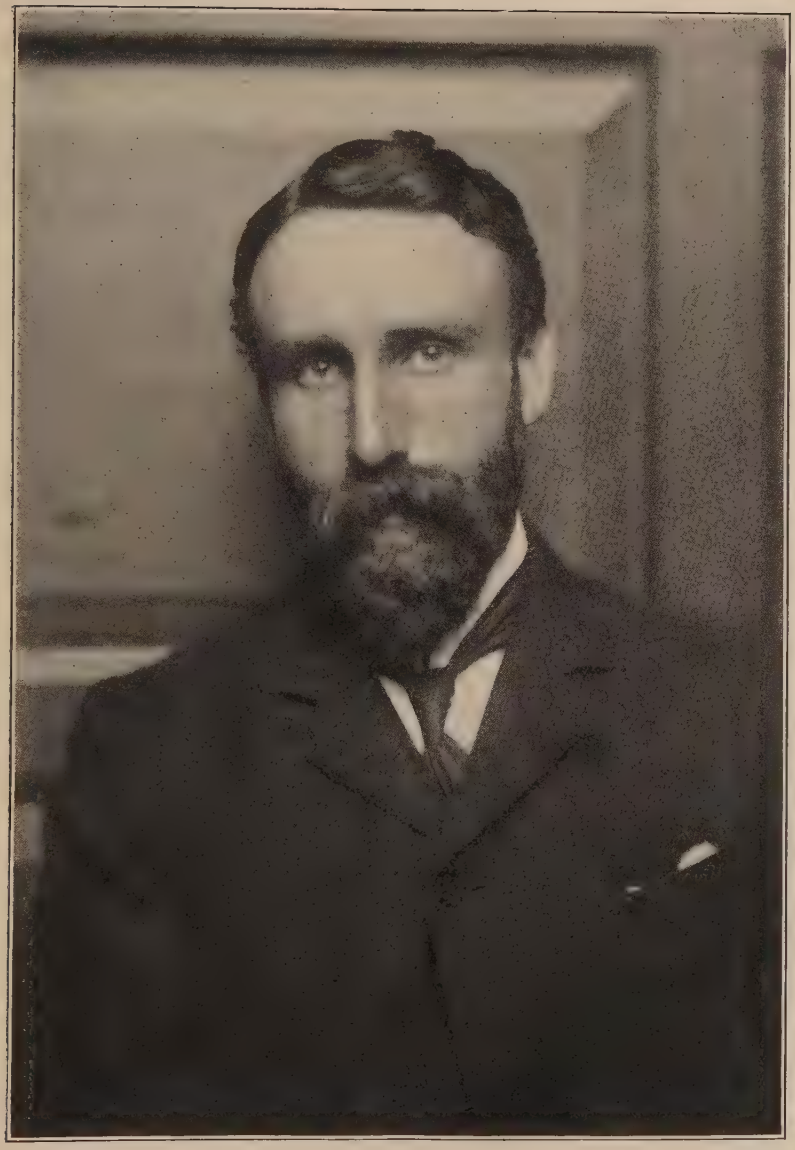
From a Lecture on 'Imagination and Art in Gaelic Literature.'

Imaginative literature has two themes to deal with—Mankind and Nature. I do not speak in this connection of purely religious literature, embodying a definite creed, which has a place apart and laws and conditions of its own. But, of course, a literature dealing with mankind must be judged among other things, by the nature of the spiritual laws, if any, which it recognizes as living forces in human society, and to that extent it looks out upon the divine as well as upon the human world.

Now we have in the works I have mentioned a very rich and interesting collection both of the nature poetry of the Gael and of that which deals with humanity. As regards the former—nature poetry—the principal work translated in 'Silva Gadelica'—the long prose piece known as the 'Colloquy of the Ancients'—must have been quite a revelation to many readers. This work is one of the Ossianic cycle of Irish prose romances, but it is rather a collection of tales than an individual work of literary art, and thus illustrates what the explorer will so often meet with—the inability of the Celtic writer to give form and

T. W. HAZEN ROLLESTON

From a photograph by Fred Hollyer, London



composition to a work of any length. The 'Colloquy' opens by presenting us with the figures of Caeilte MacRonan and Oisin, son of Finn, each accompanied by eight warriors, all that are left of the great fellowship of the Fianna after the battle of Gabhra, and their later dispersion and melting away through old age and sorrow. A vivid picture is given us of the gray old warriors who had lived on into a new age, meeting for the last time at the dun of a once famous chieftainess named Camha, and their melancholy talk of old days, till at last a great silence settled on them all. Finally Caeilte and Oisin resolved to part, Oisin, of whom we hear little more, going to his mother, Blai, a woman of the Sidhe, whilst Caeilte takes his way over the plains of Meath till he comes to Drumderg, where he lights on St. Patrick and his monks. "The clerics," says the writer, "saw Caeilte and his band draw near them, and fear fell on them before the tall men with the huge wolf-hounds that accompanied them, for they were not people of one epoch or of one time with the clergy." Patrick then sprinkles the heroes with holy water, whereat legions of demons who had been hovering over them fly away into the hills and glens, and "the enormous men sat down." Patrick, after inquiring the name of his guest, then says he has a boon to crave of him—he wishes to find a well of pure water from which to baptize the folk of Bregia and of Meath. Caeilte, who knows every brook and rath and wood and hill in the country, thereon takes Patrick by the hand, and leads him away till, as the writer says, "right in front of them they saw a loch-well sparkling and translucid. The size and thickness of the cress, and of the *potlact* or brooklime that grew on it was a wonderment to them; then Caeilte began to tell its fame and qualities, in doing of which he said:— And then follows an exquisite little lyric on the well:

"O well of *Traig da ban* beautiful are thy cresses, luxurious, branching; since thy produce is neglected on thee thy brooklime is not suffered to grow. Forth from thy banks thy trout are to be seen, thy wild swine in the wilderness; the deer of thy fair hunting cragland, thy dappled and red-chested fawns! Thy mast all hanging on the branches of thy trees; thy fish in estuaries of the rivers; lovely the color of thy purling streams, O thou that

art azure-hued, and again green with reflection of surrounding copse wood!"

After the warriors have been entertained, Patrick asks, "Was he, Finn mac Cumall, a good lord with whom ye were?" Upon which Caeilte replies:

"Were but the brown leaf which the woodland sheds from it gold—were but the white billow silver—Finn would have given it all away."

He then goes on to enumerate the glories of Finn's household, whereon Patrick says:

"Were it not for us an impairing of the devout life, an occasion of neglecting prayer, and of deserting converse with God, we, as we talked with thee would feel the time pass quickly, warrior!"

Caeilte goes on with another tale of the Fianna, and Patrick now fairly caught in the toils of the enchanter, cries, "Success and benediction attend thee, Caeilte, this is to me a lightening of spirit and mind; and now tell us another tale."

And so ends the exordium of the 'Colloquy.' Nothing could be better contrived, the touch is so light, there is so happy a mingling of pathos, poetry, and humor, and there is so much dignity in the sketching of the human characters introduced that one is led to expect something very admirable when the plan of the writer develops. Unfortunately, the expectation is not wholly fulfilled. The rest of the piece consists in the exhibition of a vast amount of topographical and legendary lore by Caeilte, punctuated with the invariable "success and benediction attend thee" of Patrick. They move together, on Patrick's journey to Tara, and whenever Patrick or some one else in the company sees a town or a fort, or a well he asks Caeilte what it is, and Caeilte tells its name and a Fenian legend to account for the name, and so the story wanders on through a maze of legendary lore, good, bad, or indifferent, until the royal company meet them, and the King takes up the role of questioner. The 'Colloquy,' as we have it now, breaks off abruptly as Oisin is about to relate how the Lia Fail was carried away out of Ireland. A few fresh characters are introduced in the person of provincial kings whom Patrick meets with, but they have no dramatic or other significance, and are merely names. The interest of

the 'Colloquy,' then, lies in the tales of Caeilte and in the lyrics introduced in the course of them. Of the tales there are about a hundred, telling of Fenian raids, and battles, and love-makings, and feastings, but the greater number of them have to do with the intercourse between the fairy folk, the Tuatha de Danann, and the Fenians. With these folk, the people of the Sidhe, the Fenians have constant relations both of war and love. Some of these tales are of great elaboration, and evidently wrought out in the highest style of the literary art known to the writer, whom, according to Nutt, we are to place towards the end of the thirteenth century. One of the best is that of the fairy Brugh of Slievenamon, which Caeilte and Patrick chance to pass by, and of which Caeilte tells the following history:—One day as Finn and Caeilte and five other champions of the Fianna were hunting at Torach, in the North of Ireland, they roused a beautiful and timorous fawn which fled from them, they holding it chase all day till they reached Slievenamon towards evening, when it vanished underground. A night of snow and storm came on, and searching for shelter they found a great illuminated mansion, and entering it discover themselves in a bright and spacious hall, with eight and twenty warriors and as many fair and yellow-haired maidens, and one maiden sitting on a chair and playing wonderful music on a harp. After the Fianna have been seated on chairs of crystal and entertained with the finest of viands and liquors, it is explained to them that their hosts are sons of Midir, son of the Daghda, of the Tuatha de Danann—and that they are at war with the rest of the fairy folk, and have to do battle with them thrice yearly on the green before the Brugh.

At first each of the twenty-eight had one thousand warriors under him—now all are slain but the sons of Midir—for it seems that the Danann race, though not liable to old age or sickness, can suffer violent death. Accordingly they have sent out one of the maidens in the shape of a fawn to entice the Fenian warriors to their fairy palace, and gain their aid in the battle that must be delivered tomorrow. Finn and his companions are ready for any fray, and a desperate battle ensues, which lasts from evening till morning; for the fairy host attack at night. The assailants are beaten off, losing over a thousand of their

number, but Oscar Dermot and MacLugach of the Fenians were sorely wounded.

And so the tale goes on through various adventures till after more than a year the chieftains go forth from the Brugh and rejoin their fellows, during the feast of Tara, after having made peace and taken hostages from the hostile army of the Sidhe. No sooner has Caeilte finished his tale, standing on the spot where they had found the fairy palace on the night of the snow, than they see approaching them a young warrior, who is thus described:—"A shirt of king's satin was next to his skin, over and outside it a tunic of the same soft fabric, and a fringed crimson mantle confined with a bodkin of gold upon his breast; in his hand a gold-hilted sword, a golden helmet on his head."

A delight in the color and the material splendor of life is a very marked feature in all this literature. This splendid figure turns out to be Donn Mac Midir—one of the eight-and-twenty whom Finn had succored, and he comes to do homage for himself and his people to Patrick, who accepts entertainment from him for the night; for in the 'Colloquy' the relations of the Church and of the fairy world are very kindly.

This history of which, of course, I have merely given a bald summary, is a good specimen of the kind of tales of which the 'Colloquy' is made up, and of which a great part of ancient Irish literature is made up. There is one general characteristic about them all—the predominance of the folk-lore element.

In folk-tale it is the happenings that are the great thing, not the persons to whom they happen. The story moves on its appointed course, and everything else is subordinate to that—men and women are merely part of the mechanism of the tale. So it is with the 'Colloquy.' An element of physical beauty is added which does not necessarily belong to folk-lore, and occasionally—as in the introduction to the 'Colloquy'—we have a transitory attempt to render character and incident with truth both to nature and to an ideal conception; but, on the whole, the folk-tale element dominates, and though folk-lore is, no doubt, at the root of all national literature, it should not be forgotten that literature proper begins when folk-lore ends.

To study these Gaelic tales in connection with the Norse

sagas is a very instructive experience. The work of the Norsemen was rough and harsh in texture, and, though not without a sense of beauty, there is none of that delight in it which we find in Irish tales. But the Norsemen created men and women, living in the actual world, having normal human relations with their fellows, and having strongly marked characters and passions; and these characters and passions of theirs, acted upon by circumstance and reacting on it, *make the story.* In the Irish tales, on the contrary, we are in a dream-world—a very beautiful world, full of the magic of nature and of forms belonging to fairer realms than ours, but still a world of dream, where nothing is constant, but events drift at the whim of the narrator, and the laws of nature and human character all dissolve and change and re-form again like wreaths of mist on the mountain side; and when this vision has passed us by we feel as if we had seen something beautiful, or terrible, or wonderful, but in any case something that has no discoverable relation to life.

The moral conceptions which give meaning and coherence to life have simply no existence in the world of the 'Colloquy." We rarely gain any sense of human power or valor, because we do not see them really matched with hostile forces. Warriors go forth to battle and slay hundreds of enemies as if they were the puppets that Don Quixote fought with, or leap over whole armies; and if they are wounded the wound closes again by magic art; they are "such stuff as dreams are made of." And I confess it 's somewhat disappointing to find a long and important work of this kind, a work written by a master of language and of the lore of his country eight centuries after the introduction of Christianity, six centuries after the bloom of that civilization which produced the Book of Kells and other great works of decorative art, and four or five centuries after the period when Ireland had justly been called the University of Europe, still so largely unable to free itself from folk-lore, and to put off the things pertaining to the childhood of a nation.

On the other hand, if Irish literature was backward in this respect, there was another in which it was many centuries in advance of its time. I refer to the love of natural beauty.

I have already quoted one of the nature lyrics of the 'Colloquy.' The piece contains several poems of this description, recited on various occasions by Caeilte, and they show a minute and loving observation of nature, and more than that, an ecstatic blending of the human emotion with the great cosmic life, that did not appear in any other European literature till the present century, with Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley. Chaucer, who lived not far from the time of the 'Colloquy,' is sometimes spoken of as a nature poet, but high as he stands beyond the Celtic writer in his treatment of humanity, his references to nature and the life of forests and streams and the creatures that inhabit them are conventional and tame compared with those of the 'Colloquy.'

Another point to be noticed is the love of wonder and mystery, which is indeed an element in all true romance, but which inspired the Celt, I think, more than any other man. He was a master of the touch that makes, as it were, the solid framework of things translucent, and shows us, through it, gleams of another world, mingled with ours yet distinct, and having other laws and characteristics. We never get a clue to what these laws are. The Celt did not systematize the unknown, but he let it shine for a moment through the opaqueness of earth, and then withdrew the gleam before we understood what we had seen. Take, for instance, this incident in the story of the Fianna. Three young warriors came to take service with Finn, accompanied by a gigantic hound, of which it is said that there was no color in the world that was not in his hide. They make their agreement with Finn, saying what services they can render and what return they expect, and one of the conditions is that they shall camp apart from the rest of the host and when night has fallen no man shall come nigh them or see them. Finn asks the reason for this prohibition, and it is this: of the three warriors one of them dies each night and the other two have to watch him; therefore they would not be disturbed. There is no explanation of this—possibly the folk-lorist or the occultist may have one, but as it appears in the 'Colloquy' it gives that peculiar thrill of mystery which is better, perhaps, not explained or explained away, because it brings home to our consciousness what is a very real fact, that

the world we live in is a profound mystery quite incapable of being forced in its completeness into any framework of mechanical law.

THE LAMENT OF MAEV LEITH-DHERG[1]

FOR CUCHORB: SON OF MOGHCORB, KING OF IRELAND.

Raise the Cromlech high!
  MacMoghcorb is slain,
And other men's renown
  Has leave to live again.

Cold at last he lies
  Neath the burial-stone;
All the blood he shed
  Could not save his own.

Stately-strong he went,
  Through his nobles all
When we paced together
  Up the banquet-hall.

Dazzling white as lime
  Was his body fair,
Cherry-red his cheeks,
  Raven-black his hair.

Razor-sharp his spear,
  And the shield he bore,
High as champion's head—
  His arm was like an oar.

Never aught but truth
  Spake my noble king;
Valor all his trust
  In all his warfaring.

As the forkèd pole
  Holds the roof-tree's weight,

[1] From an ancient Irish poem in the Book of Leinster. See O'Curry's 'Manuscript Materials of Irish History,' p. 480. This Maev was Queen of Ireland about A.D. 20. Cucorb (Chariot-Hound) was slain on Mount Leinster on the borders of Wexford.

So my hero's arm
Held the battle straight.

Terror went before him,
Death behind his back;
Well the wolves of Erinn
Knew his chariot's track.

Seven bloody battles
He broke upon his foes;
In each a hundred heroes
Fell beneath his blows.

Once he fought at Fossud,
Thrice at Ath-finn-Fail;
'T was my king that conquered
At bloody Ath-an-Scail.

At the Boundary Stream
Fought the Royal Hound,
And for Bernas battle
Stands his name renowned.

Here he fought with Leinster—
Last of all his frays—
On the Hill of Cucorb's Fate
High his Cromlech raise.

TO MY BICYCLE.

In the airy whirling wheel is the springing strength of steel,
And the sinew grows to steel day by day,
Till you feel your pulses leap at the easy swing and sweep
As the hedges flicker past upon your way.
Then it 's out to the kiss of the morning breeze
And the rose of the morning sky,
And the long brown road where the tired spirit's load
Slips off as the leagues go by!

Black-and-silver, swift and strong, with a pleasant undersong
From the steady rippling murmur of the chain,
Half a thing of life and will, you may feel it start and thrill
With a quick elastic answer to the strain,
As you ride to the kiss of the morning breeze

And the rose of the morning sky,
And the long brown road where the tired spirit's load
Slips off as the leagues go by.

Miles a hundred you may run from the rising of the sun,
To the gleam of the first white star.
You may ride through twenty towns, meet the sun upon the downs,
Or the wind on the mountain scaur.
Then it 's out to the kiss of the morning breeze
And the rose of the morning sky,
And the long brown road where the tired spirit's load
Slips off as the leagues go by.

Down the pleasant country-side, through the woodland's summer pride,
You have come in your forenoon spin.
And you never would have guessed how delicious is the rest
In the shade by the wayside inn,
When you have sought the kiss of the morning breeze,
And the rose of the morning sky,
And the long brown road where the tired spirit's load
Slips off as the leagues go by.

There is many a one who teaches that the shining river-reaches
Are the place to spend a long June day,
But give me the whirling wheel and a boat of air and steel
To float upon the King's highway!
Oh give me the kiss of the morning breeze,
And the rose of the morning sky,
And the long brown road where the tired spirit's load
Slips off as the leagues go by.

EVENSONG.

In the heart of a German forest I followed the winding ways
Where the cushioned moss was barred with the sunset's slanting rays,

When I heard a sound of singing, unearthly sad and clear,
Rise from the forest deeps and float on the evening air.

I thought of the spirits told of in dark old forest lore
Who roam the greenwood singing for ever and evermore;

And stopped and wondered and waited, as nearer the music grew,
Louder and still more loud, till at last came into view

A troop of Saxon maidens, tanned with the rain and sun,
A burden of billeted wood on the shoulders of every one.

The strong steps faltered not, and the chanting passed away
In the fragrant depths of the pinewood, and died with the dying day.

No spirit in truth! yet it seemed, as while in dreams I stood,
That a music more than earthly had swept through the darkening wood.

And it seemed that the Day to the Morrow bequeathed in that solemn strain
The whole world's hope and labor, its love and its ancient pain.

THE SPELL-STRUCK.

She walks as she were moving
  Some mystic dance to tread,
So fall her gliding footsteps,
  So leans her glistening head.

For once to fairy harping
  She danced upon the hill,
And through her brain and bosom
  The music pulses still.

Her eyes are bright and tearless,
  But wide with yearning pain;
She longs for nothing earthly.
  But O! To hear again

The sound that held her listening
  Upon her moonlit path!
The rippling fairy music
  That filled the lonely rath.

Her lips, that once have tasted
  The fairy banquet's bliss,
Shall glad no mortal lover
  With maiden smile or kiss.

AT CLONMACNOISE

From a photograph

In quiet watered land a land of roses
  Stands Saint Kieran's city fair:
And the warriors of Erin in their famous generations
  Slumber there.

—T. W. H. Rolleston.

She 's death to all things living,
Since the November eve;
And when she dies in autumn
No living thing shall grieve.

THE DEAD AT CLONMACNOIS.

In a quiet watered land, a land of roses,
Stands Saint Kieran's city fair:
And the warriors of Erin in their famous generations
Slumber there.

There beneath the dewy hillside sleep the noblest
Of the clan of Conn,
Each below his stone with name in branching Ogham
And the sacred knot thereon.

There they laid to rest the seven Kings of Tara,
There the sons of Cairbré sleep—
Battle-banners of the Gael, that in Kieran's plain of crosses
Now their final hosting keep.

And in Clonmacnois they laid the men of Teffia,
And right many a lord of Breagh;
Deep the sod above Clan Creidé and Clan Conaill,
Kind in hall and fierce in fray.

Many and many a son of Conn, the Hundred-Fighter,
In the red earth lies at rest;
Many a blue eye of Clan Colman the turf covers,
Many a swan-white breast.

THE LAST DESIRE.

When the time comes for me to die,
To-morrow, or some other day,
If God should bid me make reply,
"What wilt thou?" I shall say:

"O God, thy world was great and fair!
Have thanks for all my days have seen;
Yet grant me peace from things that were
And things that might have been.

"I loved, I toiled; throve ill and well;
—Lived certain years, and murmured not.
Now give me in that land to dwell
Where all things are forgot.

"I seek not, Lord, thy purging fire,
The loves re-knit, the crown, the palm;
Only the death of all desire
In deep, eternal calm."

SONG OF MAELDUIN.

There are veils that lift, there are bars that fall,
There are lights that beckon, and winds that call—
Good-bye!
There are hurrying feet, and we dare not wait,
For the hour is on us—the hour of Fate,
The circling hour of the flaming gate—
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye!

Fair, fair they shine through the burning zone—
The rainbow gleams of a world unknown;
Good-bye!
And oh! to follow, to seek, to dare,
When, step by step, in the evening air
Floats down to meet us the cloudy stair!
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye!

The cloudy stair of the Brig o' Dread
Is the dizzy path that our feet must tread—
Good-bye!
O children of Time—O Nights and Days,
That gather and wonder and stand at gaze,
And wheeling stars in your lonely ways,
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye!

The music calls and the gates unclose,
Onward and onward the wild way goes—
Good-bye!
We die in the bliss of a great new birth,
O fading phantoms of pain and mirth,
O fading loves of the old green earth—
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye!

WENTWORTH DILLON, EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

(1633—1684.)

WENTWORTH DILLON, EARL OF ROSCOMMON, born about 1633, was nephew and godson to the Earl of Stafford. He was at the Protestant College at Caen when, by the death of his father, he became Earl of Roscommon, at the age of ten. He remained abroad, traveled in Italy till the Restoration, when he came in with King Charles the Second, became captain of the Band of Pensioners, took for a time to gambling, married, indulged his taste in literature, which was strongly under the French influence, and had a project for an English academy like that of France.

He translated into verse Horace's 'Art of Poetry,' Virgil's sixth Eclogue, one or two Odes of Horace, and a passage from Guarini's 'Pastor Fido.' Of his original writing the most important piece is 'An Essay on Translated Verse,' carefully polished in the manner of Boileau, sensible, and often very happy in expression. He died Jan. 17, 1684, after a fervent utterance of two lines from his own version of 'Dies Irae'—

> "My God, my Father, and my Friend,
> Do not forsake me in my end"—

and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Johnson says "that he is perhaps the only correct writer in verse before Addison," and Pope wrote:

> "To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
> And every author's merit but his own."

FROM THE ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

. . . Each poet with a different talent writes,
One praises, one instructs, another bites,
Horace did ne'er aspire to epic bays,
Nor lofty Maro stoop to lyric lays.
Examine how your humor is inclined,
And which the ruling passion of your mind;
Then seek a poet who your way does bend,
And choose an author as you choose a friend.
United by this sympathetic bond,
You grow familiar, intimate, and fond;
Your thoughts, your words, your styles, your souls agree,
No longer his interpreter, but he . . .
Immodest words admit of no defense
For want of decency is want of sense. . . .
Yet 't is not all to have a subject good,
It must delight as when 't is understood.

He that brings fulsome objects to my view
(As many old have done and many new),
With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of squills. . . .
  On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise,
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts;
Which through the whole insensibly must pass,
With vital heat to animate the mass. . . .
  Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense or want of thought.
The men who labor and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast;
For if your author be profoundly good,
'T will cost you dear before he 's understood.
How many ages since has Virgil writ!
How few there are who understand him yet!
. . . Words in one language elegantly used
Will hardly in another be excused,
And some that Rome admired in Cæsar's time,
May neither suit our genius nor our clime.
The genuine sense, intelligibly told,
Shows a translator both discreet and bold. . . .
  I pity from my soul, unhappy men,
Compelled by want to prostitute their pen;
Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!
But you, Pompilian, wealthy, pampered heirs,
Who to your country owe your swords and cares,
Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
For rich ill poets are without excuse. . . .
  Of many faults rhyme is perhaps the cause;
Too strict to rhyme we slight more useful laws,
For that, in Greece or Rome, was never known,
Till by barbarian deluges o'erflown:
Subdued, undone, they did at last obey,
And change their own for their invaders' way.
. . . Oh may I live to hail the glorious day,
And sing loud pæans through the crowded way,
When in triumphant state the British Muse,
True to herself, shall barbarous aid refuse,
And in the Roman majesty appear,
Which none know better, and none come so near.

J. O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

(1831 ——)

J. O'Donovan Rossa was born in Rosscarbery in County Cork, September, 1831. His real name is O'Donovan, but he took the name of Rossa to distinguish himself from numerous others of the same name.

He was probably one of the most uncompromising opponents of English rule in Ireland and early associated himself with the National party. He was arrested in 1865 on a charge of treason-felony, and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

He was released some time after, and has resided in this country ever since, where he has been connected with literature and journalism. He is the editor of *The United Irishman* in New York, and has written on prison life, and various poems, Irish and English, in different magazines.

EDWARD DUFFY.[1]

The world is growing darker to me—darker day by day;
The stars that shone upon life's paths are vanishing away,
Some setting and some shifting, only one that changes never,
'T is the guiding star of liberty that blazes bright as ever.

Liberty sits mountain high, and slavery hath birth
In the hovels, in the marshes, in the lowest dens of earth;
The tyrants of the world pitfall-pave the path between,
And o'ershadow it with scaffold, prison, block and guillotine.

The gloomy way is brightened when we walk with those we love,
The heavy load is lightened when we bear and they approve;
The path of life grows darker to me as I journey on,
For the truest hearts that traveled it are falling one by one.

The news of death is saddening even in festive hall,
But when 't is heard through prison bars, 't is saddest then of all,
Where there 's none to share the sorrow in the solitary cell,
In the prison, within prison—a blacker hell in hell.

That whisper through the grating has thrilled through all my veins,
"Duffy is dead!" a noble soul has slipped the tyrant's chains,

[1] Irish patriot and fellow-prisoner, who died in an English prison.

And whatever wounds they gave him, their lying books will show,
How they very kindly treated him, more like a friend than foe.

For these are Christian Pharisees, the hypocrites of creeds,
With the Bible on their lips, and the devil in their deeds,
Too merciful in public gaze to take our lives away,
Too anxious here to plant in us the seed of life's decay.

Those Christians stand between us and the God above our head,
The sun and moon they prison, and withhold the daily bread,
Entomb, enchain, and starve us, that the mind they may control,
And quench the fire that burns in the ever-living soul.

To lay your head upon the block for faith in Freedom's God,
To fall in fight for Freedom in the land your fathers trod;
For Freedom on the scaffold high to breathe your latest breath,
Or *anywhere* 'gainst tyranny is dying a noble death.

Still, sad and lone, was yours, Ned, 'mid the jailers of your race,
With none to press the cold white hand, with none to smooth the face;
With none to take the dying wish to homeland friend or brother,
To kindred mind, to promised bride, or to the sorrowing mother.

I tried to get to speak to you before you passed away,
As you were dying so near me, and so far from Castlerea,
But the Bible-mongers spurned me off, when at their office door
I asked last month to see you—now I 'll never see you more.

If spirits once released from earth could visit earth again,
You 'd come and see me here, Ned, but for these we look in vain;
In the dead-house you are lying, and I 'd "wake" you if I could,
But they 'll wake you in Loughglin, Ned, in that cottage by the wood.

For the mother's instinct tells her that the dearest one is dead—
That the gifted mind, the noble soul, from earth to heaven is fled,

As the girls rush towards the door and look toward the trees,
To catch the sorrow-laden wail, that 's borne on the breeze.

Thus the path of life grows darker to me—darker day by day,
The stars that flashed their lights on it are vanishing away,
Some setting and some shifting, but that one which changes never,
The beacon light of liberty that blazes bright as ever.

MY PRISON CHAMBER.

My prison chamber now is iron lined,
An iron closet and an iron blind.
But bars, and bolts, and chains can never bind
To tyrant's will the freedom-loving mind.

Beneath the tyrant's heel we may be trod,
We may be scourged beneath the tyrant's rod,
But tyranny can never ride rough-shod
O'er the immortal spirit-work of God.

And England's Bible tyrants are, O Lord!
Of any tyrants out the cruelest horde,
Who 'll chain their Scriptures to a fixture board
Before a victim starved, and lashed, and gored. . . .

Without a bed or board on which to lie,
Without a drink of water if I 'm dry,
Without a ray of light to strike the eye,
But all one vacant, dreary, dismal sky.

The bolts are drawn, the drowsy hinges creak,
The doors are groaning, and the side walls shake,
The light darts in, the day begins to break,
Ho, prisoner! from your dungeon dreams awake. . . .

"Rossa, salute the Governor," cries one,
The Governor cries out—"Come on, come on,"
My tomb is closed, I 'm happy they are gone,
Well—as happy as I ever feel alone.

GEORGE W. RUSSELL ("A. E.").

(1867 ——)

Of that remarkable group of Irish writers who have done so much in Ireland in the past fifteen years to create an imaginative literature Irish in spirit and national in its very heart-beat and fiber, two men stand forth as the chief lyric poets writing in the English tongue. One of these is W. B. Yeats, and the other his friend and associate, who writes under the name "A. E."

"A. E." is the pen-name of the poet-dreamer Mr. George W. Russell. He was born in Lurgan, County Armagh, in 1867, and was largely self-educated. For some time he was an art student in Dublin, and he is an artist of rare imagination as well as one of the most gifted of living Irish poets. He has drunk deep of the learning of the East, of the Vedas and the Upanishads, and has been a devoted student of Plato and of the mystical philosophers. Among more modern writers he has, like his friend W. B. Yeats, been an admirer and student of the works of the mystic William Blake and also of Emerson, Thoreau, and Walt Whitman. But his deepest study and best inspirations are the great epics and legends that make up the bardic history of Ireland. The wonderful deeds of Finn and Cuchulain and Ossian and Oscar and other Irish heroes have absorbed his thoughts and been a revelation to him of the real spirit of Ireland, the typical heroes of his race. For him Ireland, because she has been the mother of such heroes and because he feels as he wanders up and down her haunted hills and enchanting valleys that Tir-na-n'Ogue, the country of immortal youth, is still very near, peopled with the spirits of these mighty dead yet to him ever living ones, and also by forms young and beautiful with a shining and undying beauty—because of his belief in these things, Ireland is a holy land for him and the story of Ireland is the sacred book of his race—the book from which he has drawn his highest inspiration.

His first volume of poems was 'Homeward Songs by the Way' (1894), a priceless little volume of pure lyric joy, reissued with additional poems in the United States (1896) and republished several times since. His second volume of lyrics, 'The Earth-Breath and Other Poems,' appeared in 1897, and his third and latest volume, 'The Divine Vision and Other Poems,' in January, 1904. A selection from all his lyrics, 'Nuts of Knowledge,' was published in October, 1903, at the Dun Emer Press, Dundrum, Dublin, and is in form and spirit one of the most beautiful books that ever came out of Ireland.

Not only is he a fine lyric poet, but he is the author of a few of the noblest essays written in Ireland in recent years. He contributed two short essays of great subtlety and imaginative insight —'Literary Ideals in Ireland' and 'Nationality and Cosmopolitanism in Literature'—to a small volume of essays published in Dublin in 1899, which also contained essays by W. B. Yeats, "John Eglin-

G. W. RUSSELL, "A. E."

From the painting by Jack B. Yeats

ton," and the lamented William Larminie. He also contributed to 'Ideals in Ireland' (1901) that charming book so ably edited by Lady Gregory, an essay called 'Nationality and Imperialism,' one of the most eloquent and moving, one of the noblest, appeals for the preservation of Irish ideals uttered in Ireland since the death of Thomas Davis. He is of course an ardent Nationalist, and it is said of him that once during an impassioned appeal for the preservation of the true ideals of Irish national life he exclaimed: "The Irish harp was never made to be played to the tune of 'The Absent-minded Beggar' nor can the Irish wolf-dog be trained to hunt down the enemies of the Empire."

He is also the author of two fascinating essays, now long out of print and difficult to obtain, 'The Future of Ireland and the Awakening of the Fires,' and 'Ideals in Ireland: Priest or Hero?' In 1899 he contributed to a Dublin paper a number of charming poems in prose: 'The Childhood of Apollo,' 'The Mask of Apollo,' 'The Cave of Lilith,' 'The Meditation of Parvati,' 'The Midnight Blossom,' 'The Story of a Star,' and other fascinating prose fancies, which have unfortunately not been republished. He has also written 'Deirdre,' a beautiful prose drama in three acts, founded on one of the legends of the Irish heroic age. It has frequently been performed by the Irish National Theater Society. And he has written the essays on William Butler Yeats and Standish O'Grady for the present work.

He is a man of rare nobility of character and an inspiring influence to the younger Irish writers of to-day, and has recently edited 'New Songs,' a lyric selection from the work of eight young Irish writers whose names may be well known hereafter.

But it is as a lyric poet, as the author of beautiful songs, full of intense and high vision, of touches of perfect simplicity and pathos and fire, that he is best known. Of his work W. B. Yeats has written: "The poetry of 'A. E.,' at its best, finds its symbols and its stories in the soul itself, and has a more disembodied ecstasy than any poetry of our time"; and he "repeats over again the revelation of a spiritual world that has been the revelation of mystics in all ages, but with a richness of color and a subtlety of rhythm that are of our age. . . . These poems, the most delicate and subtle that any Irishman of our time has written, seem to me all the more interesting because their writer has not come from any of our seats of literature and scholarship, but from among sectaries and visionaries whose ardor of belief and simplicity of mind have been his encouragement and his inspiration."

Mr. Stephen Gwynn says of the poetry of "A. E.": "In this poet's philosophy the way to the highest beauty is through pain, the loveliness of earth and sky, of flowers and mankind, being only the phantoms of illusion. And, since no poet was ever more alive to external beauty, there are poems in which the lower, more human beauty is chosen before the cold heights and the primeval stream of quiet. But the essential characteristic of them all, whatever their tenor, is a sense of living power that pervades and permeates the earth. For 'A. E.' the dumb universe, *bruta tellus*, is charged with unspeakable properties, rife with voices. Sometimes we catch sight

in his verse of a belief that all the pageant of past life is again enacted by shadowy forms, visible to the eyes that can see. . . . The conception is one essentially Celtic, for to the Celt's mind earth and sea have always been quick with life, whether he puts that feeling into the shape of fairy myth, or merely is conscious of it in the drawing back again to the hills and waters that he first knew. And perhaps no Celtic poet has given to the soul of his race an expression more beautiful or more characteristic than this anonymous singer."

At its highest and best moments his poems are worthy to be named among the most beautiful poetry written in modern days. His verse combines the gifts and the beauties of the painter, the musician, and the seer. He sees nature with the loving eye of an artist who is also a worshiper. He takes the ancient legends of Ireland and shows us their spiritual meaning. 'A Call of the Sidhe,' 'Nuts of Knowledge,' 'The Divine Vision,' 'The Secret,' 'The Earth-Breath,' 'Aphrodite,' 'Babylon,' 'The Vision of Love,' 'The Gray Eros,' 'The Memory of Earth,' 'Reconciliation,' 'By the Margin of the Great Deep,' 'The Gates of Dreamland,' 'The Master Singer,' 'The Twilight of Earth,' 'A Farewell,' 'Children of Lir,' 'A Summer Night,' 'In Connemara,' 'An Irish Face,' and 'Hope in Failure' are among the most perfect short poems in the language, each in its own way beautiful and admirable, full of tenderness and hope, of the nobility of love and sacrifice and of ecstatic beauty. By virtue of his imaginative qualities and his mastery of the lyric form this Irishman of genius holds a place apart which cannot be taken from him. He has, because of his gift of vision, been called the Irish Swedenborg, but unlike Swedenborg everything he sees is beautiful. He has been compared to Emerson, but he possesses all the ardor and warmth of feeling and sympathy that Emerson sometimes seemed to lack. Like William Blake, he is a mystic and a seer of far-off and visionary things, but he is always in his highest flights a master of his art. His human sympathy is as boundless as was Walt Whitman's, but he is entirely without any of Whitman's too frequent grossness. He is a spiritual leader and teacher, a great moral force, and the counselor and guide of many of the most promising young Irish writers of to-day. His belief in the soul, in immortality, in the spiritual life, is no mere intellectual apprehension, but the great vital fact of his being and the inspiration and consolation of his life. This belief in the spiritual life cannot be better expressed than in the few words prefixed to his first volume of poems: "I moved among men and places, and in living I learned the truth at last. I know I am a spirit, and that I went forth in old time from the Self-ancestral to labors yet unaccomplished; but, filled ever and again with homesickness, I made these homeward songs by the way."

In his paintings, he gives us a sense of the tenderness of love in children, of the wonder and mystery of the earth, of the fullness and abundance and warmth of life. He also paints pictures of his own visions, of the Enchanted Ground, of the Great Ones in Tir-na-n'Ogue, and of the spirits of the ancient gods and great kings and queens of Ireland. Like William Blake, he never paints his pictures from models, feeling perhaps as Blake did that models "enslave one" or efface from one's mind a vision or reminiscence

which was better. He has sought to paint landscape "as if it had no other existence than as an imagination of the Divine Mind ; to paint man as if his life overflowed into that imagination ; and to paint the *Sidhe* as mingling with his life—the unity of God and man and nature in one single being ; an almost impossible idea to convey in paint." He has the vision of a Corot, and if he had devoted himself wholly to the study and practice of his art he might well be named as an artist among the greatest.

He is no mere dreamer. He is an idealist in real life. He presents the unusual combination of a mystic, an artist, a poet, and a most practical man of affairs. He is one of the most skillful organizers of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, the body founded by Sir Horace Plunkett, which has, with the aid of patriotic Irishmen in Ireland and the United States, undertaken to do for the Irish farmers what governmental departments of agriculture do for the farmers of self-governing countries. Mr. Russell's work is chiefly concerned with the founding of co-operative banks under the supervision of the Agricultural Organization Society, and in this work he has been extraordinarily successful. Sir Horace Plunkett is said to have once declared that this movement would not have been a success if it had not been for the invaluable labors of Mr. Russell. With his gifts as a speaker and his power to appeal to the imagination and emotions of his hearers, he has been able to arouse hope in the almost hopeless peasants and small farmers and to bring them into the movement which is doing so much to prepare the way for a better and more prosperous Ireland. In this work he has been in almost every part of the country, and he knows Ireland better perhaps than any other Irishman of to-day.

His heart is aglow with unshaken faith in the reality of the spiritual world and with zeal for the cause of Ireland. His poems enable us to share his dreams, and his pictures shadow forth the beautiful visions that are his. He is not a great philosopher—he is not a philosopher at all in the just sense of the word ; but he is a seer, a great exponent of spiritual truth, an inspiring teacher and a friend of those who seek to live in the spirit. This is why he is admired as an artist and poet and beloved as a man.

NATIONALITY AND IMPERIALISM.

From 'Ideals in Ireland.'

The idea of the national being emerged at no recognizable point in our history. It is older than any name we know. It is not earth born, but the synthesis of many heroic and beautiful moments, and these, it must be remembered, are divine in their origin. Every heroic deed is an act of the spirit, and every perception of beauty is vision with the divine eye, and not with the mortal sense. The spirit was subtly intermingled with the shining of old

romance, and it was no mere phantasy which shows Ireland at its dawn in a misty light thronged with divine figures, and beneath and nearer to us demigods and heroes fading into recognizable men.

The bards took cognizance only of the most notable personalities who preceded them; and of these only the acts which had a symbolic or spiritual significance; and these grew thrice refined as generations of poets, in enraptured musings along by the mountains or in the woods, brooded upon their heritage of story until, as it passed from age to age, the accumulated beauty grew greater than the beauty of the hour, the dream began to enter into the children of our race, and their thoughts turned from earth to that world in which it had its inception.

It was a common belief among the ancient peoples that each had a national genius or deity who presided over them, in whose all-embracing mind they were inclosed, and by whom their destinies were shaped. We can conceive of the national spirit in Ireland as first manifesting itself through individual heroes or kings; and, as the history of famous warriors laid hold upon the people, extending its influence through the sentiment engendered in the popular mind until it created therein the germs of a kindred nature.

An aristocracy of lordly and chivalrous heroes is bound in time to create a great democracy by the reflection of their character in the mass, and the idea of the divine right of kings is succeeded by the idea of the divine right of the people. If this sequence cannot be traced in any one respect with historical regularity, it is because of the complexity of national life, its varied needs, and its infinite changes of sentiment; but the threads are all taken up in the end, and ideas which were forgotten and absent from the voices of men will be found, when recurred to, to have grown to a rarer and more spiritual beauty in their quiet abode in the heart. The seeds which are sown at the beginning of a race bear their flowers and fruits towards its close; and those antique names which already begin to stir us with their power, Angus, Lir, Deirdre, Finn, Ossian, and the rest, will be found to be each one the symbol of enduring qualities, and their story a trumpet through which will be blown the music of an eternal joy, the sentiment of an

inexorable justice, the melting power of beauty in sorrow, the wisdom of age, and the longings of the spirit.

The question arises how this race inheritance can best be preserved and developed. To some it is of no value, but these are voices of dust. To some the natural outcome is coalition with another power, and a frank and full acceptance of the imperial ideal. To some the solution lies in a self-centered national life. I will not touch here upon the material advantages of one or other course, which can best be left to economists to discuss. The literary man, who is, or ought to be concerned mainly with intellectual interests, should only intervene in politics when principles affecting the spiritual life of his country are involved. To me the imperial ideal seems to threaten the destruction of that national being which has been growing through centuries, and I ask myself, what can it profit my race if it gain the empire of the world and yet lose its own soul—a soul which is only now growing to self-consciousness, and this to be lost simply that we may help to build up a sordid trade federation between England and her Colonies?

Was our divine origin for this end? Did the bards drop in song the seed of heroic virtues, and beget the mystic chivalry of the past, and flood our being with spiritual longings, that we might at last sink to clay and seek only to inherit the earth? The mere area of the empire bewitches the commonplace mind, and turns it from its own land; yet the State of Athens was not so large as the Province of Munster, and, though dead, the memory of it is brighter than the living light of any people on earth today. Some, to whom I would be the last to deny nobility of thought and sincere conviction, would lead us from ourselves through the belief that the moral purification of the empire could be accomplished by us. I wish I could believe it. I am afraid our own political and social ethics demand all the attention we can give. There is a reservoir of spiritual life in the land, but it is hardly strong enough to repel English materialism, while we are nominally hostile to English ideas; and shall it be triumphant when we have given over our hopes of a separate national existence, and merged our dreams and longings with a nation which has become a byword for materialism? Under no rule are people so free,—we are told. A little physical

freedom more or less matters nothing. Men are as happy and as upright as we, in countries where a passport is necessary to travel from one town to another. No form of government we know is perfect, and none will be permanent.

The federation of the world and its typical humanity, exists in germ in the spiritual and intellectual outcasts of our time, who can find no place in the present social order. A nation is sacred as it holds few or many of those to whom spiritual ideas are alone worth having; the mode of life, prosperous or unfortunate, which brings them to birth and enables them to live is the best of any; and the genius of our country has acted wisely in refusing any alliance offering only material prosperity and power. Every race must work out its own destiny. England and the Colonies will, as is fit and right, work out theirs without our moral guidance. They would resent it if offered, just as we resent it from them. It may be affirmed that the English form of government is, on the whole, a good one, but it does not matter. It may be good for Englishmen, but it is not the expression of our national life and ideas. I express my ideals in literature; you, perhaps, in social reform. Both may be good; yours, indeed, may be best, but I would feel it a bitter injustice if I was compelled to order my life in accordance with your aims. I would do poorly what you shine in. We ask the liberty of shaping the social order in Ireland to reflect our own ideals, and to embody that national soul which has been slowly incarnating in our race from its cloudy dawn. The twentieth century may carry us far from Finn and Oscar and the stately chieftains and heroes of their time, far even from the ideals of Tone, Mitchel, and Davis, but I hope it will not carry us into contented acceptance of the deadness, the dullness, the commonplace of English national sentiment, or what idealism remains in us, bequeathed from the past, range itself willingly under a banner which is regarded chiefly as a commercial asset by the most famous exponent of the imperial idea.

I feel that the idea expressed by several writers lately, that with many people in Ireland patriotism and nationality are only other names for race hatred, must be combated. It may be so with a few, but the charge has been

leveled not at isolated individuals here and there, but at a much larger class who seriously think about their country.

We are told our attitude towards England and English things is a departure from the divine law of love. Let us look into the circumstances: a number of our rapidly dwindling race have their backs to a wall, they are making an appeal for freedom, for the right to choose their own ideals, to make their own laws, to govern their own lives according to the God-implanted law within them; seeing everywhere, too, the wreck of their hopes, the supremacy of an alien will,—to such people, striving desperately for a principle which is sacred and eternal, these moral platitudes are addressed. Is not freedom as necessary as love to my human soul, or to any people? Can there be any real brotherhood without it? If we are debarred from the freedom we would have, how narrow is the range for human effort! We in Ireland would keep in mind our language, teach our children our history, the story of our heroes, and the long traditions of our race which stretch back to God. But we are everywhere thwarted. A blockhead of a professor drawn from the intellectual obscurity of Trinity, and appointed as commissioner to train the national mind according to British ideas, meets us with an ultimatum: "I will always discourage the speaking of Gaelic wherever I can." We feel poignantly it is not merely Gaelic which is being suppressed, but the spiritual life of our race. A few ignoramuses have it in their power, and are trying their utmost, to obliterate the mark of God upon a nation. It is not from Shelley or Keats our peasantry derive their mental nourishment, now that they are being cut off from their own past. We see everywhere a moral leprosy, a vulgarity of mind creeping over them.

The Police Gazettes, the penny novels, the hideous comic journals, replace the once familiar poems and the beautiful and moving memoirs of classic Ireland. The music that breathed Tir-nan-og and overcame men's hearts with all gentle and soft emotions is heard more faintly, and the songs of the London music halls may be heard in places where the music of faery enchanted the elder generations. The shout of the cockney tourist sounds in the cyclopean crypts and mounds once sanctified by druid mysteries, and

divine visitations, and passings from the mortal to the immortal. Ireland Limited is being run by English syndicates. It is the descent of a nation into hell, not nobly, not as a sacrifice made for a great end, but ignobly and without hope of resurrection. If we who watch protest bitterly at the racial degradation—for we have none of us attained all the moral perfection—we are assured that we are departing from the law of love. We can have such a noble destiny if we will only accept it. When we have lost everything we hoped for, lost our souls even, we can proceed to spiritualize the English, and improve the moral tone of the empire. Some, even these who are Celts, protest against our movements as forlorn hopes. Yet what does it matter whether every Celt perished in the land, so that our wills, inviolate to the last, make obeisance only to the light which God has set for guidance in our souls?

Would not that be spiritual victory and the greatest success? What would be the success we are assured of if we lay aside our hopes? What could we have or what could we give to humanity if our mental integrity is broken? God gives no second gift to a nation if it flings aside its birthright. We cannot put on the ideals of another people as a garment. We cannot, with every higher instinct of our nature shocked and violated, express ourselves as lovers of the law that rules us. We would be slaves if we did. The incarnate love came not with peace but with a sword. It does not speak only with the Holy Breath, but has in its armory death and the strong weapons of the other immortals. It is better to remain unbroken to the last, and I count it as noble to fight God's battles as to keep His peace.

I confess I do not love England. Love is a spirit which will not, with me at least, come at all. It bestows itself, and will not be commanded, having laws and an end of its own. But for that myriad humanity which throngs the cities of England I feel a profound pity; for it seems to me that in factory, in mine, in warehouse, the life they have chosen to live in the past, the lives those born into that country must almost inevitably lead now, is farther off from beauty, more remote from spirit, more alien from deity, than that led by any people hitherto in the memory of the world. I have no hatred for them. I do not think

any of my countrymen have, however they may phrase the feeling in their hearts. I think it is a spiritual antagonism they feel which they translate into terms of the more limited conscious mind. I think their struggle is in reality not against flesh and blood, but is a portion of the everlasting battle against principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places, which underlies every other battle which has been or will be fought by men.

I do not say that everything English is stupid, invariably and inevitably wrong. But I do say that every act by which England would make our people other than they would be themselves, is stupid, invariably and inevitably wrong. Not invariably wrong, perhaps, when judged from the external point of view, but invariably wrong when judged from the interior spiritual standpoint. How terrible a thing it is to hinder the soul in its freedom, let the wild upheavals and the madness of protest bear witness.

Though we are old, ethnologically considered, yet as a nation, a collective unit, we are young or yet unborn. If the stupefying influence of foreign control were removed, if we had charge of our own national affairs, it would mean the starting up into sudden life of a thousand dormant energies, spiritual, intellectual, artistic, social, economic, and human. The national spirit, like a beautiful woman, cannot or will not reveal itself wholly while a coarse presence is near, an unwelcome stranger in possession of the home. It is shy, hiding itself away in remote valleys, or in haunted mountains, or deep in the quiet of hearts that do not reveal themselves. Only to its own will it comes and sings its hopes and dreams; not selfishly for itself alone, but sharing in the universal human hopes, and desirous of solving some of the eternal problems. Being still so young as a nation, and before the true starting of our career, we might say of ourselves as the great American poet of his race, with which so many of our own have mingled—

"Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied, over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden, and the lesson.
Pioneers! Oh, pioneers!"

THE EARTH SPIRIT.

A laughter in the diamond air, a music in the trembling grass,
And one by one the words of light as joy-drops through my being pass.
"I am the sunlight in the heart, the silver moon-glow in the mind;
My laughter runs and ripples through the wavy tresses of the wind.
I am the fire upon the hills, the dancing flame that leads afar
Each burning hearted wanderer, and I the dear and homeward star.
A myriad lovers died for me, and in their latest yielded breath
I woke in glory giving them immortal life though touched by death.
They knew me from the dawn of time: if Hermes beats his rainbow wings,
If Angus shakes his locks of light, or golden-haired Apollo sings,
It matters not, the name, the land: my joy in all the gods abides:
Even in the cricket in the grass some dimness of me smiles and hides.
For joy of me the day-star glows, and in delight and wild desire
The peacock twilight rays aloft its plumes and blooms of shadowy fire,
Where in the vastness too I burn through summer nights and ages long,
And with the fiery-footed planets wave in myriad dance and song."

A CALL OF THE SIDHE.

Tarry thou yet, late lingerer in the twilight's glory:
Gay are the hills with song: earth's faery children leave
More dim abodes to roam the primrose-hearted eve,
Opening their glimmering lips to breathe some wondrous story.
Hush, not a whisper! Let your heart alone go dreaming.
Dream unto dream may pass: deep in the heart alone
Murmurs the Mighty One his solemn undertone.
Canst thou not see adown the silver cloudland streaming
Rivers of rainbow light, dewdrop on dewdrop falling,
Starfire of silver flames, lighting the dark beneath?
And what enraptured hosts burn on the dusky heath!

Come thou away with them, for Heaven to Earth is calling.
These are Earth's voice—her answer—spirits thronging.
Come to the Land of Youth: the trees grown heavy there
Drop on the purple wave the ruby fruit they bear.
Drink: the immortal waters quench the spirit's longing.
Art thou not now, bright one, all sorrow past, in elation,
Filled with wild joy, grown brother-hearted with the vast,
Whither thy spirit wending flits the dim stars past
Unto the Light of Lights in burning adoration?

THE PLACE OF REST.

"The soul is its own witness and its own refuge."

Unto the deep the deep heart goes,
  It lays its sadness nigh the breast:
Only the Mighty Mother knows
  The wounds that quiver unconfessed.

It seeks a deeper silence still;
  It folds itself around with peace,
When thoughts alike of good or ill
  In quietness unfostered cease.

It feels in the unwounding vast
  For comfort for its hopes and fears:
The Mighty Mother bows at last;
  She listens to her children's tears.

Where the last anguish deepens—there
  The fire of beauty smites through pain:
A glory moves amid despair,
  The Mother takes her child again.

THE GATES OF DREAMLAND.

It 's a lonely road through bogland to the lake at Carrowmore,
And a sleeper there lies dreaming where the water laps the shore.
Though the moth-wings of the twilight in their purples are unfurled
Yet his sleep is filled with gold light by the masters of the world.

There 's a hand is white as silver that is fondling with his hair:
There are glimmering feet of sunshine that are dancing by him there:
And half-open lips of faery that were dyed to richest red
In their revels where the Hazel Tree its holy clusters shed.

"Come away," the red lips whisper, "all the world is weary now;
'T is the twilight of the ages, and it 's time to quit the plow.
Oh, the very sunlight's weary ere it lightens up the dew,
And its gold is changed to graylight before it falls to you.

"Though your colleen's heart be tender, a tenderer heart is near;
What 's the starlight in her glance when the stars are shining clear?
Who would kiss the fading shadow when the flower face glows above?
'T is the Beauty of all Beauty that is calling for your love."

Oh, the mountain gates of dreamland have opened once again,
And the sound of song and dancing falls upon the ears of men:
And the Land of Youth lies gleaming flushed with opal light and mirth,
And the old enchantment lingers in the honey heart of earth.

SACRIFICE.

Those delicate wanderers—
  The wind, the star, the cloud—
Ever before mine eyes,
  As to an Altar bowed,
Light and dew-laden airs
Offer in sacrifice.

The offerings arise:
  Hazes of rainbow light,
Pure crystal, blue, and gold,
  Through dreamland take their flight;
And 'mid the sacrifice
God moveth as of old.

In miracles of fire
  He symbols forth His days;
In gleams of crystal light
  Reveals what pure pathways
Lead to the soul's desire,
The silence of the height.

DANA.

I am the tender voice calling "Away,"
Whispering between the beatings of the heart,
And inaccessible in dewy eyes
I dwell, and all unkissed on lovely lips,
Lingering between white breasts inviolate,
And fleeting ever from the passionate touch
I shine afar, till men may not divine
Whether it is the stars or the beloved
They follow with rapt spirit. And I weave
My spells at evening, folding with dim caress,
Aerial arms, and twilight-dropping hair,
The lonely wanderer by shore or wood,
Till filled with some vast tenderness he yields,
Feeling in dreams for the dear mother heart
He knew ere he forsook the starry way,
And clings there pillowed far above the smoke
And the dim murmur from the dûns of men;
I can enchant the trees and rocks, and fill
The dumb brown lips of earth with mystery,
Make them reveal or hide the god. I breathe
A deeper pity than all love, myself
Mother of all, but without hands to heal,
Too vast and vague—they know me not! But yet
I am the heartbreak over fallen things,
The sudden gentleness that stays the blow;
And I am in the kiss that warriors give
Pausing in battle, and in the tears that fall
Over the vanquished foe; and in the highest
Among the Danann gods I am the last
Council of mercy in their hearts, where they
Mete justice from a thousand starry thrones.

SYMBOLISM.

Now when the giant in us wakes and broods,
  Filled with home-yearnings, drowsily he flings
From his deep heart high dreams and mystic moods,
  Mixed with the memory of the loved earth-things;
Clothing the vast with a familiar face,
Reaching his right hand forth to greet the starry race.

Wondrously near and clear the great warm fires
  Stare from the blue; so shows the cottage light
To the field laborer whose heart desires
  The old folk by the nook, the welcome bright
From the housewife long parted from at dawn—
So the star villages in God's great depth withdrawn

Nearer to Thee, not by delusion led,
  Though there no house-fires burn nor bright eyes gaze;
We rise, but by the symbol charioted,
  Through loved things rising up to Love's own ways;
By these the soul unto the vast has wings,
And sets the seal celestial on all mortal things.

JANUS.

Image of beauty, when I gaze on thee,
Trembling I waken to a mystery;
How through one door we go to life or death,
By spirit kindled or the sensual breath.
Image of beauty, when my way I go,
No single joy or sorrow do I know;
Elate for freedom leaps the starry power,
The life which passes mourns its wasted hour.

And, ah! to think how thin the veil that lies
Between the pain of hell and paradise!
Where the cool grass my aching head embowers,
God sings the lovely carol of the flowers.

CONNLA'S WELL.[1]

A cabin on the mountain-side hid in a grassy nook,
With door and window open wide, where friendly stars may look,
The rabbit shy can patter in, the winds may enter free—
Who throng around the mountain throne in living ecstasy.

And when the sun sets dimmed in eve, and purple fills the air,
I think the sacred hazel-tree is dropping berries there,
From starry fruitage waved aloft where Connla's well o'erflows;
For, sure, the immortal waters run through every wind that blows.

I think, when night towers up aloft and shakes the trembling dew,
How every high and lonely thought that thrills my spirit through
Is but a shining berry dropped down through the purple air,
And from the magic tree of life the fruit falls everywhere.

OUR THRONES DECAY.

I said my pleasure shall not move;
  It is not fixed in things apart;
Seeking not love—but yet to love—
  I put my trust in mine own heart.

I knew the fountain of the deep
  Wells up with living joy, unfed;
Such joys the lonely heart may keep,
  And love grow rich with love unwed.

Still flows the ancient fount sublime—
  But oh! For my heart, shed tears, shed tears!
Not it, but love, has scorn of time—
  It turns to dust beneath the years.

[1] "Sinend, daughter of Lodan Lucharglan, son of Ler, out of the Land of Promise, went to Connla's Well, which is under sea, to behold it. That is a well at which are the hazels of wisdom and inspirations, that is, the hazels of the science of poetry, and in the same hour their fruit and their blossom and their foliage break forth, and then fall upon the well in the same shower, which raises upon the water a royal surge of purple."—*The Voagey of Bran.*

THE THREE COUNSELORS.

It was the fairy of the place,
  Moving within a little light,
Who touched with dim and shadowy grace
  The conflict at its fever height.

It seemed to whisper "Quietness,"
  Then quietly itself was gone:
Yet echoes of its mute caress
  Were with me as the years went on.

It was the warrior within
  Who called: "Awake! prepare for fight!
Yet lose not memory in the din;
  Make of thy gentleness thy might;

"Make of thy silence words to shake
  The long enthronéd kings of earth:
Make of thy will the force to break
  Their towers of wantonness and mirth."

It was the wise all-seeing soul
  Who counseled neither war nor peace:
"Only be thou thyself that goal
  In which the wars of Time shall cease."

INHERITANCE.

As flow the rivers to the sea
  Adown from rocky hill or plain,
A thousand ages toiled for thee
  And gave thee harvest of their grain;
And weary myriads of yore
Dug out for thee earth's buried lore.

The shadowy toilers for thee fought,
  In chaos of primeval day,
Blind battles with they knew not what;
  And each before he passed away
Gave clear articulate cries of woe:
Your pain is theirs of long ago.

And all the old heart-sweetness sung,
  The joyous life of man and maid
In forests when the earth was young,
  In rumors round your childhood strayed:
The careless sweetness of your mind
Comes from the buried years behind.

And not alone unto your birth
  Their gifts the weeping ages bore,
The old descents of God on earth
  Have dowered thee with celestial lore:
So, wise, and filled with sad and gay,
You pass into the further day.

THE MEMORY OF EARTH.

In the wet dusk silver sweet,
  Down the violet-scented ways,
As I moved with quiet feet
  I was met by mighty days.

On the hedge the hanging dew
  Glassed the eve and stars and skies;
While I gazed a madness grew
  Into thundered battle-cries.

Where the hawthorn glimmered white
  Flashed the spear and fell the stroke—
Ah, what faces pale and bright
  Where the dazzling battle broke!

There a hero-hearted queen
  With young beauty lit the van:
Gone! the darkness flowed between
  All the ancient wars of man.

While I paced the valley's gloom,
  Where the rabbits pattered near,
Shone a temple and a tomb
  With the legend carven clear:

"Time put by a myriad fates
  That her day might dawn in glory;
Death made wide a million gates
  So to close her tragic story."

BY THE MARGIN OF THE GREAT DEEP.

When the breath of twilight blows to flame the misty skies,
All its vaporous sapphire, violet glow and silver gleam,
With their magic flood me through the gateway of the eyes;
I am one with the twilight's dream.

When the trees and skies and fields are one in dusky mood,
Every heart of man is rapt within the mother's breast:
Full of peace and sleep and dreams in the vasty quietude,
I am one with their hearts at rest.

From our immemorial joys of hearth and home and love
Strayed away along the margin of the unknown tide,
All its reach of soundless calm can thrill me far above
Word or touch from the lips beside.

Aye, and deep and deep and deeper let me drink and draw
From the olden fountain more than light or peace or dream,
Such primeval being as o'erfills the heart with awe,
Growing one with its silent stream.

THE GREAT BREATH.

Its edges foamed with amethyst and rose,
Withers once more the old blue flower of day:
There where the ether like a diamond glows,
Its petals fade away.

A shadowy tumult stirs the dusky air;
Sparkle the delicate dews, the distant snows;
The great deep thrills—for through it everywhere
The breath of Beauty blows.

I saw how all the trembling ages past,
Molded to her by deep and deeper breath,
Neared to the hour when Beauty breathes her last
And knows herself in death.

MATTHEW RUSSELL.

(1834 ——)

The Rev. Matthew Russell was born in Newry, County Down, July 13, 1834. He studied at Maynooth, joining the Society of Jesus and officiating as a priest at Limerick and Dublin. He is the nephew of Dr. Russell of Maynooth and the brother of the late Lord Russell of Killoween, Q.C., M.P., the first Catholic Attorney-General since Sir Thomas More.

In 1873 Father Russell started *The Irish Monthly* under the name of *Catholic Ireland*, and he still edits this excellent magazine, one of the best literary periodicals that Ireland has produced. Few men have deserved so well of that small body of Irishmen who care whether literature live or die in their midst. To his *Irish Monthly* he has gathered all the beginnings of the Irish literature of his day. All classes and creeds hail one another in this pleasant meeting-place. Everywhere in the magazine one finds the influence of the gracious and beneficent personality that presides over its fortunes. The little periodical has real distinction apart from the names, distinguished and to be distinguished, that are ever among its contributors.

Father Russell has written numberless biographical and critical articles, and a library of books has been published out of the contents of this magazine. He has published among other books: 'Emanuel, a Book of Eucharistic Verses' (eight editions); 'Madonna; Verses on Our Lady and the Saints' (three editions); 'Erin,' verses Irish and Catholic (two editions) 'The Harp of Jesus, a Prayer-Book in Verse,' 'Idylls of Killoween,' and one or two prose works.

MONOTONY AND THE LARK.

A PROSE IDYLL.

"How strange one never tires of the lark!" We were strolling round and round the garden, he and she, and little Mary and I—he and she arm-in-arm, and I hand-in-hand with little Mary,—and the singing of the lark overhead seemed a part of the August sunshine. And my gentle cousin Annie said: "How strange one never tires of the lark!"

Yes, although it is so monotonous; on and on, almost the same always. A mere trill of joy, a mere gush of love and gratitude, a mere trickle of the simplest melody. No triumphant burst, no riotous gurgle, no pathetic murmur, no agonizing spasm, no subtle gradation, no mellow fall from treble down to bass, no splendid leap from bass up

to treble. On and on, a few artless, unvarying notes. And yet it never tires us, it is always musical, and fresh, and meekly joyous—image of the one unceasing song of the blessed, image of the rapturous monotony of heaven.

Is there not pain in a restless multiplicity of pleasure? Amidst the whirl of changes, is not the heart haunted by a vague dread that the next change may be sadly for the worse? It is a symptom of disease in the soul to stand in need of such vicissitudes. Only commonplace souls, earthy souls, souls without depth or compass, souls with paltry resources of their own, and slavishly dependent upon outward things—none but these desire, none but these can endure, perpetual variety, excitement, travel, change of scene, change of society, change of employment, change of amusement, change of change. The higher natures are stable, equable, self-contained, self-sustaining, placid, domestic—concentrated in their large memories, and in their larger thoughts and hopes—seeking and finding pleasure in a noble loyalty to duty, and regarding duty, not as a task-mistress to be served coldly for wages during as short a day as possible, but as a queenly mother, to live with, and cherish, and reverence, and love, and serve, day and night, in sunshine and in darkness, for life—at home with themselves, at home with their conscience and their God, at home in their own homes, at home with a sinless and happy monotony.

"How strange one never tires of the lark!" said the gentlest of my gentle cousins, Annie. And so, while we talked, and were silent, and smiled, and looked at each other, and at the flowers (alas! there was one of us who could not see the flowers except as memory might paint them), we went round and round the garden walks, he and his sisters and I, unwearied by the sameness, arm-in-arm and hand-in-hand. And all the while the lark, to his own keen delight and ours, kept up his monotonous carol, high up out of sight, above the field of clover yonder, outside our garden's hedge; and his singing, like the brightness and the odor of the flowers and of the fruits, almost seemed to be a part of the summer sunshine.

But, ah! there is no sunshine now and no singing. It is winter. Is the lark dead? I know not; but my gentle cousin Annie is with God. And twice the daisies have

gleamed in pink and white over the grave of him who could not see the flowers, but who shall see God for ever. . . .

Again, after many years, this withered leaf flutters across my path. Perhaps God may use it as a message to some hearts simple and young as ours were then. Ay, and as theirs are still; for now they are all three gone home to God. Their bodies are in the same tomb, and their souls, I am sure, are in the same heaven; and they are praying, I am sure, for those who remain behind. One of those who remain behind writes: "It feels lonely, having no elder sister, but we get on very well, though we shall have need of many more acts of resignation than we should have had if Mary had been left to us," she, namely, with whom hand-in-hand I walked round the garden in that August forenoon long ago, while the sun shone and the lark sang overhead.

SIR WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.

(1820 ——)

William Howard Russell, the first of war correspondents, was born March 28, 1820, at Lilyvale, County Dublin, and was educated at Trinity College. He was first employed as a Parliamentary reporter on *The Times;* but the exciting days of Repeal supplied his editor with the opportunity of giving him more congenial work, and he was employed as a traveling correspondent to attend the meetings held by O'Connell and others. In 1846–47 he was again in Ireland, acting as a special commissioner to inquire into the state of the country; and he was a graphic and forcible describer of the famine and the plague.

The Crimean war brought him into still further prominence. The accounts he gave of the mismanagement that reigned supreme in the first disastrous months of the expedition attracted the attention of both the public and Parliament, and his splendid pictures of the great events of the war were waited for with anxiety and read with intense interest. After this he was stationed wherever history was being made by war: the Indian mutiny, the American civil war, the Franco-German war, the wars in South Africa, Zululand, and the Transvaal. He was with the expedition that laid the first Atlantic cable, and in India with Edward VII., then Prince of Wales. His publications are 'Letters from the Crimea,' 'British Expedition to the Crimea,' 'Diary in India,' 'Diary, North and South,' 'Diary in the Last Great War,' 'Hesperothen,' 'Adventures of Dr. Brady,' 'A Retrospect of the Crimea,' etc. He is a Knight of the Iron Cross, a Commander of the Legion of Honor, and was knighted in 1895.

BALAKLAVA, AND THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

[October 25, 1854.]

Never did the painter's eye rest on a more beautiful scene than I beheld from the ridge. The fleecy vapors still hung around the mountain-tops, and mingled with the ascending volumes of smoke; the patch of sea sparkled in the rays of the morning sun, but its light was eclipsed by the flashes which gleamed from the masses of armed men below. Looking to the left towards the gorge, we beheld six compact masses of Russian infantry, which had just debouched from the mountain-passes near Tchernaya, and were slowly advancing with solemn stateliness up

the valley. Immediately in their front was a regular line of artillery, of at least twenty pieces strong.

Two batteries of light guns were already a mile in advance of them, and were playing with energy on the redoubts, from which feeble puffs of smoke came at long intervals. Behind these guns in front of the infantry, were enormous bodies of cavalry. They were in six compact squares, three on each flank, moving down *en échelon* towards us, and the valley was lit up with the blaze of their sabers, and lance points, and gay accoutrements. In their front, and extending along the intervals between each battery of guns, were clouds of mounted skirmishers, wheeling and whirling in the front of their march like autumn leaves tossed by the wind.

The zouaves close to us were lying like tigers at the spring, with ready rifles in hand, hidden chin-deep by the earthworks which ran along the line of these ridges on our rear; but the quick-eyed Russians were maneuvering on the other side of the valley, and did not expose their columns to attack. Below the zouaves we could see the Turkish gunners in the redoubts, all in confusion as the shells burst over them. Just as I came up, the Russians had carried No. 1 Redoubt, the farthest and most elevated of all, and their horsemen were chasing the Turks across the interval which lay between it and Redoubt No. 2.

At that moment the cavalry, under Lord Lucan, were formed in glittering masses—the Light Brigade under Lord Cardigan, in advance; the Heavy Brigade, under Brigadier General Scarlett, in reserve. They were drawn up just in front of their encampment and were concealed from the view of the enemy by a slight "wave" in the plain. Considerable to the rear of their right, the 93d Highlanders were drawn up in line, in front of the approach to Balaklava. Above and behind them, on the heights, the marines were visible through the glass, drawn up under arms, and the gunners could be seen ready in the earth works, in which were placed the heavy ships' guns. The 93d had originally been advanced somewhat more into the plain, but the instant the Russians got possession of the first redoubt they opened fire on them from our own guns, which inflicted some injury, and Sir Colin Campbell "retired" his men to a better position.

Meantime the enemy advanced his cavalry rapidly. To our inexpressible disgust we saw the Truks in Redoubt No. 2 fly at their approach. They ran in scattered groups across towards Redoubt No. 3, and towards Balaklava; but the horse-hoof of the Cossack was too quick for them, and sword and lance were busily plied among the retreating herd. The yells of the pursuers and pursued were plainly audible. As the lancers and light cavalry of the Russians advanced, they gathered up their skirmishers with great speed and in excellent order the shifting trails of men, which played all over the valley like moonlight on the water, contracted, gathered up, and the little *peloton* in a few moments became a solid column.

Then up came their guns, in rushed their gunners to the abandoned redoubt, and the guns of No. 2 Redoubt soon played with deadly effect upon the dispirited defenders of No. 3 Redoubt. Two or three shots in return from the earthworks, and all is silent. The Turks swarm over the earthworks, and run in confusion towards the town, firing their muskets at the enemy as they run. Again the solid column of cavalry opens like a fan, and resolves itself into a "long spray" of skirmishers. It laps the flying Turks, steel flashes in the air, and down go the poor Moslems quivering on the plain, split through fez and musket-guard to the chin and breast-belt! There is no support for them. It is evident the Russians have been too quick for us. The Turks have been too quick also, for they have not held their redoubts long enough to enable us to bring them help. In vain the naval guns on the heights fire on the Russian cavalry; the distance is too great for shot or shell to reach.

In vain the Turkish gunners in the earthen batteries, which are placed along the French intrenchments, strive to protect their flying countrymen; their shot fly wide and short of the swarming masses. The Turks betake themselves towards the Highlanders, where they check their flight, and form into companies on the flanks of the Highlanders. As the Russian cavalry on the left crown the hill across the valley, they perceive the Highlanders drawn up at the distance of some half-mile, calmly waiting their approach. They halt, and squadron after squadron flies up from the rear, till they have a body of some fifteen hundred men along the ridge—lancers, and dragoons, and

hussars. Then they move *en échelon* in two bodies, with another in reserve.

The cavalry, who had been pursuing the Turks on the right, are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The Heavy Brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scots Grays, and of their old companions in glory, the Enniskillens; the second, of the 4th Royal Irish, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the 1st Royal Dragoons. The Light Cavalry Brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabers in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders.

The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that *thin red streak topped with a line of steel*. The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards, and run. As the Russians come within six hundred yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minié musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onward through the smoke, with the whole force of horse and man, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within a hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashes from the leveled rifles, and carries death and terror into the Russians.

They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. "Bravo, Highlanders! well done!" shouted the excited spectators; but events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten, men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93d never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. "No," said Sir Colin Campbell, "I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep!" The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers. Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier General Scarlett ride along in front of

his massive squadrons. The Russians—evidently *corps d' élite*—their light-blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear and several squadrons of gray-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit.

The instant they came in sight the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast, which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the heights, were spectators of the scene as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theater. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant-looking enemy, but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley and the Grays and Enniskilleners went right at the center of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let the horses "gather way," nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword-arms.

The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russian right, the Grays rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same instant.

As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Grays and Enniskilleners pierce through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of swordblades in the air, and then the Grays and the redcoats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers, and in broken order, against the second

line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. "God help them! they are lost!" was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many.

With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the center, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already gray horses and redcoats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy; went through it as though it were made of pasteboard; and, dashing on the second body of Russians as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Grays and their companions, put them to utter rout. This Russian horse, in less than five minutes after it met our dragoons, was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength.

A cheer burst from every lip—in the enthusiasm, officers and men took off their caps and shouted with delight, and thus keeping up the scenic character of their position, they clapped their hands again and again. Lord Raglan at once dispatched Lieutenant Curzon, aide-de-camp, to convey his congratulations to Brigadier General Scarlett, and to say: "Well done!" The gallant old officer's face beamed with pleasure when he received the message. "I beg to thank his lordship very sincerely," was his reply. The cavalry did not long pursue their enemy. Their loss was very slight, about thirty-five killed and wounded in both affairs. There were not more than four or five men killed outright, and our most material loss was from cannon playing on our heavy dragoons afterwards, when covering the retreat of our light cavalry.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

A disastrous scene followed this triumph—the famous Light Cavalry charge. It had been Lord Raglan's inten-

tion that the cavalry should aid in regaining the heights surmounted by the redoubts taken from the Turks, or, in default of this, prevent the Russians from carrying off the guns at those redoubts. Some misconception occurred as to the order; Captain Nolan, who conveyed the message, fell in the charge; but it was construed by the lieutenant-general, Lord Lucan, to mean that he should attack at all hazards, and the Earl of Cardigan, as second in command, put the order in execution.[1]

[1] Lord Tennyson commemorated this splendid but melancholy feat of war in

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

I.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said;
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed all at once in air,
Sabering the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,

The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment according to the numbers of continental armies; and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed towards the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendor of war. We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses! Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an army in position?

Alas it was but too true—their desperate valor knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed towards the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death.

At the distance of twelve hundred yards, the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from thirty iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken; it

Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber stroke
  Shattered and sundered;
Then they rode back, but not,
  Not the six hundred.

v.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
  Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
  Left of six hundred.

vi.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
  All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
  Noble six hundred!

is joined by the second; they never halt or check their speed an instant. With diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries, but ere they were lost from view, the plain was strewed with their bodies and with the carcasses of horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabers flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood.

We saw them riding through the guns, as I have said; to our delight we saw them returning, after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying towards us told the sad tale—demi-gods could not have done what we had failed to do. At the very moment when they were about to retreat, an enormous mass of lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilized nations.

The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them, and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin? It was as much as our heavy cavalry brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of that band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted in all the pride of life. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of these bloody Muscovite guns.

MRS. J. SADLIER.

(1820—1903.)

MARY A. MADDEN was born on the last day of the year 1820 in Cootehill, County Cavan, Ireland.

In August, 1844, a few weeks after her father's death, she emigrated to Canada with a younger brother. In Montreal she made the acquaintance of Mr. James Sadlier, the junior partner of the well-known firm of D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Catholic publishers, and in November, 1846, she became his wife.

James Sadlier was then the manager of the Montreal branch of the business of the firm, and in that city he and his wife continued to reside till May, 1860, when, with their children, they removed to New York. In September, 1869, Mr. James Sadlier died, leaving his widow the care of a large family.

Mrs. Sadlier was one of the most gifted, industrious, and successful writers of the nineteenth century. She was no more than eighteen years of age when she began her long literary career as an occasional contributor to *La Belle Assemblée*, a London magazine. In Canada she contributed both before and after her marriage to the *Literary Garland*, issued monthly at Montreal. Between 1847 and 1874 she was connected in one way or another with several prominent Catholic journals, especially the New York *Tablet*, New York *Freeman's Journal*, Boston *Pilot*, and Montreal *True Witness*.

During this time, and simultaneously with her labors as a Catholic journalist, Mrs. Sadlier wrote and translated from the French numerous works on various subjects.

Her original works, nearly all fiction, form a class peculiar to themselves, having each a special object in view, bearing on the moral and religious well-being of her fellow Irish Catholics.

She was described by one contemporary prelate as "the first Irish Lady in America" and by another as "the greatest Irishwoman that ever crossed the Atlantic."

The 'Confederate Chieftains' is perhaps her best book. It is a vivid picture of one of the most stirring periods of Irish history. The following are her chief works: 'Willy Burke' (about 1850); 'Alice Riordan' (about 1852); 'New Lights; or, Life in Galway' (1853); 'The Blakes and Flanagans' (1855); 'The Confederate Chieftains' (1859); 'Confessions of an Apostate' (1859); 'Bessy Conway' (1861); 'The Hermit of the Rock' (1863); 'Con O'Regan' (1864); 'Old House by the Boyne' (1865); 'Aunt Honor's Keepsake' (1866); 'The Heiress of Kilorgan' (1867); 'MacCarthy More' (1868); and 'Maureeen Dhu, a Tale of the Claddagh' (1869).

THE MARRIAGE OF FLORENCE MACCARTHY MORE.[1]

From 'MacCarthy More; or, the Fortunes of an Irish Chief in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.'

Lady Ellen was sitting by a window in a musing attitude, but there was an angry flush on her cheek which did not escape her mother's keen scrutiny.

"Aileen!" said she in Irish—in which language they generally spoke to each other—"Aileen, my child, Florence MacCarthy wishes to pay a visit to Muckruss Abbey while here. We shall go this evening. The moon is at her full to-night, and we shall sail over after the evening meal."

"As you will, my lady mother!" said Ellen, carelessly.

"Aileen," said her mother, "how is this? Methought it would give you pleasure, this sail on the lake by moonlight—in such good company!" she added, significantly.

"You are ever thoughtful for me, mother," the young lady relied, in a softened voice. "I desire no better company than yours and O'Sullivan More's.

"Aileen! Aileen! beware!" said the countess, solemnly and sadly. "Our last chance is lost if you turn *his* heart away. He is well affected towards you now, but his mind may change if he find you cold and careless. You are mad, mad, *mad,* if you do not thankfully accept the deliverance that God hath placed within your reach, for me, for your father, *for Clan Carthy—for the Geraldines!*" she added, with stern emphasis, as she quitted the room.

After her mother's departure, Ellen sat long in the same

[1] The marriage scene related in this extract is historical. To prevent the union of Florence MacCarthy Reagh with the daughter of The MacCarthy More, the political advisers of Queen Elizabeth had exercised their utmost ingenuity. They had reason to fear that Florence MacCarthy was about to cast in his fortune with the cause for which Hugh O'Neill was then in arms; and as this union, by placing Florence at the head of the two great branches of the MacCarthy family, would render him a formidable enemy, they determined to prevent it if they could. The marriage, which was solemnized under the circumstances here detailed, was treated as an act of treason by Elizabeth's Government. Husband and wife, and mother-in-law, and other members of both families, were arrested immediately on the news of the event becoming known, and Florence MacCarthy spent the remainder of his life in the Tower of London.

attitude; it were hard to define the expression of her face, and so her faithful Una thought as she anxiously observed her. She was evidently debating some point in her own mind, the same angry flush on her cheek, the same cloud lowering on her brow. At length she started from her reverie.

"I will go," she said, "but not on his account. Since he is so easily put off, I will e'en show him that I *am* otherwise disposed." She smiled as she met Una's anxious eyes, and going up to her, patted her on the head, where she sat at work. "You must use your best skill, little Una, to deck me as becomes MacCarthy's daughter. Bring forth my kirtle of sea-green taffeta. I would look my best to-day—not for love," she added in an undertone, "but for spite."

And she did look her best, when, as evening approached, she appeared before her mother, ready to descend to the hall. The Countess noted with an approving smile the change in her daughter's apparel.

"How passing fair my child is!" she murmured low to herself, as they descended to the banqueting-hall, at the entrance of which they were met by MacCarthy and O'Sullivan, who conducted them to their seats on the dais. The same feeling of admiration was expressed in the eloquent glance of Florence, but the lady, proud and cold, appeared to notice it not.

With music and mirth the moments lightly sped while the meal went on. Never had Eman of the Harps called from the silver strings more joyous strains; the praises of the O'Sullivans and MacCarthys mingled in his song; and the gentles above, and the retainers below, were alike inspired by his minstrelsy. Even the Countess was less grave than usual. Lady Ellen alone refused to smile, and O'Sullivan, with the privilege of an old friend, bantered the fair girl on her maidenly modesty, as he doubtless deemed it.

When the first moonbeams came streaming into the hall through the splayed loopholes the Countess and Florence rose simultaneously, and the Countess whispered to her daughter that it was time to go, if they would have the best of the moonlight. O'Sullivan, who had been pledging

MacFinan across the table, drained his goblet hastily, and declared his willingness to join the party.

"Though I must own, Countess," he pleasantly said, "I were better pleased to go by daylight. It is a lonesome place, that same Irrelagh, now that the monks are gone, and only the dead dwelling in the old abbey."

"No need to go in," replied the lady with a calm smile. "We may even land, and there will be enough of us in the boat to make good company."

Some of the gentlemen looked as though they would fain have joined the party, gathering its destination from O'Sullivan's words, but unasked they might not intrude themselves on such a company, and so they were fain to content themselves with toasting the ladies of Clancarthy in the Spanish wine that sparkled in huge methers on the board, as the retainers did in the less costly usquebaugh provided for their delectation.

Meanwhile our party sailed out into the Lower Lake, the boat guided by a skillful hand through the rocks and shoals at the head of the swift rolling Laune. Some half a dozen sturdy gallowglasses occupied one end of the boat, their battleaxes gleaming in the moonlight—such a guard was, in those stormy times, not alone one of honor, but one of prudence—while the lusty arms of four stalwart kerne impelled the light craft over the waters, now bright in the moonlight, now dark in the shade.

On sped the boat, and silence seemed to have fallen like a spell on the party, enhanced, as it were, by the more than earthly beauty of the scenes through which they glided, and the hushed repose of earth and air. The boatmen began all at once a low, plaintive song, to the measured cadence of which their oars kept time. Occasionally, too, was heard the shrill scream of the heron from the mountains above. These sounds served but to make the general hush of nature deeper still by contrast, and lent, therefore, a new charm to the scene.

Past Rabbit Island the boat glided—past Innisfallen and its ruined abbey, ruined like Muckruss and Aghaboe,[1] not as yet by time, but by the ruthless soldiers of Henry

[1] Three abbeys, for ages long in ruins, give a more mournful and solemn beauty to the magic scenes of Killarney. These are Aghaboe, on a high hill in the sight of the Lower Lake; Innisfallen, on the island of that name; and Muckruss, or Irrelagh, on the peninsula of Muckruss.

INNISFALLEN, KILLARNEY

From a photograph

the Eighth and his daughter Elizabeth; past Ross Island, with its ancient stronghold of the O'Donoghoes; past the mouth of Glena Bay, with "Dinis' green isle" seen dimly through the hazy moonlight—it was then that O'Sullivan's voice broke the silence.

"Had we but music on board," said he, "we might sail up the bay to the Eagle's Nest."

"Music need not be wanting," said Florence. "With permission of the Countess, I have brought Lady Ellen's lute; it may be that she will favor us so far as to play somewhat. I dare not ask such a grace, but you, Owen, she will scarce refuse."

"That I will answer for," said O'Sullivan, and the Countess, in a low voice, told her daughter at once to accede to the request.

Lady Ellen took the lute from the hand of Florence, though it must be owned with no gracious air, and while the boat glided up the narrow channel between

"Dinis' green isle and Glena's wooded shore,"

played a strain of the elder time, slow and simple, such as "Killarney's wild echoes" best repeat.

The air was a sad one, and as the fairy-like echoes caught it up, repeating it in every possible way, it seemed as though the spirits of the dead were wailing on every craggy steep above, and along the shadowed waters that lay beneath, dark as the river of death. While all listened, as if entranced, Lady Ellen stopped suddenly and laid down the lute; her heart was sad that hour, she knew not why—sad and troubled—and her own mournful music was more than she could bear. Yet she could not, and would not, wake a livelier strain.

No one spoke, but Ellen felt the instrument drawn gently from her hand, and the next moment a bolder hand swept its chords with a strange wild prelude that went ringing like the sound of many trumpets away among the rocks and mountains. Before the young lady had recovered from the first surprise, the strain was changed, and a wild, sweet Spanish air was floating on the night breeze, and breaking, in fitful snatches, from lonely caves where the echoes dwelt.

The air was the same that for months long had been

haunting Ellen MacCarthy, and its every note woke an echo of gladness in her heart. But she said not a word. The Countess praised the air and asked what it was called. Florence answered that it was a Spanish serenade air, mentioning the name at the same time.

"Will you not play that air again, Florence?" whispered Lady Ellen.

Not only that air, but many others, Irish and Spanish, did Florence play, and the echoes answered, as the boat floated down the stream again towards the broad expanse of the Lower Lake. As it rounded the sharp headland at Otter's Point, and glided along under the dark woods of Muckruss toward the ancient Abbey of Irrelagh, the accomplished minstrel changed the lively strain he had last played to a wild and mournful air that thrilled every heart —it was the funeral march of the Clan Caura, whose time-honored burying-place they were approaching.

For a brief space the boat stopped when the abbey was in sight, solemn and mournful in the silence and decay to which the ruffian barbarism of English soldiers had consigned it for evermore.

Grand and stately was the music and full of woe, and as the oarsmen rested on their oars, and the gallowglasses raised their *barrads* in honor of the noble sleepers within the ruined pile, it seemed as if the voices of the dead MacCarthys rose, hollow and plaintive, from amid the tall ancestral trees that had for ages sheltered their last repose, joining in the solemn and familiar strain.

"Ellen," said Florence MacCarthy, laying down the lute, as the boat sped on again over the bright waters of Castle Lough Bay, where a castle of the MacCarthys stood on a small island, flinging its shadows far out into the bay; "Ellen, it is there, before the ruined shrine of Irrelagh, over the ashes of our fathers, that I should wish to plight my faith to the fairest daughter of Clan Caura. Say, shall it so be?"

"It is a strange thought, Florence," replied Ellen, softly, "yet I mislike not the plan. But methinks it were well, before you talk in such wise, to speak with my lady mother anent the matter."

"I leave that to you, fair lady mine," said Florence pleasantly, and he laughed low to himself.

Two days after, when the moon was again shining on the desolate abbey walls in the last hours of night, a bridal party stood before the ruined shrine of Muckruss, where the altar still stood, defaced and broken. The light of day might not witness, in those evil times, the marriage of MacCarthy More's daughter to the son of one MacCarthy Reagh and the stepson of another—himself the lord of broad ancestral domains!

Few were the witnesses of that marriage, that in other times would have gathered together princes and chiefs, and lords and ladies, from more than one of the four provinces of Ireland. O'Sullivan More, MacFinan, the seneschal, and another young officer of the Earl's household, who was the Lady Ellen's foster-brother—these, with the Countess and Una O'Leary, were alone present. The friar, the Earl's chaplain, a man of venerable age, who said Mass and performed the ceremony, was one of those who, in the direful days of Henry the Eighth, was expelled from the abbey at the sword's point. It was, truly, a solemn and picturesque scene, suggestive of many a mournful reflection.

No bard played, no *clairseach*[1] sounded, no clansman raised his joyous cheer, when the daughter of the MacCarthys and the Geraldines wedded her equally noble kinsman; no banner waved, no spear or battle-axe gleamed; only the pale moonlight streaming through the roofless aisle, and the sickly ray of two small tapers on the altar, illumined the strange scene. Amid the ghostly shadows of the ruined fanes, in silence and in mystery, where their lordly fathers slept beneath, Lady Ellen became the wife of Florence MacCarthy.

[1] *Clairseach*, harp.

JOHN SAVAGE.

(1828—1888.)

John Savage was born in Dublin in 1828. After taking some part in the '48 movement he emigrated to America in that year and adopted the profession of journalism. He joined the staff of the *New York Tribune* and became the proprietor of *The States*, the organ of Stephen A. Douglas.

In 1879 he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from St. John's College, Fordham. He published several volumes of poetry : 'Lays of the Fatherland,' 1850 ; 'Sybil,' 1850 ; 'Faith and Fancy,' 1864 ; 'Poems,' 1870. He also wrote 'Ninety-Eight and Forty-Eight,' and a 'Life of Andrew Johnson.' He died in New York in 1888.

SHANE'S HEAD.

Scene.—Before Dublin Castle. Night. A clansman of Shane O'Neill's discovers his Chief's head on a pole.

Is it thus, O Shane the haughty! Shane the valiant! that we meet—
Have my eyes been lit by Heaven but to guide me to defeat?
Have *I* no Chief, or *you* no clan, to give us both defense,
Or must I, too, be statued here with thy cold eloquence?
Thy ghastly head grins scorn upon old Dublin's Castle Tower;
Thy shaggy hair is wind-tossed and thy brow seems rough with power;
Thy wrathful lips like sentinels, by foulest treachery stung,
Look rage upon the world of wrong, but chain thy fiery tongue.

That tongue, whose Ulster accent woke the ghost of Columbkill;
Whose warrior-words fenced round with spears the oaks of Derry Hill;
Whose reckless tones gave life and death to vassals and to knaves,
And hunted hordes of Saxons into holy Irish graves.
The Scotch marauders whitened when his war-cry met their ears,
And the death-bird, like a vengeance, poised above his stormy cheers;
Ay, Shane, across the thundering sea, out-chanting it, your tongue
Flung wild un-Saxon war-whoopings the Saxon Court among.

Just think, O Shane! the same moon shines on Liffey as on Foyle,
And lights the ruthless knaves on both, our kinsmen to despoil;
And you the hope, voice, battle-axe, the shield of us and ours,
A murdered, trunkless, blinding sight above these Dublin towers!

Thy face is paler than the moon; my heart is paler still—
My heart? I had no heart—'t was yours, *'t was* yours! to keep or kill.
And you kept it safe for Ireland, Chief—your life, your soul, your pride;
But they sought it in thy bosom, Shane—with proud O'Neil it died.
You were turbulent and haughty, proud and keen as Spanish steel—
But who had right of these, if not our Ulster's Chief, O'Neill,
Who reared aloft the "Bloody Hand" until it paled the sun,
And shed such glory on Tyrone as chief had never done?

He was "turbulent" with traitors; he was "haughty" with the foe;
He was "cruel," say ye, Saxons! Ay! he dealt ye blow for blow!
He was "rough" and "wild"—and who 's not wild to see his hearthstone razed?
He was "merciless as fire"—ah, ye kindled him—he blazed!
He was "proud"—yes, proud of birthright, and because he flung away
Your Saxon stars of princedom, as the rock does mocking spray.
He was wild, insane for vengeance—ay! and preached it till Tyrone
Was ruddy, ready, wild, too, with "Red hands" to clutch their own.

"The Scots are on the border, Shane!" Ye Saints, he makes no breath;
I remember when that cry would wake him up almost from death.
Art truly dead and cold? O Chief! art thou to Ulster lost?
"Dost hear—*dost hear?* By Randolph led, the troops the Foyle have crossed!"
He 's truly dead! He must be dead! nor is his ghost about—
And yet no tomb could hold his spirit tame to such a shout:

The pale face droopeth northward—ah! his soul must loom up there,
By old Armagh, or Antrim's glynns, Lough Foyle, or Bann the Fair!
I 'll speed me Ulster-wards—your ghost must wander there, proud Shane,
In search of some O'Neill, through whom to throb its hate again.

BREASTING THE WORLD.

Many years have burst upon my forehead,
Years of gloom and heavy-freighted grief,
And I have stood them as against the horrid
Angry gales, the Peak of Teneriffe.

Yet if all the world had storm and sorrow,
You had none, my better self, Lenore;
My toil was as the midnight seeking morrow,
You, moon-like, lit the way I struggled o'er.

Though as a cataract my soul went lashing
Itself through ravines desolate and gray,
You made me see a beauty in the flashing,
And with your presence diamonded the spray.

Then, Lenore, though we have grown much older,
Though your eyes were brighter when we met,
Still let us feel, shoulder unto shoulder
And heart to heart, above the world yet!

GEORGE FRANCIS SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG.

(1845 ——)

Mr. George F. Armstrong, perhaps the most fertile of Irish authors of his time, was born in Dublin County in May, 1845, and was educated partly by private tuition in the Channel Islands, and at Trinity College. He is the son of the late Edmund J. Armstrong, and brother of E. J. Armstrong (*q.v.*); in 1891 he assumed the name of Savage on the death of a maternal uncle. Returning from a tour in Normandy, whither he had accompanied his brother Edmund, he gained, in 1864, the highest distinction in English verse. In 1866 the gold medal for composition was awarded to him by the Historical Society; and in the following year his essays won the gold medal of the Philosophical Society, of which he was twice elected President. 'Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic,' appeared in 1869, and in 1870 'Ugone,' a tragedy, which had been suggested by his travels and residence in Italy. In the following year he was appointed professor of history and English literature in Queen's College, Cork, which position he still holds. In 1872 he was presented with the degree of M.A. in Dublin University, revisited Italy and Switzerland, and published the first part of 'The Tragedy of Israel,' 'King Saul,' together with new editions of his former works. In 1874 appeared 'King David,' and in 1876 'King Solomon,' the second and final parts of 'The Tragedy of Israel.' In 1877 he brought out 'Life, Letters, and Essays' of his brother, and a new edition of the 'Poems' of the latter, the first edition having appeared under his editorship in 1865. "The distinct note, the original flavor, of Mr. Armstrong's poetry," says Mr. T. W. Rolleston in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "appears to be formed by the union of his ornate and stately diction with the peculiar freshness and directness of his pictures of outdoor life. These pictures have the true quality of the *plein air*—they are not memories or dreams of Nature, but experiences, won by the toil that deepens the breath and braces the muscles upon the mountain-side, and that reader must surely have left his youth of body and spirit long behind in whose veins they do not stir the roving blood."

He himself tells us that "the love of Nature led in my brother's case and in mine to the love of poetry. At the age of twelve I had read all Shakespeare's plays and a vast deal of other poetry and prose besides. I used to spend hours, with a book of poetry in my hand, in the tops of the tall trees, reading, or on the side of the Dublin or Wicklow mountain, with a volume of Byron, or Scott or Wordsworth or Coleridge or Keats or Shelley, and lie in the heather, reading aloud poem after poem.

"His work," says the authority quoted above, "is simple and objective in its conception, and forms the most important body of poetic work which has been produced outside the Celtic tradition since the time when Ferguson and Mangan began to lead the waters from that ancient source into the channels of modern Irish verse."

THROUGH THE SOLITUDES.

I.

It was long past the noon when I pushed back my chair
In the hostel, slung knapsack on shoulder, and walked
Through the low narrow room where the folks from the fair,
Old peasants deep-wrinkled, sat clustered and talked
In their guttural Gaelic; and out through the stalls
Girt with marketers laughing, and groups here and there
Of maidens blue-eyed, hooded figures in shawls
Of scarlet, and wild mountain lads in long hair,
Rude carts, and rough ponies with creels, and gayly passed
Up the street; through the starers and bargainers prest;
And asked of an idler my way, and at last
Struck out on the hill-road that winds to the west.

II.

And I thought, as I strode by the last heavy cart
Moving earlier home than the rest (wife and child
Sitting close on the trusses of straw, and apart
On the road, cracking whip, chatting loud, laughing wild,
The husband and sire in knee-breeches and shoes),
Though it was of the first of such journeys to me
Since my life's friend was lost, yet I dared not refuse
The gift of good angels that even, the free
Glad heart in my breast, the delight in my soul,
As I greeted the hill-tops, and saw down below
The sea winding in from afar, heard the roll
Of the stream on the rocks, felt the autumn air blow
Through my hair as I moved with light step on the way:
And I said, "Let me drink to the dregs the black cup
Of pain when 't is nigh; but if joy come to-day,
Let me drain the last drop of the dæmon-wine up."
Then I journeyed along through the moorlands, and crossed
The mad stream by the bridge at the crest of the creek,
And wound up the mountain to northward, and lost
All sight of the village and hill-folk.

III.

A bleak
Heavy cloud, dull and inky, crept over the sun
And blackened the valleys.

IV.

In under the hills
Ran the road, among moors where the myrtle stood dun,
And the heather hung rusted. The voice of the rills

Was choked in gray rushes. No footstep was nigh.
One rush-covered hut smoked aloft. Not a bird
Or a bee flittered by me. The wind seemed to die
In the silence and sadness. No blade of grass stirred.
Not a tuft of the bog-cotton swayed. Lone and rude
Grew the path; and the hills, as I moved, stood apart
And opened away to the drear solitude.

v.

Then a sorrow crept writhingly over my heart
And clung there—a viper I dared not fling off.
The sound of dear voices sang soft in my ear
To mock me, dear faces came smiling to scoff
At my loneliness, making the drearness too drear.
Up the track, now to right, now to left as I clomb,
Weird visions came thronging in thick on the brain—
Of days long forgotten, of friends, of a home
By death desolated, of eyes that in vain
Gazed out for a soul that no more would come back,
Of one face far away drawing out my life's love
Very strangely that day to it.
Everywhere, black,
Storm-shattered, the mountains loomed lonely above.
A horror, a sickness slipt down through my blood.
All my thoughts, all my dreams, all that memory's load,
All the terror of loneliness, broke like a flood
Over body and soul, and I shrank from the road.

vi.

I cowered at the frown of the mountains that hung
On this side and that; and the brown dreary waste;
The barren gray rocks far aloft; for they wrung
My soul with dim fears; and I yearned but to taste
The sweets of companionship, yearned to return
To the far-away village; to hear once again
The buzz of kind voices about me; to spurn
The sadness and horror, the fear and the pain.
Then I bent down my head as I moved, and my mind
Ran out in vague musings:
"If God laid His hand
On my life now, and suddenly, swiftly consigned
My soul, at a breath to the dim spirit-land—
Guiding on to a world that at best would be strange,
Would be sad in its joys, in its sweetness unsweet
To a mind rent away in so awful a change
From a world of bright faces, the park and the street,

And the room, and the glances of languishing eyes,
The smiles of red lips, and the touch of soft arms,
The gay merry laughters, the happy love-sighs—
And I found myself out in a region of storms,
Out beating my way through the waste, with one star
In dark heavens to lead me; through regions unknown,
Dim regions of midnight outstretching afar;
A bodiless soul on its journey alone:
Ah, methinks I would yearn for a land such as this,
For a cloud that but darkens the *sun,* for the strife
With dim dreams, for the heights that shut out the near bliss
Of dear home for a little . . . O life of my life,
My lost one, thou stay of my childhood, my youth,
Thou fount of my joys in the days that are gone,
Where, where in the darkness, the regions of drouth,
The realm of the dead, art thou journeying on?
Is it strange to thee now, that new being of thine?
Dost thou fear in the midst of the darkness, and yearn
To be back in the sweet human throngs, in the shine
Of the bird-waking sun, 'mid the soft eyes that burn
With love and with bliss? . . . art thou lonely as I?
Art thou sad in the world that believeth its God
In its pitiless coldness?" . . . Then up to the sky
I lifted my face, and I cried unto God.

VII.

And when back from the dream I had come, every rock
Had a livelier tinge, and the frown from the heaven
Had faded, the mountains no more seemed to lock
My lone life in their folds out of hate, and the even
Grew cheery, grew sweet, and a light wind upsprung
Mid the grasses, and fanned me, and wooed me to roam
Through the moorlands to seaward, and blissfully sung
In music as soothing as whispers of home.
And at last when the sun had gone down to his sleep,
And I caught the Atlantic's loud roar from the west,
Saw the flare of the lighthouse, and wound to the deep,
All awe of the wilds had died out in my breast.

THE SCALP.

Stern granite Gate of Wicklow, with what awe,
What triumph, oft (glad children strayed from home)
We passed into thy shadows cool, to roam
The Land beyond, whose very name could draw

A radiance to our faces; till we saw,
With airy peak and purple mountain-dome,
And lawn and wood and blue bay flecked with foam,
The Land indeed—fair truth without one flaw!
Never may I with foot of feeble age
Or buoyant step of manhood pass thy pale
And feel not still renewed that awe, that joy
(Of the dim Past divinest heritage)—
Seeking the sacred realm thou dost unveil,
Earth's one spot loved in love without alloy!

THE MYSTERY.

Year after year
The leaf and the shoot;
The babe and the nestling,
The worm at the root;
The bride at the altar,
The corpse on the bier—
The Earth and its story,
Year after year:

Whither are tending,
And whence do they rise,
The cycles of changes,
The worlds in their skies,
The seasons that rolled
Ere I flashed from the gloom,
And will roll on as now
When I 'm dust in the tomb?

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

(1811—1875.)

Charles Dawson Shanly was born in Dublin, in 1811, and was educated at Trinity College in that city. He went to Canada, where he occupied an official position for some time, and finally to New York, where he wrote regularly for the newspapers and magazines, and published several works. He died in Florida in 1875.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.[1]

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a pitcher of milk for the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher down tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.
"Oh, what shall I do now? 'T was looking at you now!
I 'm sure such a pitcher I 'll ne'er see again.
'T was the pride of my dairy. Oh, Barney McCleary,
You 're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine."

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her
That such a misfortune should give her such pain;
A kiss then I gave her, and before I did leave her
She vowed for such pleasure she 'd break it again.
'T was the haymaking season—I can't tell the reason—
Misfortunes will never come single, 't is plain!
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

THE WALKER OF THE SNOW.

Speed on, speed on, good master!
The camp lies far away;
We must cross the haunted valley
Before the close of day.

[1] This very popular song, often wrongly attributed to Lysaght, is based on an old story, of which one version will be found in 'La Cruche' by M. Autereau, a contemporary of La Fontaine, the fabulist, which is included in some editions of the latter's works. "Coleraine" is generally pronounced in Ireland *Col'raine.*

How the snow-blight came upon me
I will tell you as we go,—
The blight of the Shadow-hunter,
Who walks the midnight snow.

To the cold December heaven
Came the pale moon and the stars,
As the yellow sun was sinking
Behind the purple bars.

The snow was deeply drifted
Upon the ridges drear,
That lay for miles around me
And the camp from which we steer.

'T was silent on the hillside,
And by the solemn wood
No sound of life or motion
To break the solitude,

Save the wailing of the moose-bird
With a plaintive note and low,
And the skating of the red leaf
Upon the frozen snow.

And said I, —" Though dark is falling,
And far the camp must be,
Yet my heart it would be lightsome,
If I had but company."

And then I sang and shouted,
Keeping measure, as I sped,
To the harp twang of the snow-shoe
As it sprang beneath my tread;

Nor far into the valley
Had I dipped upon my way,
When a dusky figure joined me,
In a capuchon of gray,

Bending upon the snow-shoes,
With a long and limber stride;
And I hailed the dusky stranger,
As we traveled side by side.

But no token of communion
  Gave he by word or look,
And the fear chill fell upon me
  At the crossing of the brook.

For I saw by the sickly moonlight,
  As I followed, bending low,
That the walking of the stranger
  Left no footmarks on the snow.

Then the fear-chill gathered o'er me,
  Like a shroud around me cast,
As I sank upon the snow-drift
  Where the Shadow-hunter passed.

And the otter-trappers found me,
  Before the break of day,
With my dark hair blanched and whitened
  As the snow in which I lay.

But they spoke not as they raised me;
  For they knew that in the night
I had seen the Shadow-hunter,
  And had withered in his blight.

Sancta Maria speed us!
  The sun is falling low,—
Before us lies the valley
  Of the Walker of the Snow!

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

(1856 ——)

George Bernard Shaw was born in Dublin, July 26, 1856. He was for some time a Land Agent in the West of Ireland. He went to London when he was twenty years old, and for a good many years has been prominently before the public as a leading exponent of the cause of socialism in politics. He founded the Fabian Society, and has helped to spread a knowledge of it and its aims by the brilliant lectures which he has given from time to time on this side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Shaw was always a musical enthusiast. He has a profound knowledge of the subject, and has written musical criticisms for the leading London papers.

He began his literary career as a novelist, and produced some very robust work. His 'Cashel Byron's Profession' was a fresh and delightful book. His 'Widowers' Houses' was produced by the Independent Theater in 1892. Two years later 'Arms and the Man' made a great success, and since then a new play by Mr. Shaw has always been an event of the first importance to playgoers. His 'Obiter Dicta' set all the town laughing; his wisdom jests with a grave face.

A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION.

From 'Cashel Byron's Profession.'

Mrs. Hoskyn considered obscurity beautiful; and her rooms were but dimly lighted by two curious lanterns of pink glass, within which were vaporous flames. In the middle of the larger apartment was a small table covered with garnet-colored plush, with a reading-desk upon it, and two candles in silver candlesticks, the light of which, being brighter than the lanterns, cast strong double shadows from a group of standing figures about the table. The surrounding space was crowded with chairs, occupied chiefly by ladies. Behind them, along the wall, stood a row of men, among whom was Lucian Webber.

All were staring at Cashel Byron, who was making a speech to some bearded and spectacled gentlemen at the table. Lydia, who had never before seen him either in evening dress or quite at his ease, was astonished at his bearing. His eyes were sparkling, his confidence overbore the company, and his rough voice created the silence it broke.

He was in high good-humor, and marked his periods by the swing of his extended left arm, while he held his right hand close to his body and occasionally pointed his remarks by slyly wagging his forefinger.

"—executive power," he was saying as Lydia entered. "That 's a very good expression, gentlemen, and one that I can tell you a lot about. We have been told that if we want to civilize our neighbors we must do it mainly by the example of our own lives, by each becoming a living illustration of the highest culture we know. But what I ask is, how is anybody to know that you 're an illustration of culture? You can't go about like a sandwich man with a label on your back to tell all the fine notions you have in your head, and you may be sure no person will consider your mere appearance preferable to his own. You want an executive power; that 's what you want. Suppose you walked along the street and saw a man beating a woman, and setting a bad example to the roughs. Well, you would be bound to set a good example to them; and, if you 're men, you 'd like to save the woman; but you couldn't do it by merely living; for that would be setting the bad example of passing on and leaving the poor creature to be beaten. What is it that you need to know then, in order to act up to your fine ideas? Why, you want to know how to hit him, when to hit him, and where to hit him; and then you want the nerve to go in and do it. That 's executive power; and that 's what 's wanted worse than sitting down and thinking how good you are, which is what this gentleman 's teaching comes to after all. Don't you see? You want executive power to set an example. If you leave all that to the roughs, it 's their example that will spread, and not yours.

"And look at the politics of it. We 've heard a good deal about the French to-night. Well, they 've got executive power. They know how to make a barricade, and how to fight behind it when they 've made it. What 's the result? Why, the French, if they only knew what they wanted, could have it to-morrow for the asking—more 's the pity that they don't know. In this country we can do nothing; and if the lords and the landlords, or any other collection of nobs, were to drive us into the sea, what could we do but go? There 's a gentleman laughing at me for saying that;

but I ask him what would he do if the police or the soldiers came this evening and told him to turn out of his comfortable house into the Thames? Tell 'em he wouldn't vote for their employers at the next election, perhaps? Or, if that didn't stop them, tell 'em that he 'd ask his friends to do the same? That 's a pretty executive power! No, gentlemen. Don't let yourself be deceived by people that have staked their money against you. The first thing to learn is how to fight. There 's no use in buying books and pictures unless you know how to keep them and your own head as well.

"If that gentleman that laughed knew how to fight, and his neighbors all knew how to fight too, he wouldn't need to fear police, nor soldiers, nor Russians, nor Prussians, nor any of the millions of men that may be let loose on him any day of the week, safe though he thinks himself. But, says you, let 's have a division of labor. Let 's not fight for ourselves, but pay other men to fight for us. That shows how some people, when they get hold of an idea, will work it to that foolish length that it 's wearisome to listen to them. Fighting is the power of self-preservation; another man can't do it for you. You might as well divide the labor of eating your dinner, and pay one fellow to take the beef, another the beer, and a third the potatoes. But let us put it for the sake of argument that you do pay others to fight for you. Suppose some one else pays them higher, and they fight across, or turn openly against you! You 'd have only yourself to blame for giving the executive power to money. And so long as the executive power is money the poor will be kept out of their corner and fouled against the ropes; whereas, by what I understand, the German professor wants them to have their rights. Therefore I say that a man's first duty is to learn to fight. If he can't do that he can't set an example; he can't stand up for his own rights or his neighbor's; he can't keep himself in bodily health; and if he sees the weak ill-used by the strong, the most he can do is to sneak away and tell the nearest policeman, who most likely won't turn up until the worst of the mischief is done.

"Coming to this lady's drawing-room, and making an illustration of himself, won't make him feel like a man after that. Let me be understood, though, gentlemen: I

don't intend that you should take everything I say too exactly—too literally, as it were. If you see a man beating a woman, I think you should interfere on principle. But don't expect to be thanked by her for it; and keep your eye on her; don't let her get behind you. As for him, just give him a good one and go away. Never stay to get yourself into a street fight; for it's low, and generally turns out badly for all parties. However, that's only a bit of practical advice. It doesn't alter the great principle that you should get an executive power. When you get that, you'll have courage in you; and, what's more, your courage will be of some use to you. For though you may have courage by nature, still, if you haven't executive power as well, your courage will only lead you to stand up to be beaten by men that have both courage and executive power; and what good does that do you? People say that you're a game fellow; but they won't find the stakes for you unless you can win them. You'd far better put your game in your pocket, and throw up the sponge while you can see to do it.

"Now, on this subject of game, I've something to say that will ease the professor's mind on a point that he seemed anxious about. I am no musician; but I'll just show you how a man that understands one art understands every art. I made out from the gentleman's remarks that there is a man in the musical line named Wagner, who is what you might call a game sort of composer; and that the musical fancy, though they can't deny that his tunes are first-rate, and that, so to speak, he wins his fights, yet they try to make out that he wins them in an outlandish way, and that he has no real science. Now I tell the gentleman not to mind such talk. As I have just shown you, his game wouldn't be any use to him without science. He might have beaten a few second-raters with a rush while he was young; but he wouldn't have lasted out as he has done unless he was clever as well.

"You will find that those that run him down are either jealous, or they are old stagers that are not used to his style, and think that anything new must be bad. Just wait a bit, and, take my word for it, they'll turn right round and swear that his style isn't new at all, and that he stole it from some one they saw when they were ten years

old. History shows us that that is the way of such fellows in all ages, as the gentleman said; and he gave you Beethoven as an example. But an example like that don't go home to you, because there isn't one man in a million that ever heard of Beethoven. Take a man that everybody has heard of—Jack Randall! The very same things were said of *him*. After that, you needn't go to musicians for an example. The truth is, that there are people in the world with that degree of envy and malice in them that they can't bear to allow a good man his merits; and when they have to admit that he can do one thing, they try to make out that there 's something else he can't do. Come: I 'll put it to you short and business-like. This German gentleman, who knows all about music, tells you that many pretend that this Wagner has game but no science. Well, I, though I know nothing about music, will bet you twenty-five pounds that there 's others that allow him to be full of science, but say that he has no game, and that all he does comes from his head, and not from his heart. I will. I 'll bet twenty-five pounds on it, and let the gentleman of the house be stakeholder, and the German gentleman referee. Eh? Well, I 'm glad to see that there are no takers.

"Now we 'll go to another little point that the gentleman forgot. He recommended you to *learn*—to make yourselves better and wiser from day to day. But he didn't tell you why it is that you won't learn, in spite of his advice. I suppose that, being a foreigner, he was afraid of hurting your feelings by talking too freely to you. But you 're not so thin-skinned as to take offense at a little plain speaking, I 'll be bound; so I tell you straight out that the reason you won't learn is not that you don't want to be clever, or that you are lazier than many that have learned a great deal, but just because you 'd like people to think that you know everything already—because you 're ashamed to be seen going to school; and you calculate that if you only hold your tongue and look wise you 'll get through life without your ignorance being found out. But where 's the good of lies and pretense? What does it matter if you get laughed at by a cheeky brat or two for your awkward beginnings? What 's the use of always thinking of how you 're looking, when your sense might tell you that other people are thinking about their own looks and

not about yours? A big boy doesn't look well on a lower form, certainly, but when he works his way up he 'll be glad he began. I speak to you more particularly because you 're Londoners; and Londoners beat all creation for thinking about themselves.

"However, I don't go with the gentleman in everything he said. All this struggling and striving to make the world better is a great mistake; not because it isn't a good thing to improve the world if you know how to do it, but because striving and struggling is the worst way you could set about doing anything. It gives a man a bad style, and weakens him. It shows that he don't believe in himself much. When I heard the professor striving and struggling so earnestly to set you to work reforming this, that, and the other. I said to myself, 'He 's got himself to persuade as well as his audience. That isn't the language of conviction.' Whose—"

"Really, sir," said Lucian Webber, who had made his way to the table, "I think, as you have now addressed us at considerable length, and as there are other persons present whose opinions probably excite as much curiosity as yours—" He was interrupted by a "Hear, hear," followed by "No, no," and "Go on," uttered in more subdued tones than are customary at public meetings, but with more animation than is usually displayed in drawing-rooms. Cashel, who had been for a moment somewhat put out, turned to Lucian and said, in a tone intended to repress, but at the same time humor his impatience, "Don't you be in a hurry, sir. You shall have your turn presently. Perhaps I may tell you something you don't know, before I stop." Then he turned again to the company, and resumed,

"We were talking about effort when this young gentleman took it upon himself to break the ring. Now, nothing can be what you might call artistically done if it 's done with an effort. If a thing can't be done light and easy, steady and certain, let it not be done at all. Sounds strange, doesn't it? But I 'll tell you a stranger thing. The more effort you make, the less effect you produce. A *would-be* artist is no artist at all. I see that in my own profession (never mind what that profession is just at present, as the ladies might think the worse of me for

it). But in all professions, any work that shows signs of labor, straining, yearning—as the German gentleman said—or effort of any kind, is work beyond the man's strength that does it, and therefore not well done. Perhaps it 's beyond his natural strength; but it is more likely that he was badly taught. Many teachers set their pupils on to strain and stretch, so that they get used up, body and mind, in a few months. Depend upon it, the same thing is true in other arts. I once taught a fiddler that used to get a hundred guineas for playing two or three tunes; and he told me that it was just the same thing with the fiddle—that when you laid a tight hold on your fiddle-stick, or even set your teeth hard together, you could do nothing but rasp like the fellows that play in bands for a few shillings a night."

"How much more of this nonsense must we endure?" said Lucian, audibly, as Cashel stopped for breath. Cashel turned and looked at him.

"By Jove!" whispered Lord Worthington to his companion, "that fellow had better be careful. I wish he would hold his tongue."

"You think it 's nonsense, do you?" said Cashel, after a pause. Then he raised one of the candles, and illuminated a picture that hung on the wall. "Look at that picture," he said. "You see that fellow in armor—St. George and the dragon, or whatever he may be. He 's jumped down from his horse to fight the other fellow—that one with his head in a big helmet, whose horse has tumbled. The lady in the gallery is half crazy with anxiety for St. George; and well she may be. *There 's* a posture for a man to fight in! His weight isn't resting on his legs; one touch of a child's finger would upset him. Look at his neck craned out in front of him, and his face as flat as a full moon towards his man, as if he was inviting him to shut up both his eyes with one blow. You can all see that he 's as weak and nervous as a cat, and that he doesn't know how to fight. And why does he give you that idea? Just because he 's all strain and stretch; because he isn't at his ease; because he carries the weight of his body as foolishly as one of the ladies here would carry a hod of bricks; because he isn't safe, steady, and light on his pins, as he would be if he could forget himself for a minute, and

leave his body to find its proper balance of its own accord. If the painter of that picture had known his business he would never have sent his man up to the scratch in such a figure and condition as that. But you can see with one eye that he didn't understand—I won't say the principles of fighting, but the universal principles that I've told you of, that ease and strength, effort and weakness, go together. Now," added Cashel, again addressing Lucian; "do you still think that notion of mine nonsense?" And he smacked his lips with satisfaction; for his criticism of the picture had produced a marked sensation, and he did not know that this was due to the fact that the painter, Mr. Adrian Herbert, was present.

Lucian tried to ignore the question; but he found it impossible to ignore the questioner. "Since you have set the example of expressing opinions without regard to considerations of common courtesy," he said, shortly, "I may say that your theory, if it can be called one, is manifestly absurd."

Cashel, apparently unruffled, but with more deliberation of manner than before, looked about him as if in search of a fresh illustration. His glance finally rested on the lecturer's seat, a capacious crimson damask arm-chair that stood unoccupied at some distance behind Lucian.

"I see you're no judge of a picture," said he, good-humoredly, putting down the candle, and stepping in front of Lucian, who regarded him haughtily, and did not budge. "But just look at it in this way. Suppose you wanted to hit me the most punishing blow you possibly could. What would you do? Why, according to your own notion, you'd make a great effort. 'The more effort the more force,' you'd say to yourself. 'I'll smash him even if I burst myself in doing it.' And what would happen then? You'd only cut me and make me angry, besides exhausting all your strength at one gasp. Whereas, if you took it easy—like this—" Here he made a light step forward and placed his open palm gently against the breast of Lucian, who instantly reeled back as if the piston-rod of a steam-engine had touched him, and dropped into the chair.

"There!" exclaimed Cashel, standing aside and pointing to him. "It's like pocketing a billiard-ball!"

A chatter of surprise, amusement, and remonstrance spread through the rooms; and the company crowded towards the table. Lucian rose, white with rage, and for a moment entirely lost his self-control. Fortunately, the effect was to paralyze him; he neither moved nor spoke, and only betrayed his condition by his pallor and the hatred in his expression. Presently he felt a touch on his arm and heard his name pronounced by Lydia. Her voice calmed him. He tried to look at her, but his vision was disturbed; he saw double; the lights seemed to dance before his eyes; and Lord Worthington's voice, saying to Cashel, "Rather too practical, old fellow," seemed to come from a remote corner of the room, and yet to be whispered into his ear. He was moving irresolutely in search of Lydia when his senses and his resentment were restored by a clap on the shoulder.

"You wouldn't have believed that now, would you?" said Cashel. "Don't look startled; you've no bones broken. You had your little joke with me in your own way; and I had mine in *my* own way."

P. A. SHEEHAN.

(1852 ——)

The Rev. P. A. Sheehan was born at Mallow on March 17, 1852, and was educated at Maynooth College. For some time he served on the English mission at Exeter. He was recalled to his native diocese of Cloyne in Ireland, where he was attached to the Cathedral of Queenstown for eight years. In 1895 he was appointed parish priest of Doneraile. Besides many contributions in prose and verse to periodicals on both sides of the Atlantic, he has published 'Geoffrey Austin, Student,' 'The Triumph of Failure,' 'My New Curate,' a most successful novel, and 'Luke Delmege,' also a novel. 'My New Curate' has been translated into many languages.

ALBION.

From 'Luke Delmege.'

Not the white cliffs of Dover, but the red loam of Devonshire downs, where the sandstone was capped by the rich teeming soil, saluted our young exile the following morning. He had risen early, and, shaking off the mephitis of a stuffy cabin, had rushed above, just as the sailors were swabbing the decks. Here he drew in long, deep breaths of the crisp, cool sea air, as he watched the furrows cut by the coulter of the sea-plow, or studied the white towns that lay so picturesquely under the ruddy cliffs. "And this is England," Luke thought. "England, the far-reaching, the imperial, whose power is reverenced by white, and black, and bronzed races; and whose sovereignty stretches from the peaks of the Himalayas to the Alps of the southern archipelagoes." Luke couldn't understand it. She lay so quiet there in the morning sun, her landscapes stretched so peaceful and calm, that symbol of power, or of might far-reaching, there was none.

"I thought," said Luke, aloud, "that every notch in her cliffs was an embrasure, and that the mouths of her cannon were like nests in her rocks."

"'T is the lion *couchant et dormant*," said a voice.

Luke turned and saw standing close by an officer of the ship, a clean-cut, trim, well-defined figure, clad in the blue cloth and gold lace of the service. His face, instead of the

red and bronze of the sailor, had an olive tinge, through which burned two glowing, gleaming brown eyes, which just then were sweeping the coast, as if in search of a signal.

"I have often had the same thoughts as you, sir," he said, as if anxious to continue the conversation, "as we swept along here under more troublous skies and over more turbulent seas than now. It is the silent and sheathed strength of England that is terrible. I have seen other powers put forth all their might by land and sea: I have not been moved. But I never approach the English coast without a feeling of awe."

"I dare say it is something to be proud of," said Luke, who was appreciative of this enthusiasm, but did not share it.

"Perhaps not," the officer replied; "it is destiny."

"You see the Cornish coast," he continued, pointing to a dim haze far behind them, in which the outlines of the land were faintly penciled. "Would you believe that up to the dawn of our century, fifty years ago, that entire peninsula was Catholic? They had retained the Catholic faith from the times of the Reformation. Then there were no priests to be had; Wesley went down, and to-day they are the most bigoted Dissenters in England; and Cornwall will be the last county that will come back to the Church."

"Horrible!" said Luke, sadly.

"And yet so thin is the veneering of Protestantism that their children are still called by the names of Catholic saints, Angela, and Ursula, and Teresa; and they have as many holy wells as you have in Ireland."

"It must be a heart-break to the priests," said Luke, "who have to minister amid such surroundings."

"I only speak of it as a matter of Fate," said the officer, dreamily. "It is the terrific power of assimilation which Protestant England possesses."

"You must be proud of your great country," said Luke.

"No, sir," said the officer, "I am not."

Luke looked at him with surprise.

"Ireland is my country," the officer said in reply, "and these are our countrymen." He pointed down into the lower deck, where, lying prostrate in various degrees of

intoxication, were four or five cattle-dealers. They had sought out the warmth of the boiler during the night; and there lay, unwashed and unkempt, in rather uninviting conditions. Their magnificent cattle, fed on Irish pastures, were going to feed the mouths of Ireland's masters, and tramped and lowed and moaned in hideous discord for food, and clashed their horns together as the vessel rolled on the waves. It was altogether an unpleasant exhibition, and Luke turned away with a sigh.

In the early afternoon, the boat, after sheering close under the Eddystone lighthouse, swept around the beautiful woodlands and shrublands of Mount Edgcumbe, and the splendid panorama of Plymouth harbor burst on the view. Here again Luke was disappointed. Everything looked so calm, and peaceful, and prosperous, that he found it difficult to understand that there to the left was one of the greatest dockyards and marine emporiums and storehouses in the world; and his eye ranged along until, hidden under the bosky covers and the abundant foliage of Mount Edgcumbe, he saw a long, low wall of concrete, and there were the bulldog mouths of England's cannon.

"Going ashore, sir?" said the chief mate, the officer who had previously accosted him.

"No," said Luke, dubiously.

"Let me introduce my wife and little girl, sir," he said politely. "We are running in, as I am leaving Marguerite with the Notre Dame nuns here."

"You are going further, Father?" said the lady, with frankly polite Irish manner.

"Yes," said Luke, "I 'm going to London. I have a sister Margaret also," he said, tenderly watching the child's eyes, "but we call her Margery."

"We shall be lonely after our little woman," said the officer; "but she will be in safe hands."

"Do you know what *Marguerite* means, little one?" said Luke.

"No, Father," said the child.

"It means a pearl. Be thou," he said, assuming a tone of unwonted solemnity, "a pearl of great price."

"Bless her, Father," said the Catholic mother.

And Luke blessed the child.

All that day, whenever he had a spare moment from his

Office and a few necessary studies, he was absorbed in two reflections. The awful spectacle of those drunken men in the morning haunted him like a nightmare. They had risen half drunk from their hot, hard bed, and stupidly had passed him near the gangway with a maudlin: "Fi' morn'n, Fazzer!" And he was studying all day the mighty problem, that has occupied more attention than half the more serious problems of the world. What is it? What is it?—the fatal bias towards intoxication that seems to distinguish the race? Indolence, vacuity of thought, the fatal altruism of the race? What is it? Or is it only a political calumny?

And side by side, alternating rapidly with the bitter reflection, came the question: Why will not Irish mothers educate their children at home? Have we not convents, etc.? Why, it is Irish nuns who are teaching here in Plymouth and throughout England. What is in the English air that the same teachers can teach better here than at home? Or is it the everlasting serfdom of the race, always crouching at the feet of the conqueror, always lessening and depreciating its own large possibilities? Let it alone, Luke, let it alone! Except, indeed, as an exercise, to while away a long afternoon under sleepy awnings, and to soothe your nerves with the dull mechanic interplay of questions that are forever seeking and never finding an answer, let it alone, let it alone! But Luke was not made thus. He had a great taste for the insoluble.

Late in the evening he heard the same officer chatting freely in French, and with the absolute ease of a native, with a young governess who was returning to her home from Ireland. He listened, not with curiosity, but just to see if he could distinguish one word. Not a word! And he had got a prize in French in his logic year. "Hang Wegscheider and the Monophysites," thought Luke.

Now, I should like to know where is the connection between Wegscheider, a fairly modern German, and people that lived fifteen centuries ago? But that is the way the lobes of the brain work and interchange ideas, not always sympathetic, or even relevant, especially when the schoolmaster is in a passion, and demands too much work at once from his willing pupils.

Next day the vessel had swung into the gangway of the

world—that mighty sea-avenue that stretches from the Downs and the Forelands right up to London Bridge. The vessel's engines were slowed down, for this was a pathway where the passengers had to pick their steps; for all along the banks at intervals, where the plastic hand of man had built wharves and quays, there was a plantation of bare masts and yards that cut the sky; and now and again a stately steamer loomed up out of the eternal haze, and grew and swelled into colossal blackness; then passed and subsided into the dimensions of a waterfowl that troubles the tranquil waters with swift alarm. Bound for the Orient, and laden with freights of merchandise—from the mechanism of a locomotive to the Brummagem-made idol for far Cathay; bound for the Occident, and laden to the water's edge, and stuffed chock-full with rolls and bales from the looms of Manchester; bound for the roaring Cape and the sleepy isles of the Pacific; bound for the West Indies and the Bermudas, whence Nature has tried in vain to frighten them with her explosive earthquakes or the dread artillery of her typhoons; or homeward from far climates, and with the rusty marks of the storm on their hulls, and their sailors staring at the old familiar sights on land and water—like fairy shuttles, moving to and fro across the woof of many waters,—the fleets of the empire came and went, and Luke fancied he saw the far round world as in a magic mirror, and that he smelt the spices of Sultans and the musk of the gardens of Persia, as the stately argosies swept by. It was a magnificent panorama, and recalled the times when the *Mare Magnum* was swept by the oars of the Roman triremes, and dusky Ethiopians sweated at the galleys of their Roman masters. Then the vision faded, and in the raw cold of an exceptionally sharp morning, Luke stepped across the gangway and looked down at the mighty sewer of a river, and came face to face with all the squalor and fetor of London life.

He was calmly but courteously received at the presbytery attached to the cathedral; and it surprised him not a little to perceive that his arrival was regarded as an event of as ordinary importance as the closing of a door or the ticking of a clock. He took his seat at the dinner-table; and he might have been dining there for the last twenty years, so little notice was taken of him.

He was a little surprised when he was told:—

"Delmege, if you want bread, you can get it at the sideboard; but cut the loaf even, please."

He was a little amused when some one asked:—

"I say, Delmege, is it a fact that the curates in Ireland give dinners at a guinea a head?"

He replied: "I have dined with curates, and even with parish priests lately, and the dinner did not cost a cent per head."

"Tell that to the marines," was the reply.

And he was almost edified, yet partly nonplussed, when his former interrogator took him out promptly after dinner to show him the slums, and coolly told him on returning that he was to preach to a confraternity that evening.

But what struck him most forcibly was, the calm independence with which each individual expressed his opinion, and the easy toleration with which they differed from each other, and even contradicted, without the slightest shade of asperity or resentment. This was a perpetual wonder to Luke during his whole career in England.

The following Friday he was submitted to a brief examination for faculties. His examiners were the Vicar-General and the Diocesan Inspector, a convert from Anglicanism.

"In the case of a convert," said the Vicar, without preliminaries, "whom you ascertained to have never been baptized, but who was married, and had a grown-up family, what would you do?"

"I should proceed with great caution," said Luke, to whom the question seemed rather impertinent and far-fetched. He had been expecting to be asked how many grave professors were on this side, and how many excellent writers were on that side, of some abstruse theological problem.

"Very good," said the Vicar, "and then?"

"I think I should let it alone," said Luke.

"Very good. But these good people are not married. Could you allow them to remain so?"

"It depends on whether they are *bona fide*, or *mala fide*," said Luke, reddening.

"Of course they are *bona fide*," said the Vicar. "Look it up, Delmege, at your convenience."

"How would you refute the arguments for continuity amongst the Anglican divines?" said the Inspector.

"How would you prove to a lunatic that black is not white, and that yesterday is not to-day?" said Luke. Ah, Luke! Luke! where are all your resolutions about interior recollection and self-restraint? You are far from the illuminative state, as yet!

"That will hardly do," said the Inspector, smiling courteously; "remember you have to face Laud and the Elizabethans, and Pusey and the host of Victorian divines, now."

"We never thought of such things," said Luke; "we thought that the old doctrines of Transubstantiation, Purgatory, Confession, etc., were the subjects of controversy to-day. No one in Ireland even dreams of denying that the Reformation was a distinct secession."

"Very good, very good," said the Inspector. "One word more. In case you had a sick-call to St. Thomas's Hospital here, and when you arrived, you found the surgeons engaged in an operation on a Catholic patient, which operation would probably prove fatal, what would you do?"

"I would politely ask them to suspend the operation for a few minutes—"

"And do you think they would remove the knives at your request, and probably let the patient collapse?"

"I 'd give the patient conditional absolution," said Luke, faintly.

"Very good. You wouldn't—a—knock down two or three of the surgeons and clear the room?" said the Vicar, with a smile.

"N-no," said Luke. He was very angry. Dear me! no one appears to have heard of Wegscheider at all.

"That 's all right," said the examiners. "You 'll get the printed form of faculties this afternoon. Confessions to-morrow from two to six, and from seven to ten. Good-day."

Luke went to his room. He was never so angry in his life before. He expected a lengthened ordeal, in which deep and recondite questions would be introduced, and in which he would have some chance at last of showing what he had learned in the famous halls of his college. And lo! not a particle of dust was touched or flicked away

from dusty, dead folios; but here spick and span, were trotted out airy nothings about ephemeral and transient everyday existences; and he had not got one chance of saying—"*Sic argumentaris Domine!*" Evidently, these men had never heard of a syllogism in their lives. And then, everything was so curt and short as to be almost contemptuous. Clearly, these men had something to do in the workaday world besides splitting hairs with a young Hibernian. Luke was angry with himself, with his college, with that smiling ex-parson, who had probably read about two years' philosophy and theology before his ordination; and with that grim, sardonic old Vicar, who had never opened a treatise since he graduated at Douai or Rheims. Hence it happened that at dinner, when a strange priest asked simply what percentage of illiterates were in the diocese, and the old Vicar grimly answered:—

"About fifty per cent.—mostly Irish and Italian"—Luke flared up and said:—

"We weren't illiterate when we brought the Faith of old to your ancestors, who were eating acorns with the boars in your forests, and painting their dirty bodies with woad; and when your kings were glad to fly to our monasteries for an education, nowhere else obtainable on this planet."

The stranger patted Luke on the back, and said "Bravo!" The Vicar pushed over the jug of beer. But they were friends from that moment. A gnarled, knotty, not in any sense of the word euphonious old Beresark was this same old Vicar—his steel-blue eyes staring ever steadily and with anxious inquiry in them from the jagged penthouse of gray eyebrows; and his clear, metallic voice, never toned down to politeness and amenity, but dashed in a spray of sarcasm on bishop, and canon, and curate indiscriminately. He would blow you sky high at a moment's notice; the next minute he would kneel down and tie the latchets of your shoes. A wonderful taste and talent, too, he had for economics; not ungenerous by any means, or parsimonious; but he objected very strongly to any abstraction of jam on the sleeve of your soutane, or any too generous distribution of brown gravy on the thirsty tablecloth.

Saturday came, and Luke braced himself for the second

great act of his ministry—his first confession. He had scampered over the treatise on Penance the night before; and just at two o'clock he passed, with fear and trembling, to his confessional. He had said a short, tremulous prayer before the Blessed Sacrament; had cast a look of piteous appeal towards the Lady Altar, and with a thrill of fear and joy commingled, he slipped quietly past the row of penitents, and put on his surplice and stole. Then he reflected for a moment, and drew the slide. A voice from the dark recess, quavering with emotion, commenced the *Confiteor* in Irish. Luke started at the well-known words, and whispered *Deo gratias.* It was an ancient mariner, and the work was brief. But Luke recollected all the terrible things he had heard about dumb and statuesque confessors; and that poor Irishman got a longer lecture than he had heard for many a day.

"I must be a more outrageous sinner even than I thought," he said. "I never got such a ballyragging in my life before!"

Luke drew the slide at his left; and a voice, this time of a young girl, whispered hoarsely:—

"I ain't goin' to confession, Feyther; but I 'eard as you wos from Hireland, and I kem to arsk assistance to tek me out of 'ell!"

"By all means, my child," said Luke, shivering, "if I can assist you in any way; but why do you say that you are not going to confession?"

"I ain't prepared, Feyther. I ain't been to confession since I left the convent school, five years are gone."

"And you 've been in London all this time?"

"Yaas, Feyther; I 've been doin' bad altogether. It 's 'ell, Feyther, and I want to git out o' 'ell!"

"Well, but how can I assist you?"

"Ev you gi' me my passage, Feyther, to Waterford, I 'll beg the rest of the way to my huncle in the County Kilkenny. And so 'elp me God, Feyther—"

"Sh—h—h!" said Luke. A cold perspiration had broken out all over his body. It was the first time he was brought face to face with the dread embodiment of vice.

His next penitent was a tiny dot, with a calm, English face, and yellow ringlets running down almost to her feet. Her mother, dressed in black, took the child to the con-

fessional door, bade her enter, and left her. Here even the mother, in all other things inseparable from her child, must not accompany. The threshold of the confessional and the threshold of death are sacred to the soul and God. Unlike the Irish children, who jump up like jacks-in-the-box, and toss back the black hair from their eyes, and smile patronizingly on their friend, the confessor, as much as to say, "Of course you know me?" this child slowly and distinctly said the prayers, made her confession, and waited. Here Luke was in his element, and he lifted that soul up, up into the empyrean, by coaxing, gentle, burning words about our Lord, and His love, and all that was due to Him. The child passed out with the smile of an angel on her face.

"Wisha, yer reverence, how my heart warmed to you the moment I see you. Sure he 's from the ould counthry, I sez to meself. There 's the red of Ireland in his cheeks, and the scint of the ould sod hanging around him. Wisha, thin, yer reverence, may I be bould to ask you what part of the ould land did ye come from?"

Luke mentioned his natal place.

"I thought so. I knew ye weren't from the North or West. Wisha, now thin, yer reverence, I wondher did ye ever hear tell of a Mick Mulcahy, of Slievereene, in the County of Kerry, who wint North about thirty years ago?"

Luke regretted to say he had never heard of that distinguished rover.

"Because he was my third cousin by the mother's side, and I thought yer reverence might have hard of him—"

"I am hardly twenty-three yet," said Luke, gently, although he thought he was losing valuable time.

"Wisha, God bless you; sure I ought to have seen it. I suppose I ought not to mintion it here, yer reverence, but this is an awful place. Betune furriners, and Frinchmen, and I-talians, and Jews, and haythens, who never hard the name of God or His Blessed Mother, 't is as much as we can do to save our poor sowls—"

"You ought to go back to Ireland," said Luke.

"Ah! wisha, thin, 't is I 'd fly in the mornin' across the say to that blessed and holy land; but sure, yer reverence, me little girl is married here, and I have to mind the childhre for her, whin she goes out to work, shoreing and washing to keep the bit in their mouths—' In the name av the

Father, and av the Son, and av the Holy Ghost. Amin—' "

" Father," said a gentle voice, as Luke drew the other slide, " I am ever so grateful to you for your kindness to my little one. She 's gone up to the Lady Altar; and I never saw her look half so happy before. You must have been very gentle with my dear child."

Luke's heart was swelling with all kinds of sweet emotions. Ah, yes! here, above all places, does the priest receive his reward. True, the glorious Mass has its own consolations, sweet and unutterable. So, too, has the Office, with its majestic poetry, lifting the soul above the vulgar trivialities of life, and introducing it to the company of the blessed. So, too, has the daily, hourly battle with vice the exhilaration of a noble conflict; but nowhere are human emotions stirred into such sweet and happy delight as when soul speaks to soul, and the bliss of forgiveness is almost merged in the ecstasy of emancipation, and the thrill of determination to be true to promise and grateful to God.

RICHARD LALOR SHEIL.

(1791—1851.)

"It is curious," says Mr. Justin McCarthy in 'A History of Our Own Times,' "how little is now remembered of Sheil, whom so many well-qualified authorities declared to be a genuine orator." Lord Beaconsfield, in one of his novels, speaks of Sheil's eloquence in terms of the highest praise, and disparages Canning. It is but a short time since Mr. Gladstone selected Sheil as one of three remarkable illustrations of great success as a speaker achieved in spite of serious defects of voice and delivery; the other two examples being Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Newman. Mr. Gladstone described Sheil's voice as like nothing but the sound produced by "a tin kettle battered about from place to place," knocking first against one side and then against another. "In anybody else," Mr. Gladstone went on to say, "I would not, if it had been in my choice, like to have listened to that voice; but in him I would not have changed it, for it was part of a most remarkable whole, and nobody ever felt it painful while listening to it. He was a great orator, and an orator of much preparation, I believe, carried even to words, with a very vivid imagination and an enormous power of language and of strong feeling. There was a peculiar character, a sort of half wildness in his aspect and delivery; his whole figure, and his delivery and his voice and his matter were all in such perfect keeping with one another that they formed a great parliamentary picture; and although it is now thirty-five years since I heard Mr. Sheil, my recollection of him is just as vivid as if I had been listening to him to-day."

Richard Lalor Sheil was born Aug. 16, 1791, at Bellevue House, on the river Suir, a little below Waterford.

He received his early education from a French abbé. His father's wish was that he should study for the priesthood, and he was sent to the Jesuit College at Stonyhurst. He, however, decided on the bar as a profession, and in November, 1807, entered Trinity College, Dublin. Becoming a member of the College Historical Society, he took a prominent part in its debates. When only eighteen years of age he delivered his first speech in public at a meeting of the Catholic Association. He gained his degree of B.A. in 1811, and completed his studies for the bar at Lincoln's Inn. In 1813 he returned to Ireland and took a leading part in the work of the Catholic Association.

He now turned his attention to playwriting, and produced 'Adelaide, or The Emigrants,' 'The Apostate,' 'Bellamira,' 'Evadne Montoni,' 'The Fatal Dowry,' and 'The Huguenots.' Though they had every advantage, being produced at the best theaters with prominent actors and actresses in the casts, they never secured any abiding success. In the meantime he had married Miss O'Halloran, niece of the Master of the Rolls.

He realized for his dramatic writings a sum of about £2,000 ($10,000) and then in 1822 turned his attention to his profession once more, and set himself to work up the practice so long neglected. He continued to take an active part in the prevailing political agitation, and wrote a severe criticism on O'Connell, which drew forth a not very flattering retort; but all this was forgiven and forgotten when Sheil gave the laudatory portrait of the Agitator which appeared in the 'Sketches of the Irish Bar' he was then contributing to *The New Monthly Magazine*. In the same year (1822) Sheil sustained a great blow in the death of his wife, shortly after the birth of an only child. For some time after this calamity he continued to contribute to *The New Monthly Magazine* papers on the Irish bar, written in conjunction with W. H. Curran. The 'Sketches of the Irish Bar' were afterward collected and published. An accidental meeting of Mr. O'Connell with Mr. Sheil at the house of a common friend in 1822 led to the former antagonists becoming fast friends in the work of Catholic Emancipation. He hurried about from county to county, and the number and variety of his speeches almost equaled those of the great Agitator himself. To escape for a short time from the constant pressure and turmoil of public life he visited France in 1826. Here his friend, the Abbé Genoude, was so much struck with his description of the state of Ireland that he induced him to contribute to *L'Etoile*, a paper of which he was editor, a series of anonymous articles on the subject written in French.

In 1830 he received the silk gown, and the same year he adopted the name of Lalor, on the occasion of his second marriage, to the widow of Mr. Power of Gurteen, a lady who inherited large property in the County of Tipperary from her father, Mr. Lalor of Crenagh. Sheil now resolved to attempt to enter Parliament. After some disappointment and a defeat in contesting Louth, the Marquis of Anglesea offered him the seat for Milborne Port, which he accepted. His first speech in the House of Commons was made on the Reform Bill in March, 1831, and it produced a favorable impression.

At the next general election, in 1832, he was returned for the County of Tipperary, which he continued to represent in Parliament till 1841, when he became Member for Dungarvan. His wife's fortune rendering him entirely independent of his profession, he now retired from the bar and devoted himself exclusively to a political career. His speeches on 'Repeal of the Union,' in 1843, 'Turkish Treaties' in the same year, 'Orange Lodges' and the 'Church of Ireland' in 1839, the 'Corn Laws' in 1842, 'Vote by Ballot' in 1843, and 'Income Tax' in 1845, were among his most important political utterances. In 1839 he was made Vice-President of the Board of Trade.

He opposed the movement for Repeal in 1840, but did so under the conviction that it could effect no good end, and that the House of Commons would not concede it. In 1841 he was appointed Judge Advocate-General, a more remunerative office than the one which he held in the Board of Trade.

With the beginning of the year 1844 the O'Connell trial came on. Sheil ably defended John O'Connell, son of the Liberator, and in his

speech exposed the system of jury-packing, bringing forward as a sample of this great injustice the case of Charles Gavan Duffy and his notable trial for an article in the *Belfast Vindicator.*

In 1845 the death of his only son at Madeira, where Mrs. Sheil and he had gone for the sake of the young man's health, threw him into a deep melancholy, and for a time he could not be induced to leave the island. Ultimately, in 1846, he was prevailed upon to return to England, and again to enter upon public life. On the accession of Lord John Russell to power, Sheil was appointed Master of the Mint, a state office usually held by members of the Cabinet.

He went to Florence in 1850 as Ambassador at the court of Tuscany, where he spent some very happy days, surrounded by treasures of art, in which his poetical nature delighted. His familiarity with French enabled him to mix in society, where his wit and geniality were highly appreciated. In that city he died, May 25, 1851. His remains, which were conveyed to Ireland in a ship of war, are interred at Long Orchard in Tipperary. Several editions of Sheil's 'Speeches' with a memoir by T. MacNevin have appeared ; also 'Memoir and Speeches of Richard Lalor Sheil,' by W. Torrens M'Cullagh, two vols., London, 1855.

IRELAND'S PART IN ENGLISH ACHIEVEMENT.

From the Speech in the House of Commons in 1837.

Wherever we turn our eyes, we see the national power dilating, expanding, and ascending; never did a liberated nation spring on in the career that freedom throws open towards improvement with such a bound as we have; in wealth, in intelligence, in high feeling, in all the great constituents of a state, we have made in a few years an astonishing progress. The character of our country is completely changed; we are free, and we feel as if we never had been slaves. Ireland stands as erect as if she had never stooped; although she once bowed her forehead to the earth, every trace of her prostration has been effaced.

But these are generalities; these are vague and abstract vauntings, without detail. Well, if you stand in need of specification, it shall be rapidly, but not inconclusively, given. But hold: I was going to point to the first law offices in the country, filled by Roman Catholics; I was going to point to the second judicial office in Ireland, filled by a Roman Catholic; I was going to point to the crowds of Roman Catholics, who, in every profession and walk of life, are winning their way to eminence in the walks that

lead to affluence or to honor. But one single fact suffices for my purpose: Emancipation was followed by Reform, and Reform has thrown sixty men, devoted to the interests of Ireland, into the House of Commons. If the Clare election was a great incident; if the Clare election afforded evidence that Emancipation could not be resisted, look at sixty of us (what are Longford and Carlow but a realization of the splendid intimations that Clare held out?), look, I say, at sixty of us—the majority, the great majority, of the representatives of Ireland—leagued and confederated by an obligation and a pledge as sacred as any with which men, associated for the interests of their country, were ever bound together.

Thank God, we are here! I remember the time when the body to which I belong was excluded from all participation in the great legislative rights of which we are now in the possession. I remember to have felt humiliated at the tone in which I heard the cause of Ireland pleaded, when I was occasionally admitted under the gallery of the House of Commons. I felt pain at hearing us represented as humble suppliants for liberty, and as asking freedom as if it were alms that we were soliciting. Perhaps that tone was unavoidable: thank God, it is no longer necessary or appropriate. Here we are, in all regards your equals, and demanding our rights as the representatives of Britons would demand their own. We have less eloquence, less skill, less astuteness than the great men to whom, of old, the interests of Ireland were confided; but we make up for these imperfections by the moral port and national bearing that become us. In mastery of diction we may be defective; in resources of argument we may be wanting; we may not be gifted with the accomplishments by which persuasion is produced; but in energy, in strenuousness, in union, in fidelity to our country and to each other, and, above all, in the undaunted and dauntless determination to enforce equality for Ireland, we stand unsurpassed. This, then, is the power with which the noble lord courts an encounter, foretells his own victories, and triumphs in their anticipation in the House of Commons. Where are his means of discomfiting us? To what resources does he look for the accomplishment of the wonders which he is to perform? Does he rely upon the excitement of the re-

ligious and national prejudices of England; and does he find it in his heart to resort to the "no Popery" cry?

Instead of telling him what he is doing, I 'll tell the country what, thirty years ago, was done. In 1807 the Whigs were in possession of Downing Street, and the Tories were in possession of St. James's Palace, but, without the people, the possession of St. James's was of no avail. The Whigs proposed that Roman Catholics should be admitted to the higher grades in the army and navy. The Tories saw that their opportunity was come, and the "no Popery" cry was raised. There existed, at that time, a great mass of prejudice in England. You had conquered Ireland and enslaved her; you hated her for the wrongs that you had done her, and despised her, and perhaps justly, for her endurance: the victim of oppression naturally becomes the object of scorn; you loathed our country, and you abhorred our creed. Of this feeling the Tories took advantage; the tocsin of fanaticism was rung; the war whoop of religious discord, the savage yell of infuriated ignorance, resounded through the country.

Events that ought to have been allowed to remain buried in the oblivion of centuries were disinterred; every misdeed of Catholics, when Catholics and Protestants imbrued their hands alternately in blood, was recalled; the ashes of the Smithfield fires were stirred for sparks with which the popular passions might be ignited. The re-establishment of Popery; the downfall of every Protestant institution; the annihilation of all liberty, civil or religious; these were the topics with which crafty men, without remorse of conscience, worked on the popular delusion. At public assemblies, senators, more remarkable for Protestant piety than Christian charity, delivered themselves of ferocious effusions amidst credulous and enthusiastic multitudes.

Then came public abuses, at which libations to the worst passions of human nature were prodigally poured out. "Rally round the king, rally round the church, rally round the religion of your forefathers," these were the invocations with which the English people were wrought into frenzy; and having, by these expedients, driven their antagonists from office, the Tories passed, themselves, the very measure from which they made their competitors the

objects of their denunciation. Are you playing the same game? If you are, then shame, shame upon you! I won't pronounce upon your motives: let the fact be their interpreters. What is the reason that a new edition of Fox's 'Martyrs,' with hundreds of subscribers, and with the name of the Duke of Cumberland at their head, has been announced? Wherefore, from one extremity of the country to the other, in every city, town, and hamlet, is a perverse ingenuity employed, in order to inspire the people of this country with a detestation of the religion of millions of their fellow citizens? Why is Popery, with her racks, her tortures, and her fagots, conjured up in order to appall the imagination of the English people? Why is perjury to our God, treason to our sovereign, a disregard of every obligation, divine and human, attributed to us? I leave you to answer those questions, and to give your answers, not only to the interrogatories which thus vehemently, and, I will own, indignantly I put to you, but to reply to those which must be administered to you, in your moments of meditation, by your own hearts.

But, whatever be your purpose in the religious excitement which you are endeavoring to get up in this country, of this I am convinced, that the result of your expedients will correspond with their deserts, and that as we have prevailed over you before, we shall again and again discomfit you. Yes, we, the Irish millions, led on by men like those that plead the cause of those millions in this House, must (it is impossible that we should not) prevail; and I am convinced that the people of England, so far from being disposed to array themselves against us, despite any remains of the prejudices which are fast passing away in this country, feel that we are entitled to the same privileges, and extend to us their sympathies in this good and glorious cause.

What is that cause? I shall rapidly tell you. You took away our Parliament—you took from us that Parliament which, like the House of Commons of this country, must have been under the control of the great majority of the people of Ireland, and would not, and could not, have withheld what you so long refused us. Is there a man here who doubts that if the Union had not been conceded, we

should have extorted Emancipation and Reform from our own House of Commons?

That House of Commons you bought, and paid for your bargain in gold; aye, and paid for it in the most palpable and sordid form in which gold can be paid down. But, while this transaction was pending, you told us that all distinctions should be abolished between us, and that we should become like unto yourselves. The great minister of the time, by whom that unexampled sale of our legislature was negotiated, held out equality with England as the splendid equivalent for the loss of our national representation; and, with classical references, elucidated the nobleness of the compact into which we had persuaded the depositants of the rights of their countrymen to enter. The Act of Union was passed, and twenty-nine years elapsed before any effectual measure was taken to carry its real and substantial terms into effect. At last, our enfranchisement was won by our own energy and determination; and, when it was in progress, we received assurances that, in every respect, we should be placed on a footing with our fellow citizens; and it was more specially announced to us, that to corporations, and to all offices connected with them, we should be at once admissible.

Pending this engagement, a bill is passed for the reform of the corporations of this country; and in every important municipal locality in England councilors are selected by the people as their representatives. This important measure having been carried here, the Irish people claim an extension of the same advantages, and ground their titles on the Union, on Emancipation, on Reform, and on the great principle of perfect equality between the two countries, on which the security of one country and the prosperity of both must depend. This demand on the part of Ireland is rejected; and that which to England no one was bold enough to deny, from Ireland you are determined, and you announce it, to withhold.

Is this justice? You will say that it is, and I should be surprised if you did not say so. I should be surprised, indeed, if, while you are doing us wrong, you did not profess your solicitude to do us justice. From the day on which Strongbow set his foot on the shores of Ireland, Englishmen were never wanting in protestations of their

deep anxiety to do us justice—even Strafford, the deserter of the people's cause—the renegade Wentworth, who gave evidence in Ireland of the spirit of instinctive tyranny which predominated in his character—even Strafford, while he trampled upon our rights, and trod upon the heart of the country, protested his solicitude to do justice to Ireland. What marvel is it, then, that gentlemen opposite should deal in such vehement protestations?

There is, however, one man of great abilities, not a member of this House, but whose talents and whose boldness have placed him in the topmost place in his party—who, disdaining all imposture, and thinking it the best course to appeal directly to the religious and national antipathies of the people of this country—abandoning all reserve, and flinging off the slender veil by which his political associates affect to cover, although they cannot hide, their motives—distinctly and audaciously tells the Irish people that they are not entitled to the same privileges as Englishmen; and pronounces them, in any particular which could enter his minute enumeration of the circumstances by which fellow-citizenship is created, in race, identity, and religion—to be aliens—to be aliens in race, to be aliens in country, to be aliens in religion. Aliens! good God! was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords, and did he not start up and exclaim: "Hold! I have seen the aliens do their duty!" The Duke of Wellington is not a man of an excitable temperament. His mind is of a cast too martial to be easily moved; but, notwithstanding his habitual inflexibility, I cannot help thinking that when he heard his Roman Catholic countrymen (for we are his countrymen) designated by a phrase as offensive as the abundant vocabulary of his eloquent confederate could supply—I cannot help thinking that he ought to have recollected the many fields of fight in which we have been contributors to his renown. "The battles, sieges, fortunes, that he has passed" ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable—from Assaye to Waterloo—the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies are filled, were the inseparable aux-

iliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that had never before reeled in the shock of war? What desperate valor climbed the steeps and filled the moats at Badajos?

All his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory—Vimiera, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse, and, last of all, the greatest—tell me, for you were there—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me [Sir Henry Hardinge], from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast—tell me, for you must needs remember—on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance—while death fell in showers—when the artillery of France was leveled with a precision of the most deadly science—when her legions, incited by the voice, and inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset—tell me if, for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the "aliens" blenched? And when at length the moment for the last and decisive movement had arrived, and the valor which had so long been wisely checked was at last let loose—when, with words familiar, but immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault—tell me, if Catholic Ireland, with less heroic valor than the natives of this your own glorious country, precipitated herself upon the foe? The blood of England, Scotland, and of Ireland flowed in the same stream, and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited—the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust—the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril—in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate? and shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?

PEN-AND-INK SKETCH OF DANIEL O'CONNELL.

From 'Sketches of the Irish Bar.'

If any one being a stranger in Dublin should chance, as you return upon a winter's morning from one of the "small and early" parties of that raking metropolis—that is to say, between the hours of five and six o'clock—to pass along the south side of Merrion Square,[1] you will not fail to observe that among those splendid mansions there is one evidently tenanted by a person whose habits differ materially from those of his fashionable neighbors. The half-open parlor shutter and the light within announce that some one dwells there whose time is too precious to permit him to regulate his rising with the sun. Should your curiosity tempt you to ascend the steps and under cover of the dark to reconnoiter the interior, you will see a tall, able-bodied man standing at a desk and immersed in solitary occupation. Upon the wall in front of him there hangs a crucifix. From this and from the calm attitude of the person within, and from a certain monastic rotundity about his neck and shoulders, your first impression will be that he must be some pious dignitary of the Church of Rome absorbed in his matin devotions.

But this conjecture will be rejected almost as soon as formed. No sooner can the eye take in the other furniture of the apartment—the book-cases, clogged with tomes in plain calfskin binding, the blue-covered octavos that lie about on the tables and the floor, the reams of manuscript in oblong folds and begirt with crimson tape—than it becomes evident that the party meditating amid such objects must be thinking far more of the law than the prophets. He is unequivocally a barrister, but apparently of that homely, chamber-keeping, plodding cast who labor hard to make up by assiduity what they want in wit, who are up and stirring before the bird of the morning has sounded the retreat to the wandering specter, and are already brain-deep in the dizzy vortex of mortgages and cross-reminders and mergers and remitters, while his clients, still lapped in

[1] One of the principal squares in Dublin. There O'Connell resided for about thirty years.

sweet oblivion of the law's delay, are fondly dreaming that their cause is peremptorily set down for a final hearing. Having come to this conclusion, you push on for home, blessing your stars on the way that you are not a lawyer, and sincerely compassionating the sedentary drudge whom you have just detected in the performance of his cheerless toil.

But should you happen in the course of the same day to stroll down to the Four Courts, you will not be a little surprised to find the object of your pity miraculously transferred from the severe recluse of the morning into one of the most bustling, important and joyous personages in that busy scene. There you will be sure to see him, his countenance braced up and glistening with health and spirits, with a huge, plethoric bag, which his robust arm can scarcely sustain, clasped with paternal fondness to his breast, and environed by a living palisade of clients and attorneys with outstretched necks, and mouths and ears agape to catch up any chance opinion that may be coaxed out of him in a colloquial way, or listening to what the client relishes still better (for in no event can they be slided into a bill of costs), the counselor's bursts of jovial and familiar humor, or, when he touches on a sadder strain, his prophetic assurance that the hour of Ireland's redemption is at hand. You perceive at once that you have lighted upon a great popular advocate; and if you take the trouble to follow his movements for a couple of hours through the several courts, you will not fail to discover the qualities that have made him so—his legal competency, his business-like habits, his sanguine temperament, which render him not merely the advocate, but the partisan of his client, his acuteness, his fluency of thought and language, his unconquerable good-humor, and, above all, his versatility.

By the hour of three, when the judges usually rise, you will have seen him go through a quantity of business the preparation for and the performance of which would be sufficient to wear down an ordinary constitution, and you naturally suppose that the remaining portion of the day must, of necessity, be devoted to recreation or repose. But here again you will be mistaken; for should you feel disposed, as you return from the courts, to drop into any

of the public meetings that are almost daily held for some purpose, or to no purpose, in Dublin,[1] to a certainty you will find the counselor there before you, the presiding spirit of the scene, riding in the whirlwind and directing the storm of popular debate with a strength of lungs and redundancy of animation as if he had that moment started fresh for the labors of the day. There he remains until, by dint of strength or dexterity, he has carried every point; and thence, if you would see him to the close of the day's "eventful history," you will, in all likelihood, have to follow him to a public dinner from which, after having acted a conspicuous part in the turbulent festivity of the evening and thrown off half a dozen speeches in praise of Ireland, he retires at a late hour to repair the wear and tear of the day by a short interval of repose, and is sure to be found before daybreak next morning at his solitary post, recommencing the routine of his restless existence. Now, any one who has once seen in the preceding situations the able-bodied, able-minded, acting, talking, multifarious person I have been just describing has no occasion to inquire his name. He may be assured that he is and can be no other than "Kerry's pride and Munster's glory," the far-famed and indefatigable Daniel O'Connell.

His frame is tall, expanded, and muscular, precisely such as befits a man of the people; for the physical classes ever look with double confidence and affection upon a leader who represents in his own person the qualities upon which they rely. In his face he has been equally fortunate; it is extremely comely. The features are at once soft and manly; the florid glow of health and a sanguine temperament is diffused over the whole countenance, which is national in the outline, and beaming with national emotion. The expression is open and confiding, and inviting confidence; there is not a trace of malignity or guile; if there were, the bright and sweet blue eyes, the most kindly and honest-looking that can be conceived, would repel the imputation. These popular gifts of nature O'Connell has not neglected to set off by his external carriage and deportment; or perhaps I should rather say that the same hand which has molded the exterior has supersaturated

[1] This sketch was written in 1823, six years before Catholic Emancipation was an accomplished fact.

the inner man with a fund of restless propensity which it is quite beyond his power, as it is certainly beyond his inclination, to control. A large portion of this is necessarily expended upon his legal avocations; but the labors of the most laborious of professions cannot tame him into repose. After deducting the daily drains of the study and the courts, there remains an ample residuum of animal spirits and ardor for occupation, which go to form a distinct, and I might say a predominant character—*the political chieftain.*

The existence of this overweening vivacity is conspicuous in O'Connell's manners and movements, and being a popular, and more particularly a national, quality, greatly recommends him to the Irish people—"*Mobilitate vigct*"—body and soul are in a state of permanent insurrection.

See him in the streets and you perceive at once that he is a man who has sworn that his country's wrongs shall be avenged. A Dublin jury—if judiciously selected—would find his very gait and gestures to be high treason by construction, so explicitly do they enforce the national sentiment of "Ireland her own, or the world in a blaze." As he marches to court, he shoulders his umbrella as if it were a pike. He flings out one factious foot before the other as if he had already burst his bonds and was kicking Protestant ascendency before him, while ever and anon a democratic, broad-shouldered roll of the upper man is manifestly an indignant effort to shuffle off "the oppression of seven hundred years."

This intensely national sensibility is the prevailing peculiarity in O'Connell's character; for it is not only when abroad and in the popular gaze that Irish affairs seem to press on his heart. The same *Erin-go-bragh* feeling follows him into the most technical details of his forensic occupations. Give him the most dry and abstract position of the law to support—the most remote that imagination can conceive from the violation of the Articles of Limerick, and, ten to one, he will contrive to interweave a patriotic episode upon those examples of British domination. The people are never absent from his thoughts.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

(1751—1816.)

THE phenomenal succession of talent in the Sheridan family, extending over two hundred and fifty years and through at least six generations, should furnish supporters of the theories that have been advanced in favor of the law of heredity with at least one strong argument. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the greatest scion of this extraordinarily talented family, was the son of Thomas Sheridan, an actor, elocutionist, and lexicographer. His father, the grandfather of our subject, was a noted wit, a classical scholar, and an intimate friend of Dean Swift. Of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's three granddaughters, one became the Duchess of Somerset, another the Countess of Dufferin, and the third the Hon. Mrs. Norton. And then, in the direct line, came Lord Dufferin, the brilliant author and distinguished diplomatist.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born in Dublin in 1751. At school he earned for himself the character of a dunce, and when later he was sent to Harrow he manifested a greater capacity for school boy pranks than for the acquisition of knowledge. When he was eighteen his father removed him from Harrow, and the boy's education was finished under his care.

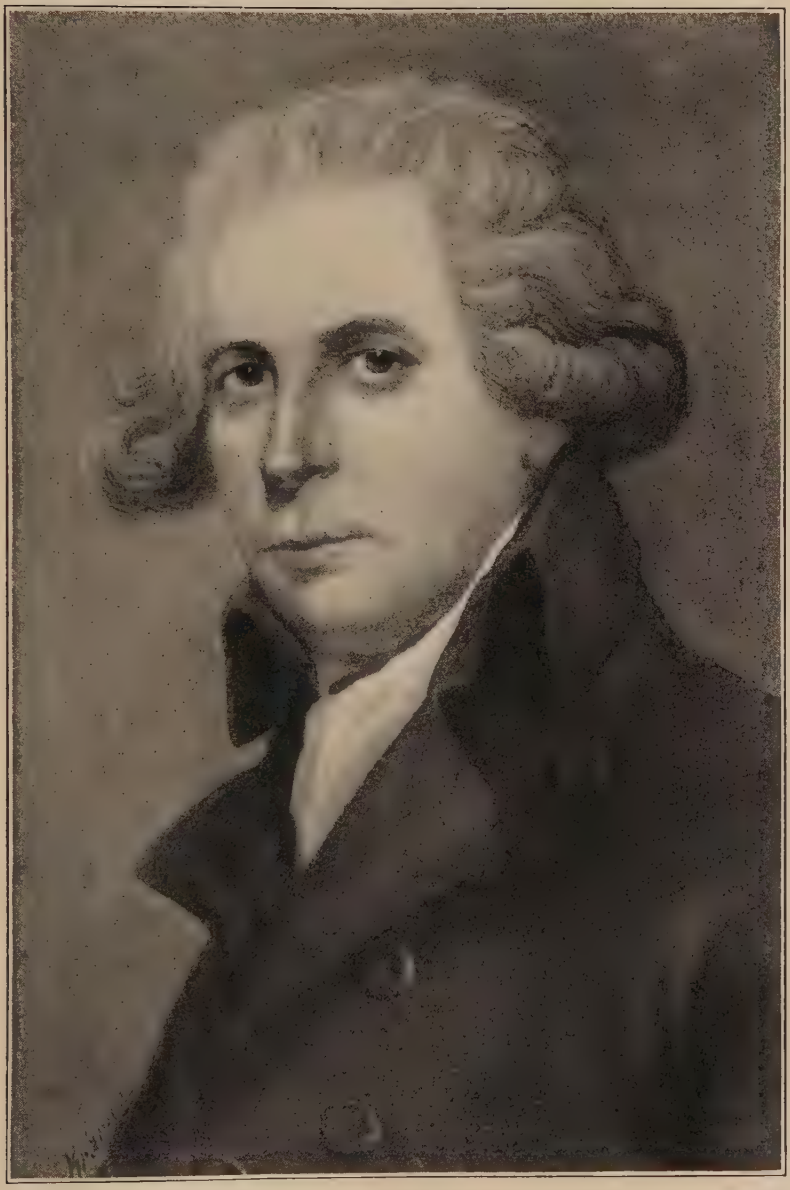
At that time, the city of Bath, in the West of England, was at the height of its fame as a resort of the *beau monde*, and when the Sheridan family removed to that city the young man was not long in acquiring that intimate knowledge of the many-sidedness of human nature which stood him in such good stead in the writing of the plays which made him famous. Bath was also the scene of his courtship, probably one of the most romantic recorded outside of fiction.

The lady was a daughter of Mr. Linley, a celebrated composer, and was herself a vocalist of the first order and possessed of great personal charms. She had a crowd of admirers, and Sheridan's passionate courtship of her was in secret. Already Mr. Long, an elderly and wealthy Wiltshire gentleman, had proposed for her, and had been accepted by her father; but on Miss Linley telling him the real state of the case he generously withdrew his suit and took upon himself the responsibility of breaking off the match. For this Mr. Linley sued him and obtained £3,000 ($15,000). Another lover of Miss Linley's was a person named Matthews, a married man, who prosecuted his suit rather rudely. She complained to her lover, and he remonstrated with Matthews to no effect. To escape his rudeness Miss Linley determined to leave Bath and abandon her profession. Her idea was to take refuge in a convent in France, and thither Sheridan started with her and a female companion. When they reached London they were privately married.

Matthews, however, still continued his persecution, now in the form of slanders upon Sheridan, some of which appeared in a Bath newspaper. This brought about first one, and then a second, duel. In

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

After the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds



the first Matthews was wounded; in the second both fought until their swords were broken, and they themselves severely wounded. After a time Mr. Linley consented to the match. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* appeared the notice: "April 13, 1773, Mr. Sheridan of The Temple to the celebrated Miss Linley of Bath." They retired to a cottage at East Burnham, going up to London in the winter. Owing to his talent and wit, and the manners and accomplishments of Mrs. Sheridan, they were received into the best society. But he was not idle in the meantime, for in January, 1775, 'The Rivals' was produced. It was coldly received on the first night, but it soon took its position as a classic and stock piece. In the same year he produced the farce 'St. Patrick's Day,' and soon after his comic opera of 'The Duenna' appeared at Covent Garden, and ran for ninety-five nights. But notwithstanding his success as a dramatic writer, so great was his extravagance that financial embarrassments had already begun to press upon him, and while his country-house was filled with lively parties, enjoying his hospitality and his wit, the dark clouds of debt hovered over him.

The great actor-manager Garrick retired in 1775 and Sheridan and others obtained possession of Drury Lane Theater. His father-in-law, Mr. Linley, Dr. Fordyce, and two other friends advanced the necessary funds for this, and Sheridan entered upon his new career determined to succeed. But no one could be worse fitted to carry on a great financial enterprise such as Drury Lane Theater. On opening the house under its new management Sheridan produced 'A Trip to Scarborough,' being an alteration of Vanbrugh's comedy 'The Relapse,' but it proved a failure.

"Finished at last, thank God!" he scribbled on the last page of the manuscript of 'The School for Scandal,' to which the prompter of the theater added an appropriate "Amen." It was first brought out in 1777 and at once took its place as the finest comedy in the English language. This proved a source of income to him all through his life. In 1778 he appointed his father manager of the theater, thinking that the old man's experience might act in some sort as a balance to the rashness of the young one. In 1779, the year of Garrick's death, Sheridan wrote some verses to his memory, and 'The Critic, or a Tragedy Rehearsed,' a farce, which was a model of its kind. In the same year also his father, after a vain attempt to deal with the disordered state of affairs at the theater, resigned his post.

The entrance of Sheridan into the field of politics however postponed the crash. He was returned for Stafford in 1780 and was a Member of Parliament for over thirty years. From the first he joined with his friend Fox, and this of course led him to advocate the cause of the Prince of Wales, with whom he soon became too closely acquainted for his benefit. In 1782 he became Under Secretary of State; in 1783 Secretary of the Treasury; in 1806 Treasurer of the Navy and Privy Councilor; in the later year he was also elected Member for Westminster, but he lost his seat in 1807. His Parliamentary reputation as an orator was all this time growing, until it reached its culminating point in the speech on the impeachment of Warren Hastings, which Lord Macaulay calls "the most elaborately brilliant of all the productions of his ingenious mind. The impression

which it produced was such as has never been equaled." It was greeted with applause on all sides, and the Ministers asked the House to adjourn, as under the influence of such eloquence they were unable to come to an impartial decision. Another of his famous orations was that on the press, in which he said, "Give me an unfettered press, and I will defy Court, Prince, and Parliament to encroach a hair's breadth upon the liberties of England."

In 1788 Sheridan's father died, and in 1792 he suffered a heavy blow in the death of his wife. It has been well said of her that she "possessed beauty without affectation; literary attainments without being a blue-stocking; natural accomplishments without vanity; she could occupy a dignified position in society without becoming artificial or neglecting her children. She had a turn for practical affairs; she looked after the accounts of the theater, and she held him to his political appointments."

In 1798 he produced 'Pizarro' and 'The Stranger,' both adaptations from Kotzebue. In 1804 he was appointed to the receivership of the Duchy of Cornwall by the Prince of Wales, "as a trifling proof of that friendship his Royal Highness had felt for him for a series of years." A few years after the death of his first wife he married Miss Ogle, daughter of the Dean of Winchester, who brought him a considerable accession of means. But notwithstanding this and his other sources of income, matters at the theater had become almost unbearable, when they were brought to a crisis by the burning down of the house. Arrangements were soon made for its rebuilding, and it was agreed that Sheridan should receive £20,000 ($100,000) for his claims and share of the property.

And now the duns like vultures gathered round him to share the spoil. His habits became more dissolute, and his friends did not seek his company so often, nor did the Prince invite him so frequently. In the spring of 1816 his health gave way. So pressing now became his creditors that he was actually arrested in bed, and with great difficulty the bailiff was persuaded not to remove him. The Bishop of London, hearing of his state, attended him, and Sheridan appeared greatly comforted by his prayers and spiritual advice. On July 7, 1816, he passed away without a struggle. His remains were laid in Westminster Abbey.

Mr. Hazlitt, in his 'Lectures on the English Comic Writers,' says of Sheridan: "He has been justly called 'a dramatic star of the first magnitude'; and, indeed, among the comic writers of the last century, he 'shines like Hesperus among the lesser lights.' He has left four dramas behind him, all different or of different kinds, and all excellent in their way. . . . This is the merit of Sheridan's comedies, that everything in them tells there is no labor in vain. . . . 'The School for Scandal' is, if not the most original, perhaps the mos finished and faultless comedy which we have. When it is acted you hear the people all around you exclaiming, 'Surely it is impossible for anything to be cleverer!' 'The Rivals' is one of the most agreeable comedies we have. In the elegance and brilliancy of the dialogue, in a certain animation of moral sentiment, and in the masterly *dénouement* of the fable, 'The School for Scandal' is superior, but 'The Rivals' has more life and action in it, and abounds in a greater

speech exposed the system of jury-packing, bringing forward as a number of whimsical characters, unexpected incidents, and absurd contrasts of situation. . . . 'The Duenna' is a perfect work of art. It has the utmost sweetness and point. The plot, the characters, the dialogue are all complete in themselves, and they are all his own, and the songs are the best that ever were written, except those in 'The Beggar's Opera.' They have a joyous spirit of intoxication in them, and a strain of the most melting tenderness."

Next to the sayings of Sydney Smith, the *bons-mots* of Sheridan are the most profuse, the most abundant, and the most quotable. Some of his biographers have let us into the secrets of the laboratory in which many of his good things were compounded, but most of his recorded sayings are obviously retorts made on the spur of the moment. Sheridan himself wrote: "A true-trained wit lays his plan like a general—foresees the circumstances of the conversation—surveys the ground and contingencies—and detaches a question to draw you into the palpable ambuscade of his ready-made joke"; and his practice showed him, according to his own definition, to be a "true-trained wit," for often the *bon-mot* was carefully elaborated and then the conversation as carefully guided to a fitting point at which the wit might be brought forth with apparent spontaneity. Many of his contemporaries testify that his wit was so incessant that it could not but be spontaneous: as for example, when Burke melodramatically threw a dagger on the floor of the House of Commons, Sheridan at once remarked, "The honorable gentleman has given us the knife, but where is the fork?"

In 1825, 'The Memoirs of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan' appeared, written by Thomas Moore, who is said to have received £2,000 ($10,000) for the copyright. Among the many editions of Sheridan's works which have been published we may notice: 'Speeches,' 5 vols., 1798; 'Dramatic Works,' edited by Thomas Moore, 2 vols., 1821; and another edition by Leigh Hunt was issued in 1841.

More recent criticism of Sheridan's work has been less sympathetic than that of Hazlitt, but the public appreciation of it is undiminished to this day, and it has never been said of Sheridan, as it has been said of Shakespeare, that "his plays spelled bankruptcy for the management." There is much in the character of Sheridan that has elicited severe criticism from writers who have been felt called upon to play the part of moral censor, but Sheridan had *les défauts de ses qualités;* this fact, and the manners and customs of his age and his environment, must all be taken into account if we would truly judge his character. He could not after all have been a very bad man of whom Tom Moore could say:

> "Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright
> Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade;
> Whose eloquence brightening whatever it tried,
> Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave—
> Was as rapid as deep, and as brilliant a tide
> As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave."

SPEECH IN OPPOSITION TO PITT'S FIRST INCOME-TAX.

Delivered in the House of Commons.

A wise man, sir, it is said, should doubt of everything. It was this maxim, probably, that dictated the amiable diffidence of the learned gentleman who addressed himself to the chair in these remarkable words: "I rise, Mr. Speaker, if I have risen." Now, to remove all doubts, I can assure the learned gentleman [1] that he actually did rise, and not only rose, but pronounced an able, long, and elaborate discourse, a considerable portion of which was employed in an erudite dissertation on the histories of Rome and Carthage. He further informed the House, upon the authority of Scipio, that we could never conquer the enemy until we were first conquered ourselves. It was when Hannibal was at the gates of Rome that Scipio had thought the proper moment for the invasion of Carthage—what a pity it is that the learned gentleman does not go with this consolation and the authority of Scipio to the Lord Mayor and aldermen of the city of London! Let him say: "Rejoice, my friends! Bonaparte is encamped at Blackheath! What happy tidings!" For here Scipio tells us you may every moment expect to hear of Lord Hawkesbury making his triumphal entry into Paris. It would be whimsical to observe how they would receive such joyful news. I should like to see such faces as they would make on that occasion. Though I doubt not of the erudition of the learned gentleman, he seems to me to have somehow confounded the stories of Hanno and Hannibal, of Scipio and the Romans. He told us that Carthage was lost by the parsimony or envy of Hanno in preventing the necessary supplies for the war being sent to Hannibal; but he neglected to go a little further, and to relate that Hanno accused the latter of having been ambitious—

"Juvenem furentem cupidine regni"—

and assured the Senate that Hannibal, though at the gates of Rome, was no less dangerous to Hanno. Be this, however, as it may, is there any Hanno in the British Senate?

[1] Mr. Perceval, afterward Chancellor of the Exchequer.

If there is, nothing can be more certain than that all the efforts and remonstrances of the British Hanno could not prevent a single man or a single guinea being sent for the supply of any Hannibal our ministers might choose. The learned gentleman added, after the defeat of Hannibal, Hanno laughed at the Senate; but he did not tell us what he laughed at. The advice of Hannibal has all the appearance of being a good one:

"Carthaginis mœnia Romæ munerata."

If they did not follow his advice, they had themselves to blame for it.

The circumstance of a great, exclusive, and victorious republic, breathing nothing but war in the long exercise of its most successful operations, surrounded with triumphs, and panting for fresh laurels, to be compared, much less represented as inferior, to the military power of England, is childish and ridiculous. What similitude is there between us and the great Roman Republic in the height of its fame and glory? Did you, sir, ever hear it stated that the Roman bulwark was a naval force? And, if not, what comparison can there be drawn between their efforts and power? This kind of rhodomontade declamation is finely described in the language of one of the Roman poets:

"I, demens, curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas, et DECLAMATIO fias.'
—*Juvenal*, Sat. x. 166.

The proper ground, sir, upon which this bill should be opposed I conceive to be neither the uncertainty of the criterion nor the injustice of the retrospect, though they would be sufficient. The tax itself will be found to defeat its own purposes. The amount which an individual paid to the assessed taxes last year can be no rule for what he shall pay in future. All the articles by which the graduations rose must be laid aside and never resumed again. Circumstanced as the country is, there can be no hope, no chance whatever, that, if the tax succeeds, it ever will be repealed. Each individual, therefore, instead of putting down this article or that, will make a final and general retrenchment, so that the minister cannot get at him in the

same way again by any outward sign which might be used as a criterion of his wealth. These retrenchments cannot fail of depriving thousands of their bread, and it is vain to hold out the delusion of modification or indemnity to the lower orders. Every burthen imposed upon the rich in the articles which give the poor employment affects them not the less for affecting them circuitously. A coachmaker, for instance, would willingly compromise with the minister, to give him a hundred guineas not to lay the tax upon coaches; for though the hundred guineas would be much more than his proportion of the new tax, yet it would be much better for him to pay the larger contribution, than, by the laying down of coaches, be deprived of those orders by which he got his bread. The same is the case with watchmakers, which I had lately an opportunity of witnessing, who, by the tax imposed last year, are reduced to a state of ruin, starvation, and misery; yet, in proposing that tax, the minister alleged that the poor journeymen could not be affected, as the tax would only operate on the gentlemen by whom the watches were worn. It is as much cant, therefore, to say that, by bearing heavily on the rich, we are saving the lower orders, as it is folly to suppose we can come at real income by arbitrary assessment or by symptoms of opulence.

There are three ways of raising large sums of money in a state: First, by voluntary contributions; secondly, by a great addition of new taxes; and, thirdly, by forced contributions, which is the worst of all, and which I aver the present to be. I am at present so partial to the first mode that I recommend the further consideration of this measure to be postponed for a month, in order to make an experiment of what might be effected by it. For this purpose let a bill be brought in authorizing the proper persons to receive voluntary contributions; and I should not care if it were read a third time to-night. I confess, however, that there are many powerful reasons which forbid us to be too sanguine in the success even of this measure. To awaken a spirit in the nation, the example should come from the first authority and the higher departments of the state. It is, indeed, seriously to be lamented that, whatever may be the burdens or distresses of the people, the government has

hitherto never shown a disposition to contribute anything, and this conduct must hold out a poor encouragement to others. Heretofore all the public contributions were made for the benefit and profit of the contributors, in a manner inconceivable to more simple nations. If a native inhabitant of Bengal or China were to be informed that in the west of Europe there was a small island which in the course of one hundred years contributed four hundred and fifty millions to the exigencies of the state, and that every individual, on the making of a demand, vied with his neighbor in alacrity to subscribe, he would immediately exclaim: "Magnanimous nation! you must surely be invincible." But far different would be his sentiments if informed of the tricks and jobs attending these transactions, where even loyalty was seen cringing for its bonus!

If the first example were given from the highest authority there would at least be some hopes of its being followed by other great men who received large revenues from the government. I would instance particularly the Teller of the Exchequer, and another person of high rank, who receive from their offices £13,000 a year more in war than they do in peace. The last noble lord (Lord Grenville) had openly declared for perpetual war, and could not bring his mind to think of anything like a peace with the French. Without meaning any personal disrespect, it was the nature of the human mind to receive a bias from such circumstances. So much was this acknowledged in the rules of this House that any person receiving a pension or high employment from his Majesty thereby vacated his seat. It was not, therefore, unreasonable to expect that the noble lord would contribute his proportion, and that a considerable one, to carry on the war, in order to show the world his freedom from such a bias. In respect to a near relative of that noble lord, I mean the noble marquis (Marquis of Buckingham), there could be no doubt of his coming forward liberally.

I remember when I was Secretary to the Treasury the noble marquis sent a letter there requesting that his office might, in point of fees and emoluments, be put under the same economical regulations as the others. The reason he assigned for it was, "the emoluments were so much greater in time of war than peace that his conscience would be

hurt by feeling that he received them from the distresses of his country. No retrenchment, however, took place in that office. If, therefore, the marquis thought proper to bring the arrears since that time also from his conscience, the public would be at least £40,000 the better for it. By a calculation I have made, which I believe, cannot be controverted, it appears, from the vast increase of our burdens during the war, that if peace were to be concluded tomorrow we should have to provide taxes annually to the amount of £28,000,000. To this is further to be added the expense of that system by which Ireland is not governed, but ground, insulted, and oppressed. To find a remedy for all these incumbrances, the first thing to be done is to restore the credit of the bank, which has failed, as well in credit as in honor. Let it no longer, in the minister's hands, remain the slave of political circumstances. It must continue insolvent till the connection is broken off. I remember, in consequence of expressions made use of in this House upon former discussions, when it was thought the minister would relinquish that unnatural and ruinous alliance, the newspapers sported a good deal with the idea that the House of Commons had forbid the bans between him and the old lady.[1] Her friends had interfered, it was said, to prevent the union, as it was well known that it was her dower he sought, and not her person nor the charms of her society.

It is, sir, highly offensive to the decency and sense of a commercial people to observe the juggle between the minister and the bank. The latter vauntingly boasted itself ready and able to pay, but that the minister kindly prevented, and put a lock and key upon it. There is a liberality in the British nation which always makes allowance for inability of payment. Commerce requires enterprise, and enterprise is subject to losses. But I believe no indulgence was ever shown to a creditor saying, "I can, but will not pay you." Such was the real condition of the bank, together with its accounts, when they were laid before the House of Commons, and the chairman [2] reported from the committee, stating its prosperity and the great

[1] "Old lady of Threadneedle Street" is in England a common expression for the Bank of England.

[2] Mr. Bragge was chairman of the committee, and this gave Sheridan the hint for his punning allusion.

increase of its cash and bullion. The minister, however, took care to vary the old saying, "Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is better." "Ah!" said he, "my worthy chairman, this is excellent news, but I will take care to secure it." He kept his word, took the money, gave the Exchequer bills for it, which were no security, and there was then an end to all our public credit. It is singular enough, sir, that the report upon this bill stated that it was meant to secure our public credit from the avowed intentions of the French to make war upon it. This was done most effectually. Let the French come when they please; they cannot touch our public credit at least. The minister has wisely provided against it; for he has previously destroyed it. The only consolation besides that remains to us is his assurance that all will return again to its former state at the conclusion of the war. Thus we are to hope that, though the bank now presents a meager specter, as soon as peace is restored the golden bust will make its reappearance. This, however, is far from being the way to inspirit the nation or intimidate the enemy. Ministers have long taught the people of the inferior order that they can expect nothing from them but by coercion, and nothing from the great but by corruption. The highest encouragement to the French will be to observe the public supineness. Can they have an aprehension of nationl energy or spirit in a people whose minister is eternally oppressing them?

Though, sir, I have opposed the present tax, I am still conscious that our existing situation requires great sacrifices to be made, and that a foreign enemy must at all events be resisted. I behold in the measures of the minister nothing except the most glaring incapacity and the most determined hostility to our liberties; but we must be content, if necessary for preserving our independence from foreign attack, to strip to the skin. "It is an established maxim," we are told, that men must give up a part for the preservation of the remainder. I do not dispute the justice of the maxim. But this is the constant language of the gentleman opposite to me. We have already given up part after part, nearly till the whole is swallowed up. If I had a pound, and a person asked me for a shilling to preserve the rest, I should willingly comply, and think my-

self obliged to him. But if he repeated that demand till he came to my twentieth shilling, I should ask him, "Where is the remainder? Where is my pound now? Why, my friend, that is no joke at all." Upon the whole, sir, I see no salvation for the country but in the conclusion of a peace and the removal of the present ministers.

MRS. MALAPROP.

From 'The Rivals.'

Re-enter LUCY *in a hurry.*

Lucy. O, ma'am, here is Sir Anthony Absolute just come home with your aunt.

Lydia. They'll not come here.—Lucy, do you watch. (*Exit* LUCY.)

Julia. Yet I must go. Sir Anthony does not know I am here, and if we meet, he'll detain me, to show me the town. I'll take another opportunity of paying my respects to Mrs. Malaprop, when she shall treat me, as long as she chooses, with her select words so ingeniously misapplied, without being mispronounced.

Re-enter LUCY.

Lucy. O Lud! ma'am, they are both coming upstairs.

Lydia. Well, I'll not detain you, coz.—Adieu, my dear Julia, I'm sure you are in haste to send to Faulkland.—There—through my room you'll find another staircase.

Julia. Adieu! (*Embraces* LYDIA, *and exit.*)

Lydia. Here, my dear Lucy, hide these books. Quick, quick.—Fling 'Peregrine Pickle' under the toilet—throw 'Roderick Random' into the closet—put 'The Innocent Adultery' into 'The Whole Duty of Man'—thrust 'Lord Aimworth' under the sofa—cram 'Ovid' behind the bolster—there—put 'The Man of Feeling' into your pocket—so, so—now lay 'Mrs. Chapone' in sight, and leave 'Fordyce's Sermons' open on the table.

Lucy. O burn it, ma'am! the hair-dresser has torn away as far as 'Proper Pride.'

Lydia. Never mind—open at 'Sobriety.'—Fling me 'Lord Chesterfield's Letters.'—Now for 'em.

(*Exit* LUCY.)

Enter MRS. MALAPROP *and* SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. Malaprop. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lydia. Madam, I thought you once—

Mrs. Malaprop. You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all—thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

Lydia. Ah, madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

Mrs. Malaprop. But I say it is, miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I 'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed—and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

Sir Anthony. Why, sure she won't pretend to remember what she 's ordered not!—ay, this comes of her reading!

Lydia. What crime, madam, have I committed, to be treated thus?

Mrs. Malaprop. Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it.—But tell me, will you promise to do as you 're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

Lydia. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. Malaprop. What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that as both always wear off, 't is safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he 'd been a blackamoor—and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made!—and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 't is unknown what tears I shed!

—But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

Lydia. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. Malaprop. Take yourself to your room.—You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humors.

Lydia. Willingly, ma'am—I cannot change for the worse. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. Malaprop. There's a little intricate hussy for you!

Sir Anthony. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am,—all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by Heaven! I 'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!

Mrs. Malaprop. Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy.

Sir Anthony. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library!—She had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes with marble covers!—From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs. Malaprop. Those are vile places, indeed!

Sir Anthony. Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge! It blossoms through the year!—And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. Malaprop. Fy, fy, Sir Anthony! you surely speak laconically.

Sir Anthony. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. Malaprop. Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments.—But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and

artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts;—and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries;—but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not misspell and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know;—and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir Anthony. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate—you say you have no objection to my proposal?

Mrs. Malaprop. None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres, and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir Anthony. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. Malaprop. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

Sir Anthony. Objection!—let him object if he dare!—No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple—in their younger days, 't was "Jack, do this;"—if he demurred, I knocked him down—and if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs. Malaprop. Ay, and the properest way, o' my conscience!—nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity.—Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations;—and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir Anthony. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently.—Well, I must leave you; and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl.—Take my advice—keep a tight hand: if she rejects this pro-

posal, clap her under lock and key; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about.

(*Exit.*)

Mrs. Malaprop. Well, at any rate I shall be glad to get her from under my intuition. She has somehow discovered my partiality for Sir Lucius O'Trigger—sure, Lucy can't have betrayed me!—No, the girl is such a simpleton, I should have made her confess it.—Lucy!—Lucy!—(*Calls.*) Had she been one of your artificial ones, I should never have trusted her.

SCENE III.—MRS. MALAPROP'S *Lodgings.*

MRS. MALAPROP, *with a letter in her hand, and* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. Malaprop. Your being Sir Anthony's son, captain, would itself be a sufficient accommodation; but from the ingenuity of your appearance, I am convinced you deserve the character here given of you.

Absolute. Permit me to say, madam, that as I never yet have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Languish, my principal inducement in this affair at present is the honor of being allied to Mrs. Malaprop; of whose intellectual accomplishments, elegant manners, and unaffected learning, no tongue is silent.

Mrs. Malaprop. Sir, you do me infinite honor! I beg, captain, you'll be seated. (*They sit.*) Ah! few gentlemen, nowadays, know how to value the ineffectual qualities in a woman! few think how a little knowledge becomes a gentlewoman!—Men have no sense now but for the worthless flower of beauty.

Absolute. It is but too true, indeed, ma'am;—yet I fear our ladies should share the blame—they think our admiration of beauty so great, that knowledge in them would be superfluous. Thus, like garden-trees, they seldom show fruit, till time has robbed them of the more specious blossom.—Few, like Mrs. Malaprop and the orange-tree, are rich in both at once!

Mrs. Malaprop. Sir, you overpower me with good breeding.—He is the very pine-apple of politeness!—You

are not ignorant, captain, that this giddy girl has somehow contrived to fix her affections on a beggarly, strolling, eavesdropping ensign, whom none of us have seen, and nobody knows anything of.

Absolute. Oh, I have heard the silly affair before.—I 'm not at all prejudiced against her on that account.

Mrs. Malaprop. You are very good and very considerate, captain. I am sure I have done everything in my power since I exploded the affair; long ago I laid my positive conjunctions on her, never to think on the fellow again;—I have since laid Sir Anthony's preposition before her; but, I am sorry to say, she seems resolved to decline every particle that I enjoin her.

Absolute. It must be very distressing, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. Malaprop. Oh! it gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree.—I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him; but, behold, this very day, I have interceded another letter from the fellow; I believe I have it in my pocket.

Absolute. Oh, the devil! my last note. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. Malaprop. Ay, here it is.

Absolute. Ay, my note indeed! O the little traitress Lucy. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. Malaprop. There, perhaps you may know the writing. (*Gives him the letter.*)

Absolute. I think I have seen the hand before—yes, I certainly must have seen this hand before—

Mrs. Malaprop. Nay, but read it, captain.

Absolute. (*Reads.*) *My soul's idol, my adored Lydia!* —Very tender indeed!

Mrs. Malaprop. Tender! ay, and profane too, o' my conscience.

Absolute. (*Reads.*) *I am excessively alarmed at the intelligence you send me, the more so as my new rival—*

Mrs. Malaprop. That 's you, sir.

Absolute. (*Reads.*) *Has universally the character of being an accomplished gentleman and a man of honor.*—Well, that 's handsome enough.

Mrs. Malaprop. Oh, the fellow has some design in writing so.

Absolute. That he had, I 'll answer for him, ma'am.

Mrs. Malaprop. But go on, sir—you 'll see presently.

Absolute. (*Reads.*) *As for the old weather-beaten she-dragon who guards you*—Who can he mean by that?

Mrs. Malaprop. Me, sir!—me!—he means me!—There—what do you think now?—but go on a little further.

Absolute. Impudent scoundrel!—(*Reads.*) *it shall go hard but I will elude her vigilance, as I am told that the same ridiculous vanity which makes her dress up her coarse features, and deck her dull chat with hard words which she don't understand*—

Mrs. Malaprop. There, sir, an attack upon my language! what do you think of that?—an aspersion upon my parts of speech! was ever such a brute! Sure, if I reprehend anything in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs!

Absolute. He deserves to be hanged and quartered! let me see—(*Reads.*) *same ridiculous vanity*—

Mrs. Malaprop. You need not read it again, sir.

Absolute. I beg pardon, ma'am.—(*Reads.*) *does also lay her open to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pretended admiration*—an impudent coxcomb!—*so that I have a scheme to see you shortly with the old harridan's consent, and even to make her a go-between in our interview.*—Was ever such assurance?

Mrs. Malaprop. Did you ever hear anything like it?—he'll elude my vigilance, will he—yes, yes! ha! ha! he's very likely to enter these doors;—we'll try who can plot best!

Absolute. So we will, ma'am—so we will! Ha! ha! ha! a conceited puppy, ha! ha! ha!—Well, but Mrs. Malaprop, as the girl seems so infatuated by this fellow, suppose you were to wink at her corresponding with him for a little time—let her even plot an elopement with him—then do you connive at her escape—while I, just in the nick, will have the fellow laid by the heels, and fairly contrive to carry her off in his stead.

Mrs. Malaprop. I am delighted with the scheme; never was anything better perpetrated!

Absolute. But, pray, could not I see the lady for a few minutes now?—I should like to try her temper a little.

Mrs. Malaprop. Why, I don't know—I doubt she is not prepared for a visit of this kind. There is a decorum in these matters.

Absolute. O Lord! she won't mind me—only tell her Beverley—

Mrs. Malaprop. Sir!

Absolute. Gently, good tongue. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. Malaprop. What did you say of Beverley?

Absolute. Oh, I was going to propose that you should tell her, by way of jest, that it was Beverley who was below; she'd come down fast enough then—ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Malaprop. 'T would be a trick she well deserves; besides, you know the fellow tells her he'll get my consent to see her—ha! ha! Let him if he can, I say again. Lydia, come down here!—(*Calling.*) He'll make me a go-between in their interviews!—ha! ha! ha! Come down, I say, Lydia! I don't wonder at your laughing, ha! ha! ha! his impudence is truly ridiculous.

Absolute. 'T is very ridiculous, upon my soul, ma'am, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Malaprop. The little hussy won't hear. Well, I'll go and tell her at once who it is—she shall know that Captain Absolute is come to wait on her. And I'll make her behave as becomes a young woman.

Absolute. As you please, ma'am.

Mrs. Malaprop. For the present, captain, your servant. Ah! you've not done laughing yet, I see—elude my vigilance; yes, yes; ha! ha! ha! (*Exit.*)

Absolute. Ha! ha! ha! one would think now that I might throw off all disguise at once, and seize my prize with security; but such is Lydia's caprice, that to undeceive were probably to lose her. I'll see whether she knows me.

(*Walks aside, and seems engaged in looking at the pictures.*)

Enter LYDIA.

Lydia. What a scene am I now to go through! surely nothing can be more dreadful than to be obliged to listen to the loathsome addresses of a stranger to one's heart. I have heard of girls persecuted as I am, who have appealed in behalf of their favored lover to the generosity of his rival: suppose I were to try it—there stands the hated rival—an officer too!—but oh, how unlike my Beverley! I wonder he don't begin—truly he seems a very negligent

wooer!—quite at his ease, upon my word!—I 'll speak first—Mr. Absolute.

Absolute. Ma'am. (*Turns round.*)

Lydia. O heavens! Beverley!

Absolute. Hush!—hush, my life! softly! be not surprised!

Lydia. I am so astonished! and so terrified! and so overjoyed!—for Heaven's sake! how came you here?

Absolute. Briefly, I have deceived your aunt—I was informed that my new rival was to visit here this evening, and contriving to have him kept away, have passed myself on her for Captain Absolute.

Lydia. O charming! And she really takes you for young Absolute?

Absolute. Oh, she 's convinced of it.

Lydia. Ha! ha! ha! I can't forbear laughing to think how her sagacity is overreached!

Absolute. But we trifle with our precious moments—such another opportunity may not occur; then let me now conjure my kind, my condescending angel, to fix the time when I may rescue her from undeserving persecution, and with a licensed warmth plead for my reward.

Lydia. Will you then, Beverley, consent to forfeit that portion of my paltry wealth?—that burden on the wings of love?

Absolute. Oh, come to me—rich only thus—in loveliness! Bring no portion to me but thy love—'t will be generous in you, Lydia—for well you know, it is the only dower your poor Beverley can repay.

Lydia. How persuasive are his words!—How charming will poverty be with him! (*Aside.*)

Absolute. Ah! my soul, what a life will we then live! Love shall be our idol and support! we will worship him with a monastic strictness; abjuring all worldly toys, to center every thought and action there. Proud of calamity, we will enjoy the wreck of wealth; while the surrounding gloom of adversity shall make the flame of our pure love show doubly bright. By Heavens! I would fling all goods of fortune from me with a prodigal hand, to enjoy the scene where I might clasp my Lydia to my bosom, and say, the world affords no smile to me but here.—(*Embracing her.*) If she holds out now, the devil is in it! (*Aside.*)

Lydia. Now could I fly with him to the antipodes! but my persecution is not yet come to a crisis. (*Aside.*)

Re-enter MRS. MALAPROP, *listening.*

Mrs. Malaprop. I am impatient to know how the little hussy deports herself. (*Aside.*)

Absolute. So pensive, Lydia!—is then your warmth abated?

Mrs. Malaprop. Warmth abated!—so!—she has been in a passion, I suppose. (*Aside.*)

Lydia. No—nor ever can while I have life.

Mrs. Malaprop. An ill-tempered little devil! She'll be in a passion all her life—will she?

Lydia. Think not the idle threats of my ridiculous aunt can ever have any weight with me.

Mrs. Malaprop. Very dutiful, upon my word! (*Aside.*)

Lydia. Let her choice be Captain Absolute, but Beverley is mine.

Mrs. Malaprop. I am astonished at her assurance!—to his face—this is to his face! (*Aside.*)

Absolute. Thus then let me enforce my suit.

(*Kneeling.*)

Mrs. Malaprop. (*Aside.*) Ay, poor young man!—down on his knees entreating for pity!—I can contain no longer.—(*Coming forward.*) Why, thou vixen!—I have overheard you.

Absolute. Oh, confound her vigilance! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. Malaprop. Captain Absolute, I know not how to apologize for her shocking rudeness.

Absolute. (*Aside.*) So all's safe, I find.—(*Aloud.*) I have hopes, madam, that time will bring the young lady—

Mrs. Malaprop. Oh, there's nothing to be hoped for from her! she's as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of Nile.

Lydia. Nay, madam, what do you charge me with now?

Mrs. Malaprop. Why, thou unblushing rebel—didn't you tell this gentleman to his face that you loved another better?—didn't you say you never would be his?

Lydia. No, madam—I did not.

Mrs. Malaprop. Good heavens! what assurance!—Lydia, Lydia, you ought to know that lying don't become a

young woman!—Didn't you boast that Beverley, that stroller Beverley, possessed your heart?—Tell me that, I say.

Lydia. 'T is true, ma'am, and none but Beverley—

Mrs. Malaprop. Hold!—hold, Assurance!—you shall not be so rude.

Absolute. Nay, pray, Mrs. Malaprop, don't stop the young lady's speech: she 's very welcome to talk thus—it does not hurt me in the least, I assure you.

Mrs. Malaprop. You are too good, captain—too amiably patient—but come with me, miss.—Let us see you again soon, captain—remember what we have fixed.

Absolute. I shall, ma'am.

Mrs. Malaprop. Come, take a graceful leave of the gentleman.

Lydia. May every blessing wait on my Beverley, my loved Bev—

Mrs. Malaprop. Hussy! I 'll choke the word in your throat!—come along—come along.

(*Exeunt severally;* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE *kissing his hand to* LYDIA—MRS. MALAPROP *stopping her from speaking.*)

BOB ACRES' DUEL.

From ' The Rivals.'

ACRES' *Lodgings.* *Enter* SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

Sir Lucius. Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you.

Acres. My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

Sir Lucius. Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

Acres. 'Faith, I have followed Cupid's Jack-a-lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last. In short, I have been very ill-used, Sir Lucius. I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as a very ill-used gentleman.

Sir Lucius. Pray, what is the case? I ask no names.

Acres. Mark me, Sir Lucius:—I fall as deep as need be in love with a young lady—her friends take my part—I follow her to Bath—send word of my arrival—and re-

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "BOB ACRES"

From a photograph

"Mark me, Sir Lucius, I fall as deep as need be in love with a young lady."

ceive answer that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of. This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill-used.

Sir Lucius. Very ill, upon my conscience! Pray, can you divine the cause of it?

Acres. Why, there 's the matter! She has another lover, one Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath. Odds slanders and lies! he must be at the bottom of it.

Sir Lucius. A rival in the case, is there?—and you think he has supplanted you unfairly?

Acres. Unfairly! to be sure he has. He never could have done it fairly.

Sir Lucius. Then sure you know what is to be done?

Acres. Not I, upon my soul.

Sir Lucius. We wear no swords here—but you understand me.

Acres. What! fight him?

Sir Lucius. Ay, to be sure; what can I mean else?

Acres. But he has given me no provocation.

Sir Lucius. Now I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous offense against another than to fall in love with the same woman? Oh, by my soul, it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

Acres. Breach of friendship! Ay, ay; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

Sir Lucius. That 's no argument at all—he has the less right, then, to take such a liberty.

Acres. 'Gad, that 's true—I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius—I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valor in him and not know it. But couldn't I contrive to have a little right on my side?

Sir Lucius. What the devil signifies *right* when your *honor* is concerned? Do you think Achilles or my little Alexander the Great ever inquired where the right lay? No. by my soul, they drew their broadswords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

Acres. Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart. I believe courage must be catching. I certainly do feel a kind of valor rising, as it were—a kind of courage, as I may say—Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I 'll challenge him directly.

Sir Lucius. Ah! my little friend, if I had Blunderbuss Hall here I could show you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the New Room, every one of whom had killed his man. For though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank Heaven our honor and the family pictures are as fresh as ever.

Acres. Oh, Sir Lucius, I have had ancestors too!—every man of them colonel or captain in the militia! Odds balls and barrels! say no more—I 'm braced for it. The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast! Zounds! as the man in the play says, "I could do such deeds"—

Sir Lucius. Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case; these things should always be done civilly.

Acres. I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius—I must be in a rage!—Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me. Come, here 's pen and paper. (*Sits down to write.*) I would the ink were red! Indite, I say, indite. How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I 'll write a good bold hand, however.

Sir Lucius. Pray compose yourself. (*Sits down.*)

Acres. Come, now, shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with a dam'me!

Sir Lucius. Pho, pho! do the thing decently, and like a Christian. Begin now—"Sir"—

Acres. That 's too civil by half.

Sir Lucius. "To prevent the confusion that might arise"—

Acres. (*Writing and repeating.*) "To prevent the confusion which might arise"—Well?—

Sir Lucius. "From our both addressing the same lady"—

Acres. Ay—there 's the reason—"same lady"—Well?—

Sir Lucius. "I shall expect the honor of your company"—

Acres. Zounds, I 'm not asking him to dinner!

Sir Lucius. Pray, be easy.

Acres. Well, then, "honor of your company"—

Sir Lucius. "To settle our pretensions"—

Acres. Well?

Sir Lucius. Let me see—aye, King's Mead-fields will do—" in King's Mead-fields."

Acres. So, that 's down. Well, I 'll fold it up presently; my own crest—a hand and dagger—shall be the seal.

Sir Lucius. You see, now, this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

Acres. Ay, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

Sir Lucius. Now, I 'll leave you to fix your own time. Take my advice and you 'll decide it this evening, if you can; then, let the worse come of it, 't will be off your mind to-morrow.

Acres. Very true.

Sir Lucius. So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening. I would do myself the honor to carry your message, but, to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here who put a jest on me lately at the expense of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman to call him out.

Acres. By my valor, I should like to see you fight first. Odds life! I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson.

Sir Lucius. I shall be very proud of instructing you. Well, for the present—but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do everything in a mild and agreeable manner. Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished, as your sword. (*Exit* Sir Lucius.)

Acres *sealing the letter, while* David *his servant enters.*

David. Then, by the mass, sir, I would do no such thing! Ne'er a Sir Lucifer in the kingdom should make me fight when I wa'n't so minded. Oons! what will the old lady say when she hears o't!

Acres. But my honor, David, my honor! I must be very careful of my honor.

David. Ay, by the mass, and I would be very careful of it; and I think, in return, my honor couldn't do less than be very careful of me.

Acres. Odds blades! David, no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honor!

David. I say, then, it would be but civil in *honor* never to risk the loss of a *gentleman.* Look ye, master, this *honor* seems to me a marvelous false friend; ay, truly, a very courtier-like servant. Put the case, I was a gentleman (which, thank Heaven, no one can say of me), well —my honor makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance. So—we fight. (Pleasant enough that!) Boh! I kill him (the more 's my luck). Now, pray, who gets the profit of it? Why, my *honor.* But put the case that he kills me! By the mass! I go to the worms, and my honor whips over to my enemy.

Acres. No, David, in that case—odds crowns and laurels! your honor follows you to the grave.

David. Now that 's just the place where I could make a shift to do without it.

Acres. Zounds! David, you are a coward!—It doesn't become my valor to listen to you. What, shall I disgrace my ancestors? Think of that, David—think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors!

David. Under favor, the surest way of not disgracing them is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look'ee now, master, to go to them in such haste—with an ounce of lead in your brains—I should think might as well be let alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

Acres. But, David, now, you don't think there is such very, very, *very* great danger, hey?—Odds life! people often fight without any mischief done!

David. By the mass, I think 't is ten to one against you!—Oons! here to meet some lion-headed fellow, I warrant, with his d—d double-barreled swords and cut-and-thrust pistols! Lord bless us! it makes me tremble to think o't—those be such desperate bloody-minded weapons! well, I never could abide 'em!—from a child I never could fancy 'em!—I suppose there an't been so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol.

Acres. Zounds! I *won't* be afraid—odds fire and fury! you sha'n't make me afraid—Here is the challenge, and I have sent for my dear friend, Jack Absolute, to carry it for me.

David. Ay, i' the name of mischief, let *him* be the mes-

senger.—For my part, I wouldn't lend a hand to it for the best horse in your stable. By the mass, it don't look like another letter!—It is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-looking letter!—and I warrant smells of gunpowder, like a soldier's pouch!—Oons! I wouldn't swear it mayn't go off. (*Drops it in alarm.*)

Acres. (*Starting.*) Out, you poltroon!—you ha'n't the valor of a grasshopper.

David. Well, I say no more—'t will be sad news, to be sure, at Clod Hall—but I ha' done. How Phillips will howl when she hears of it!—ay, poor bitch, she little thinks what shooting her master's going after!—and I warrant old Crop, who has carried your honor, field and road, these ten years, will curse the hour he was born! (*Whimpering.*)

Acres. It won't do, David—so get along, you coward—I am determined to fight while I 'm in the mind.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Captain Absolute, sir.

Acres. O! show him up. (*Exit* SERVANT.)

David. (*On his knees.*) Well, Heaven send we be all alive this time to-morrow.

Acres. What 's that!—Don't provoke me, David!

David. Good-bye, master. (*Exit* DAVID, *whimpering.*)

Acres. Get along, you cowardly, dastardly, croaking raven.

Enter CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Captain Absolute. What 's the matter, Bob?

Acres. A vile, sheep-hearted blockhead; if I hadn't the valor of St. George, and the dragon to boot—

Captain Absolute. But what did you want with me, Bob?

Acres. Oh! there—(*Gives him the challenge.*)

Captain Absolute. "To Ensign Beverley." (*Aside.*) So, what 's going on now? Well, what 's this?

Acres. A challenge!

Captain Absolute. Indeed! Why, you won't fight him, will you, Bob?

Acres. 'Egad, but I will, Jack. Sir Lucius has wrought me to it. He has left me full of rage—and I 'll

fight this evening, that so much good passion mayn't be wasted.

Captain Absolute. But what have I to do with this?

Acres. Why, as I think you know something of this fellow, I want you to find him out for me, and give him this mortal defiance.

Captain Absolute. Well, give it me, and, trust me, he gets it.

Acres. Thank you, my dear friend, my dear Jack; but it is giving you a great deal of trouble.

Captain Absolute. Not in the least—I beg you won't mention it. No trouble in the world, I assure you.

Acres. You are very kind. What it is to have a friend! —you couldn't be my second, could you, Jack?

Captain Absolute. Why no, Bob, not in *this* affair—it would not be quite so proper.

Acres. Well, then, I must get my friend Sir Lucius. I shall have your good wishes, however, Jack?

Captain Absolute. Whenever he meets you, believe me.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Sir Anthony Absolute is below, inquiring for the Captain.

Captain Absolute. I 'll come instantly.—Well, my little hero, success attend you. (*Going.*)

Acres. Stay, stay, Jack. If Beverley should ask you what kind of a man your friend Acres is, do tell him I am a devil of a fellow—will you, Jack?

Captain Absolute. To be sure I shall. I 'll say you are a determined dog—hey, Bob?

Acres. Ay, do, do—and if that frightens him, 'egad, perhaps he mayn't come. So tell him I generally kill a man a week; will you, Jack?

Captain Absolute. I will, I will; I 'll say you are called in the country "Fighting Bob."

Acres. Right, right—'t is all to prevent mischief; for I don't want to take his life, if I clear my honor.

Captain Absolute. No! that 's very kind of you.

Acres. Why, you don't wish me to kill him, do you, Jack?

Captain Absolute. No, upon my soul, I do not. But a devil of a fellow, hey? (*Going.*)

Acres. True, true. But stay—stay, Jack; you may add that you never saw me in such a rage before—a most devouring rage.

Captain Absolute. I will, I will.

Acres. Remember, Jack—a determined dog!

Captain Absolute. Ay, ay—"Fighting Bob."

(*Exeunt severally.*)

King's Mead-fields.—Enter SIR LUCIUS *and* ACRES, *with pistols.*

Acres. By my valor! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims! I say it is a good distance.

Sir Lucius. It is for muskets or small field-pieces; upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave these things to me. Stay, now; I'll show you. (*Measures six paces.*) There, now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres. Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the further he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir Lucius. 'Faith, then, I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres. No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty, or eight-and-thirty yards—

Sir Lucius. Pho, pho! Nonsense! Three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres. Odds bullets, no!—by my valor! there is no merit in killing him so near. Do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Sir Lucius. Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius; but I don't understand—

Sir Lucius. Why, you may think there 's no being shot at without a little risk—and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it—I say, it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres. A quietus!

Sir Lucius. For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you choose to be pickled and sent home?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey?—I 'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres. Pickled!—Snug lying in the Abbey!—Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir Lucius. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, never before, (*aside*) and never will again, if I get out of this.

Sir Lucius. Ah, that 's a pity!—there 's nothing like being used to a thing.—Pray, now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres. Odds files! I 've practiced that. There, Sir Lucius, there—(*puts himself in an attitude*)—a side-front, hey!—Odd! I 'll make myself small enough—I 'll stand edgeways.

Sir Lucius. Now, you 're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim—(*leveling at him*).

Acres. Zounds, Sir Lucius! are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir Lucius. Never fear.

Acres. But—but—you don't know; it may go off of its own head?

Sir Lucius. Pho! be easy. Well, now if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance; for if it misses a vital part on your right side,' 't will be very hard if it don't succeed on the left.

Acres. A vital part!

Sir Lucius. But, there—fix yourself so (*placing him*), let him see the broadside of your full front. (*Sir Lucius places him face to face, then turns and goes to the left. Acres has in the interim turned his back in great perturbation.*) Oh, bother! do you call that the broadside of your front? (*Acres turns reluctantly.*) There—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do you any harm at all.

Acres. Clean through me! A ball or two clean through me!

Sir Lucius. Ay, may they—and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

Acres. Look ye! Sir Lucius—I 'd just as lieve be shot

in an awkward posture as a genteel one—so, by my valor! I will stand edgeways.

Sir Lucius. (*Looking at his watch.*) Sure they don't mean to disappoint us!

Acres. (*Aside.*) I hope they do.

Sir Lucius. Hah! no, 'faith—I think I see them coming.

Acres. Hey?—what!—coming!

Sir Lucius. Ay, who are those yonder, getting over the stile?

Acres. There are two of them, indeed! well, let them come—hey, Sir Lucius?—we—we—we—we—won't run (*takes his arm*).

Sir Lucius. Run!

Acres. No, I say—we *won't* run, by my valor!

Sir Lucius. What the devil's the matter with you?

Acres. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir Lucius. O fie! consider your honor.

Acres. Ay, true—my honor—do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two, every now and then, about my honor.

Sir Lucius. (*Looking.*) Well, here they're coming.

Acres. Sir Lucius, if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid if my valor should leave me!—valor will come and go.

Sir Lucius. Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

Acres. Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going—yes, my valor is certainly going! it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands!

Sir Lucius. Your honor, your honor. Here they are.

Acres. O mercy!—now—that I was safe at Clod Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

Enter FAULKLAND *and* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Sir Lucius. Gentlemen, your most obedient—hah! what, Captain Absolute!—So, I suppose, sir, you are come here, just like myself—to do a kind office, first for your friend—then to proceed to business on your own account.

Acres. What, Jack! my dear Jack! my dear friend!
(*Shakes his hand.*)

Captain Absolute. Hark ye, Bob, Beverley's at hand.
(*Acres retreats to left.*)

Sir Lucius. Well, Mr. Acres—I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly. (*To Faulkland.*) So, Mr. Beverley, if you 'll choose your weapons, the Captain and I will measure the ground.

Faulkland. My weapons, sir!

Acres. Odds life! Sir Lucius, I 'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland; these are my particular friends!

(*Shakes hands with Faulkland—goes back.*)

Sir Lucius. What, sir, did you not come here to fight Mr. Acres?

Faulkland. Not I, upon my word, sir.

Sir Lucius. Well now, that 's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game—you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by standing out.

Captain Absolute. Oh pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius!

Faulkland. Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter.

Acres. No, no, Mr. Faulkland—I 'll bear my disappointment like a Christian. Look ye, Sir Lucius, there 's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I 'd as lieve let it alone.

Sir Lucius. Observe me, Mr. Acres—I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody, and you came here to fight him—now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him—I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

Acres. Why no, Sir Lucius, I tell you 't is one Beverley I 've challenged—a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face. If he were here I 'd make him give up his pretensions directly.

Captain Absolute. Hold, Bob—let me set you right—there is no such man as Beverley in the case. The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you may please.

Sir Lucius. Well, this is lucky. (*Slaps him on the back.*) Now you have an opportunity.

Acres. What, quarrel with my dear friend Jack Absolute!—not if he were fifty Beverleys! (*Shakes his hand warmly.*) Zounds! Sir Lucius, you would not have me be so unnatural!

Sir Lucius. Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valor has oozed away with a vengeance!

Acres. Not in the least! odds backs and abettors! I 'll be your second with all my heart—and if you should get a quietus, you may command me entirely. I 'll get you snug lying in the Abbey here; or pickle you, and send you over to Blunderbuss Hall, or anything of the kind, with the greatest pleasure.

Sir Lucius. Pho, pho! you are little better than a coward.

Acres. Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a coward; coward was the word, by my valor!

Sir Lucius. Well, sir?

Acres. Very well, sir. (*Gently.*) Look ye, Sir Lucius, 't isn't that I mind the word coward. Coward may be said in a joke; but if you had called me a poltroon, odds daggers and balls!—

Sir Lucius. (*Sternly.*) Well, sir?

Acres. I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

Sir Lucius. Pho! you are beneath my notice.

Acres. I 'm very glad of it.

Captain Absolute. Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres. He is a most determined dog—called in the country Fighting Bob. He generally kills a man a week—don't you, Bob?

Acres. Ay—at home!

THE SCANDAL CLASS MEETS.

From the 'School for Scandal.'

SCENE. *A room in* LADY SNEERWELL'S *house.* LADY SNEERWELL, MRS. CANDOUR, CRABTREE, SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE, *and* JOSEPH SURFACE *discovered.*

Lady Sneerwell. Nay, positively we will hear it.

Joseph Surface. Yes, yes, the epigram; by all means.

Sir Benjamin. Oh, plague on 't, uncle! 't is mere nonsense.

Crabtree. No, no; 'fore Gad, very clever for an extempore!

Sir Benjamin. But, ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstance. You must know that one day last week, as Lady Betty Curricle was taking the dust in Hyde Park, in a sort of duodecimo phaeton, she desired me to write some verses on her ponies; upon which I took out my pocket-book, and in one moment produced the following:—

> Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies;
> Other horses are clowns, but these macaronies;[1]
> To give them this title I'm sure can't be wrong,—
> Their legs are so slim and their tails are so long.

Crabtree. There, ladies: done in the smack of a whip, and on horseback too.

Joseph Surface. A very Phœbus, mounted—indeed, Sir Benjamin!

Sir Benjamin. O dear, sir! trifles—trifles.

Enter LADY TEAZLE *and* MARIA.

Mrs. Candour. I must have a copy.

Lady Sneerwell. Lady Teazle, I hope we shall see Sir Peter.

Lady Teazle. I believe he'll wait on your Ladyship presently.

Lady Sneerwell. Maria, my love, you look grave. Come, you shall sit down to piquet with Mr. Surface.

Maria. I take very little pleasure in cards; however, I'll do as your Ladyship pleases.

Lady Teazle. (*Aside.*) I am surprised Mr. Surface should sit down with her; I thought he would have embraced this opportunity of speaking to me before Sir Peter came.

Mrs. Candour. Now I'll die; but you are scandalous, I'll forswear your society.

Lady Teazle. What's the matter, Mrs. Candour?

Mrs. Candour. They'll not allow our friend Miss Vermilion to be handsome.

Lady Sneerwell. Oh, surely she is a pretty woman.

Crabtree. I am very glad you think so, ma'am.

Mrs. Candour. She has a charming fresh color.

[1] *Macaronies*, an allusion to the "Italomanic" dandies of the day.

Lady Teazle. Yes, when it is fresh put on.

Mrs. Candour. O fie! I 'll swear her color is natural: I have seen it come and go!

Lady Teazle. I dare swear you have, ma'am: it goes off at night, and comes again in the morning.

Sir Benjamin. True, ma'am: it not only comes and goes, but what 's more, egad, her maid can fetch and carry it!

Mrs. Candour. Ha! ha! ha! how I hate to hear you talk so! But surely, now, her sister is—or was—very handsome.

Crabtree. Who? Mrs. Evergreen? O Lord! she 's six-and-fifty if she 's an hour!

Mrs. Candour. Now positively you wrong her: fifty-two or fifty-three is the utmost—and I don't think she looks more.

Sir Benjamin. Ah! there 's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

Lady Sneerwell. Well, well, if Mrs. Evergreen does take some pains to repair the ravages of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity; and surely that 's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre calks her wrinkles.

Sir Benjamin. Nay, now, Lady Sneerwell, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 't is not that she paints so ill; but when she has finished her face, she joins it on so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur may see at once that the head is modern, though the trunk 's antique.

Crabtree. Ha! ha! ha! Well said, nephew!

Mrs. Candour. Ha! ha! ha! Well, you make me laugh; but I vow I hate you for it. What do you think of Miss Simper?

Sir Benjamin. Why, she has very pretty teeth.

Lady Teazle. Yes; and on that account, when she is neither speaking nor laughing (which very seldom happens), she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always ajar, as it were—thus. (*Shows her teeth.*)

Mrs. Candour. How can you be so ill-natured?

Lady Teazle. Nay, I allow even that 's better than the pains Mrs. Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture

of a poor's-box, and all her words appear to slide out edgewise, as it were—thus: "how do you do, madam? Yes, madam." (*Mimics.*)

Lady Sneerwell. Very well, Lady Teazle: I see you can be a little severe.

Lady Teazle. In defense of a friend it is but justice. But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our pleasantry.

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

Sir Peter. Ladies, your most obedient.—(*Aside.*) Mercy on me, here is the whole set! a character dead at every word, I suppose.

Mrs. Candour. I am rejoiced you are come, Sir Peter. They have been so censorious; and Lady Teazle as bad as any one.

Sir Peter. That must be very distressing to you, indeed, Mrs. Candour.

Mrs. Candour. Oh, they will allow good qualities to nobody; not even good-nature to our friend Mrs. Pursy.

Lady Teazle. What, the fat dowager who was at Mrs. Quadrille's last night?

Mrs. Candour. Nay, her bulk is her misfortune; and when she takes so much pains to get rid of it, you ought not to reflect on her.

Lady Sneerwell. That 's very true, indeed.

Lady Teazle. Yes, I know she almost lives on acids and small whey; laces herself by pulleys; and often, in the hottest noon in summer, you may see her on a little squat pony, with her hair plaited up behind like a drummer's, and puffing round the Ring on a full trot.

Mrs. Candour. I thank you, Lady Teazle, for defending her.

Sir Peter. Yes, a good defense, truly.

Mrs. Candour. Truly, Lady Teazle is as censorious as Miss Sallow.

Crabtree. Yes; and she is a curious being to pretend to be censorious,—an awkward gawky, without any one good point under heaven.

Mrs. Candour. Positively you shall not be so very severe. Miss Sallow is a near relation of mine by marriage: and as for her person, great allowance is to be made; for

let me tell you, a woman labors under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl of six-and-thirty.

Lady Sneerwell. Though, surely, she is handsome still; and for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candle-light, it is not to be wondered at.

Mrs. Candour. True; and then as to her manner: upon my word I think it is particularly graceful, considering she never had the least education; for you know her mother was a Welsh milliner, and her father a sugar-baker at Bristol.

Sir Benjamin. Ah! you are both of you too good-natured!

Sir Peter. (*Aside.*) Yes, damned good-natured! This their own relation! mercy on me!

Mrs. Candour. For my part, I own I cannot bear to hear a friend ill spoken of.

Sir Peter. No, to be sure!

Sir Benjamin. Oh! you are of a moral turn. Mrs. Candour and I can sit for an hour and hear Lady Stucco talk sentiment.

Lady Teazle. Nay, I vow Lady Stucco is very well with the dessert after dinner; for she 's just like the French fruit one cracks for mottoes,—made up of paint and proverb.

Mrs. Candour. Well, I will never join in ridiculing a friend; and so I constantly tell my cousin Ogle,—and you all know what pretensions she has to be critical on beauty.

Crabtree. Oh, to be sure! she has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen; 't is a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

Sir Benjamin. So she has, indeed—an Irish front.

Crabtree. Caledonian locks—

Sir Benjamin. Dutch nose—

Crabtree. Austrian lips—

Sir Benjamin. Complexion of a Spaniard—

Crabtree. And teeth *à la Chinoise*—

Sir Benjamin. In short, her face resembles a *table d'hóte* at Spa, where no two guests are of a nation—

Crabtree. Or a congress at the close of a general war, wherein all the members, even to her eyes, appear to have a different interest; and her nose and chin are the only parties likely to join issue.

Mrs. Candour. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Peter. (*Aside.*) Mercy on my life!—a person they dine with twice a week!

Mrs. Candour. Nay, but I vow you shall not carry the laugh off so; for give me leave to say that Mrs. Ogle—

Sir Peter. Madam, madam, I beg your pardon—there 's no stopping these good gentlemen's tongues. But when I tell you, Mrs. Candour, that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you 'll not take her part.

Lady Sneerwell. Ha! ha! ha! well said, Sir Peter! but you are a cruel creature: too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others.

Sir Peter. Ah, madam, true wit is more nearly allied to good-nature than your Ladyship is aware of.

Lady Teazle. True, Sir Peter: I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

Sir Benjamin. Or rather, suppose them man and wife, because one seldom sees them together.

Lady Teazle. But Sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down by Parliament.

Sir Peter. 'Fore heaven, madam, if they were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as poaching on manors, and pass an act for the preservation of fame as well as game, I believe many would thank them for the bill.

Lady Sneerwell. O Lud, Sir Peter! would you deprive us of our privileges?

Sir Peter. Ay, madam; and then no person should be permitted to kill characters and run down reputations but qualified old maids and disappointed widows.

Lady Sneerwell. Go, you monster!

Mrs. Candour. But surely, you would not be quite so severe on those who only report what they hear?

Sir Peter. Yes, madam: I would have law-merchant for them too; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the indorsers.

Crabtree. Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation.

ADA REHAN AS "LADY TEAZLE"

In the screen scene in "The School for Scandal"

From a photograph by Sarony, New York

Lady Sneerwell. Come, ladies, shall we sit down to cards in the next room?

Enter SERVANT, *who whispers* SIR PETER.

Sir Peter. I 'll be with them directly. (*Exit servant.*) (*Aside.*) I 'll get away unperceived.

Lady Sneerwell. Sir Peter, you are not going to leave us?

Sir Peter. Your Ladyship must excuse me. I 'm called away by particular business. But I leave my character behind me. (*Exit.*)

Sir Benjamin. Well—certainly, Lady Teazle, that lord of yours is a strange being: I could tell you some stories of him would make you laugh heartily if he were not your husband.

Lady Teazle. Oh, pray don't mind that: come, do let 's hear them.

(*Exeunt all but* JOSEPH SURFACE *and* MARIA.)

Joseph Surface. Maria, I see you have no satisfaction in this society.

Maria. How is it possible I should? If to raise malicious smiles at the infirmities or misfortunes of those who have never injured us be the province of wit or humor, Heaven grant me a double portion of dullness!

Joseph Surface. Yet they appear more ill-natured than they are: they have no malice at heart.

Maria. Then is their conduct still more contemptible; for in my opinion, nothing could excuse the intemperance of their tongues but a natural and uncontrollable bitterness of mind.

AUCTIONING OFF ONE'S RELATIVES.

From the 'School for Scandal.'

[Charles Surface, an amiable but dissipated young man of fashion, has decided to raise money for his pastimes by selling to a supposed "broker" his last salable property, the family portraits. The purchaser of them, under the name of "Mr. Premium," is Charles's uncle, Sir Oliver Surface, who, in disguise, desires to study his graceless nephew's character and extravagances.

The scene is the disfurnished mansion of Charles in London; and he is at table with several friends when the feigned Mr. Premium is presented.]

Charles Surface. (*To* SIR OLIVER.) Mr. Premium, my friend Moses is a very honest fellow, but a little slow at expression; he 'll be an hour giving us our titles. Mr. Premium, the plain state of the matter is this: I am an extravagant young fellow who wants to borrow money; you I take to be a prudent old fellow who have got money to lend. I am blockhead enough to give fifty per cent. sooner than not have it; and you, I presume, are rogue enough to take a hundred if you can get it. Now, sir, you see we are acquainted at once, and may proceed to business without further ceremony.

Sir Oliver. Exceeding frank, upon my word. I see, sir, you are not a man of many compliments.

Charles. Oh, no, sir! plain dealing in business I always think best.

Sir Oliver. Sir, I like you the better for it. However, you are mistaken in one thing: I have no money to lend, but I believe I could procure some of a friend; but then he 's an unconscionable dog. Isn't he, Moses? And must sell stock to accommodate you. Mustn't he, Moses?

Moses. Yes, indeed! You know I always speak the truth, and scorn to tell a lie!

Charles. Right. People that speak truth generally do. But these are trifles, Mr. Premium. What! I know money isn't to be bought without paying for 't!

Sir Oliver. Well, but what security could you give? You have no land, I suppose?

Charles. Not a mole-hill, nor a twig, but what 's in the bough-pots out of the window!

Sir Oliver. Nor any stock, I presume?

Charles. Nothing but live stock—and that only a few pointers and ponies. But pray, Mr. Premium, are you acquainted at all with any of my connections?

Sir Oliver. Why, to say truth, I am.

Charles. Then you must know that I have a devilish rich uncle in the East Indies—Sir Oliver Surface—from whom I have the greatest expectations?

Sir Oliver. That you have a wealthy uncle, I have heard; but how your expectations will turn out is more, I believe, than you can tell.

Charles. Oh, no! there can be no doubt. They tell me I 'm a prodigious favorite, and that he talks of leaving me everything.

Sir Oliver. Indeed! This is the first I 've heard of it.

Charles. Yes, yes, 't is just so. Moses knows 't is true; don't you, Moses?

Moses. Oh, yes! I 'll swear to 't.

Sir Oliver. (*Aside.*) Egad, they 'll persuade me presently I 'm at Bengal.

Charles. Now I propose, Mr. Premium, if it 's agreeable to you, a post-obit on Sir Oliver's life; though at the same time the old fellow has been so liberal to me, that I give you my word I should be very sorry to hear that anything had happened to him.

Sir Oliver. Not more than I should, I assure you. But the bond you mention happens to be just the worst security you could offer me—for I might live to a hundred and never see the principal.

Charles. Oh, yes, you would! The moment Sir Oliver dies, you know, you would come on me for the money.

Sir Oliver. Then I believe I should be the most unwelcome dun you ever had in your life.

Charles. What! I suppose you 're afraid that Sir Oliver is too good a life?

Sir Oliver. No, indeed I am not; though I have heard he is as hale and healthy as any man of his years in Christendom.

Charles. There again, now, you are misinformed. No, no: the climate has hurt him considerably—poor Uncle Oliver. Yes, yes, he breaks apace, I 'm told—and is so much altered lately that his nearest relations would not know him.

Sir Oliver. No! Ha! ha! ha! so much altered lately that his nearest relations would not know him! Ha! ha! ha! egad—ha! ha! ha!

Charles. Ha! ha! ha!—you 're glad to hear that, little Premium?

Sir Oliver. No, no, I 'm not.

Charles. Yes, yes, you are—ha! ha! ha!—you know that mends your chance.

Sir Oliver. But I 'm told Sir Oliver is coming over; nay, some say he is actually arrived.

Charles. Psha! sure I must know better than you whether he 's come or not. No, no: rely on 't he 's at this moment at Calcutta. Isn't he, Moses?

Moses. Oh, yes, certainly.

Sir Oliver. Very true, as you say, you must know better than I; though I have it from pretty good authority. Haven't I, Moses?

Moses. Yes most undoubted!

Sir Oliver. But, sir, as I understand you want a few hundreds immediately, is there nothing you could dispose of?

Charles. How do you mean?

Sir Oliver. For instance, now I have heard that your father left behind him a great quantity of massy old plate.

Charles. O Lud! that 's gone long ago. Moses can tell you how better than I can.

Sir Oliver. (*Aside.*) Good lack! all the family race cups and corporation bowls! (*Aloud.*) Then it was also supposed that his library was one of the most valuable and compact.

Charles. Yes, yes, so it was,—vastly too much so for a private gentleman. For my part, I was always of a communicative disposition, so I thought it a shame to keep so much knowledge to myself.

Sir Oliver. (*Aside.*) Mercy upon me! learning that had run in the family like an heirloom! (*Aloud.*) Pray, what are become of the books?

Charles. You must inquire of the auctioneer, Master Premium; for I don't believe even Moses can direct you.

Moses. I know nothing of books.

Sir Oliver. So, so: nothing of the family property left, I suppose?

Charles. Not much, indeed; unless you have a mind to the family pictures. I have got a room full of ancestors above; and if you have a taste for old paintings, egad, you shall have 'em a bargain!

Sir Oliver. Hey! what the devil! sure, you wouldn't sell your forefathers, would you?

Charles. Every man of them, to the best bidder.

Sir Oliver. What! your great-uncles and aunts?

Charles. Ay; and my great-grandfathers and grandmothers too.

Sir Oliver. (*Aside.*) Now I give him up! (*Aloud.*) What the plague, have you no bowels for your own kindred? Odds life! do you take me for Shylock in the play,

that you would raise money of me on your own flesh and blood?

Charles. Nay, my little broker, don't be angry: what need you care, if you have your money's worth?

Sir Oliver. Well, I 'll be the purchaser: I think I can dispose of the family canvas. (*Aside.*) Oh, I 'll never forgive him this! never!

Enter CARELESS.

Careless. Come, Charles, what keeps you?

Charles. I can't come yet. I' faith, we are going to have a sale above-stairs; here 's little Premium will buy all my ancestors!

Careless. Oh, burn your ancestors!

Charles. No, he may do that afterwards if he pleases. Stay, Careless, we want you: egad, you shall be auctioneer; so come along with us.

Careless. Oh, have with you, if that 's the case. I can handle a hammer as well as a dice-box! Going! going!

Sir Oliver. (*Aside.*) Oh, the profligates!

Charles. Come, Moses, you shall be appraiser, if we want one. Gad's life, little Premium, you don't seem to like the business?

Sir Oliver. Oh, yes. I do, vastly! Ha! ha! ha! yes, yes, I think it a rare joke to sell one's family by auction—ha! ha! (*Aside.*) Oh, the prodigal!

Charles. To be sure! when a man wants money, where the plague should he get assistance if he can't make free with his own relations? (*Exeunt.*)

Sir Oliver. (*Aside, as they go out.*) I 'll never forgive him; never! never!

SCENE. *A picture room in* CHARLES SURFACE'S *house.*

Enter CHARLES SURFACE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, MOSES, *and* CARELESS.

Charles. Walk in, gentlemen, pray walk in—here they are: the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest.

Sir Oliver. And in my opinion, a goodly collection.

Charles. Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait painting; no *volontière grace* or expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the

strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original and not hurt the picture. No, no: the merit of these is the inveterate likeness—all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

Sir Oliver. Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

Charles. I hope not. Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am; here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family. But come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here 's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose.

Careless. Ay, ay, this will do. But, Charles, I haven't a hammer; and what 's an auctioneer without his hammer?

Charles. Egad, that 's true. What parchment have we here? Oh, our genealogy in full. (*Taking the pedigree down.*) Here, Careless, you shall have no common bit of mahogany: here 's the family tree for you, you rogue! This shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

Sir Oliver. (*Aside.*) What an unnatural rogue!—an *ex post facto* parricide!

Careless. Yes, yes, here 's a list of your generation indeed. 'Faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 't will not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Come, begin— A-going, a-going, a-going!

Charles. Bravo, Careless! Well, here 's my great-uncle, Sir Richard Raveline: a marvelous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr. Premium? Look at him—there 's a hero! not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipped captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be. What do you bid?

Sir Oliver. (*Aside to Moses.*) Bid him speak.

Moses. Mr. Premium would have you speak.

Charles. Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds; and I 'm sure that 's not dear for a staff-officer.

Sir Oliver. (*Aside.*) Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds! (*Aloud.*) Very well, sir, I take him at that.

Charles. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard.—Here now is a maiden sister of his, my great-aunt Deborah; done by Kneller in his best manner, and esteemed a very formidable likeness. There she is, you see: a shepherdess feeding her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten,—the sheep are worth the money.

Sir Oliver. (*Aside.*) Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself! (*Aloud.*) Five pounds ten—she 's mine.

Charles. Knock down my aunt Deborah! Here now are two that were a sort of cousins of theirs. You see, Moses, these pictures were done some time ago, when beaux wore wigs, and the ladies their own hair.

Sir Oliver. Yes, truly, head-dresses appear to have been a little lower in those days.

Charles. Well, take that couple for the same.

Moses. 'T is a good bargain.

Charles. Careless!—This now is a grandfather of my mother's; a learned judge, well known on the western circuit. What do you rate him at, Moses?

Moses. Four guineas.

Charles. Four guineas! Gad's life, you don't bid me the price of his wig. Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack: do let us knock his Lordship down at fifteen.

Sir Oliver. By all means.

Careless. Gone!

Charles. And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of Parliament, and noted speakers; and what 's very extraordinary, I believe this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

Sir Oliver. That is very extraordinary, indeed! I 'll take them at your own price, for the honor of Parliament.

Careless. Well said, little Premium! I 'll knock them down at forty.

Charles. Here 's a jolly fellow—I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Norwich: take him at eight pounds.

Sir Oliver. No, no: six will do for the mayor.

Charles. Come, make it guineas, and I 'll throw you the two aldermen there into the bargain.

Sir Oliver. They 're mine.

Charles. Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen. But plague on 't! we shall be all day retailing in this manner: do let us deal wholesale; what say you, little Premium? Give me three hundred pounds for the rest of the family in the lump.

Careless. Ay, ay: that will be the best way.

Sir Oliver. Well, well,—anything to accommodate you: they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

Careless. What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

Sir Oliver. Yes, sir, I mean that; though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

Charles. What, that? Oh, that 's my Uncle Oliver! 'T was done before he went to India.

Careless. Your Uncle Oliver! Gad, then you 'll never be friends, Charles. That now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on 't. Don't you think so, little Premium?

Sir Oliver. Upon my soul, sir. I do not: I think it is as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive. But I suppose Uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

Charles. No, hang it! I 'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and egad, I 'll keep his picture while I 've a room to put it in.

Sir Oliver. (*Aside.*) The rogue 's my nephew after all! —(*Aloud.*) But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

Charles. I 'm sorry for 't, for you certainly will not have it. Oons! haven't you got enough of them?

Sir Oliver. (*Aside.*) I forgive him everything! (*Aloud.*) But, sir, when I take a whim in my head, I don't value money. I 'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

Charles. Don't tease me, master broker: I tell you I 'll not part with it, and there 's an end of it.

Sir Oliver. (*Aside.*) How like his father the dog is! (*Aloud.*) Well, well, I have done. (*Aside.*) I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a striking resemblance. (*Aloud.*) Here is a draft for your sum.

Charles. Why 't is for eight hundred pounds!

Sir Oliver. You will not let Sir Oliver go?

Charles. Zounds! no, I tell you, once more.

Sir Oliver. Then never mind the difference: we 'll balance that another time. But give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles—I beg pardon, sir, for being so free. Come, Moses.

Charles. Egad, this is a whimsical old fellow!—But hark'ee, Premium, you 'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen.

Sir Oliver. Yes, yes; I 'll send for them in a day or two.

Charles. But hold,—do now send a genteel conveyance for them; for I assure you they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

Sir Oliver. I will, I will—for all but Oliver.

Charles. Ay, all but the little nabob.

Sir Oliver. You 're fixed on that?

Charles. Peremptorily.

Sir Oliver. (*Aside.*) A dear extravagant rogue! (*Aloud.*) Good-day!—Come, Moses. (*Aside.*) Let me hear now who dares call him a profligate!

(*Exit with* MOSES.)

Careless. Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I ever met with.

Charles. Egad, he 's the prince of brokers, I think. I wonder how the devil Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow.—Ha! here 's Rowley.—Do, Careless, say I 'll join the company in a few moments.

Careless. I will—but don't let that old blockhead persuade you to squander any of that money on old musty debts, or any such nonsense; for tradesmen, Charles, are the most exorbitant fellows.

Charles. Very true; and paying them is only encouraging them.

Careless. Nothing else.

Charles. Ay, ay, never fear. (*Exit* CARELESS.) So! this was an odd old fellow, indeed. Let me see: two-thirds of these five hundred and thirty odd pounds are mine by right. 'Fore heaven! I find one 's ancestors are more valuable relations than I took them for!—Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient and very grateful servant.

(*Bows ceremoniously to the pictures.*)

SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY'S PLAY.

From 'The Critic.'

Sir Fretful. Sincerely, then, you do like the piece?

Sneer. Wonderfully!

Sir Fretful. But come, now, there must be something that you think might be mended, eh? Mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you?

Dangle. Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing for the most part to—

Sir Fretful. With most authors it is just so indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious; but, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

Sneer. Very true. Why, then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection, which, if you 'll give me leave, I 'll mention.

Sir Fretful. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sneer. I think it wants incident.

Sir Fretful. Good God!—you surprise me!—wants incident!

Sneer. Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir Fretful. Good God! Believe me, Mr. Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference, but I protest to you, Mr. Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded. My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

Dangle. Really, I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient, and the four first acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

Sir Fretful. Rises, I believe you mean, sir.

Dangle. No; I don't, upon my word.

Sir Fretful. Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul; it certainly don't fall off, I assure you; no, no, it don't fall off.

Dangle. Now, Mrs. Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light?

Mrs. Dangle. No, indeed, I did not; I did not see a fault in any part of the play, from the beginning to the end.

Sir Fretful. Upon my soul, the women are the best judges after all.

Mrs. Dangle. Or if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece; but that I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

Sir Fretful. Pray, madam, do you speak as to duration of time; or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

Mrs. Dangle. O lud! no. I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

Sir Fretful. Then I am very happy,—very happy indeed,—because the play is a short play, a remarkably short play: I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste; but, on these occasions, the watch, you know, is the critic.

Mrs. Dangle. Then, I suppose, it must have been Mr. Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

Sir Fretful. O! if Mr. Dangle read it! that's quite another affair; but I assure you, Mrs. Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and a half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

Mrs. Dangle. I hope to see it on the stage next. (*Exit.*)

Dangle. Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

Sir Fretful. The newspapers!—sir, they are the most villainous—licentious—abominable—infernal—not that I ever read them—no; I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

Dangle. You are quite right; for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

Sir Fretful. No; quite the contrary: their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric; I like it of all things.—An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

Sneer. Why, that's true; and that attack now on you the other day—

Sir Fretful. What? where?

Dangle. Ay! you mean in a paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

Sir Fretful. O! so much the better; ha! ha! ha!—I wouldn't have it otherwise.

Dangle. Certainly it is only to be laughed at; for—

Sir Fretful. You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

Sneer. Pray, Dangle; Sir Fretful seems a little anxious—

Sir Fretful. O lud, no! anxious,—not I,—not the least,—I—but one may as well hear, you know.

Dangle. Sneer, do *you* recollect? Make out something. (*Aside.*)

Sneer. I will. (*To* DANGLE.) Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

Sir Fretful. Well, and pray now—not that it signifies—what might the gentleman say?

Sneer. Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever; though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

Sir Fretful. Ha, ha, ha! very good!

Sneer. That as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your commonplace book, where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the lost and stolen office.

Sir Fretful. Ha, ha, ha! very pleasant!

Sneer. Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to *steal* with taste:—but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments, like a bad tavern's worst wine.

Sir Fretful. Ha, ha!

Sneer. In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic incumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms.

Sir Fretful. Ha, ha!

Sneer. That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakespeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

Sir Fretful. Ha!

Sneer. In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating, so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilize.

Sir Fretful. (*After great agitation.*) Now, another person would be vexed at this.

Sneer. Oh! but I wouldn't have told you, only to divert you.

Sir Fretful. I know it. I *am* diverted; ha, ha, ha!—not the least invention! ha, ha, ha! very good—very good!

Sneer. Yes,—no genius! ha, ha, ha!

Dangle. A severe rogue! ha, ha, ha! but you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

Sir Fretful. To be sure;—for if there is anything to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it, and if it is abuse,—why, one is always sure to hear of it from some d—d good-natured friend or other!

DRINKING SONG.

Here 's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here 's to the widow of fifty;
Here 's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
And here 's to the housewife that 's thrifty:
Chorus. Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I 'll warrant she 'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here 's to the charmer, whose dimples we prize,
And now to the maid who has none, sir,
Here 's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here 's to the nymph with but one, sir.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Here 's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her that 's as brown as a berry;
Here 's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the girl that is merry:
Let the toast pass, &c.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And let us e'en toast them together:
Let the toast pass, &c.

DRY BE THAT TEAR.

Dry be that tear, my gentlest love,
Be hushed that struggling sigh;
Nor seasons, day, nor fate shall prove
More fixed, more true, than I.
Hushed be that sigh, be dry that tear;
Cease, boding doubt; cease, anxious fear—
Dry be that tear.

Ask'st thou how long my love shall stay,
When all that 's new is past?
How long? Ah! Delia, can I say,
How long my life shall last?
Dry be that tear, be hushed that sigh;
At least I 'll love thee till I die—
Hushed be that sigh.

And does that thought affect thee, too,
The thought of Sylvio's death,
That he who only breathed for you,
Must yield that faithful breath?
Hushed be that sigh, be dry that tear,
Nor let us lose our heaven here—
Dry be that tear.

SONG.

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you;
For, tho' your tongue no promise claimed,
Your charms would make me true;
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong,
For friends in all the aged you 'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

But when they find that you have blessed
  Another with your heart,
They 'll bid aspiring passion rest,
  And act a brother's part.
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
  Nor fear to suffer wrong,
For friends in all the aged you 'll meet,
  And brothers in the young.

BONS MOTS OF SHERIDAN.

One day meeting two royal dukes walking up St. James' Street, Sheridan was thus addressed by the younger: "I say, Sherry, we have just been discussing whether you are a greater fool or rogue. What is your opinion, my boy?"

Sheridan, having bowed and smiled at the compliment, took each of them by an arm, and instantly replied, "Why, i' faith, I believe I am between *both*."

A Drury Lane after-piece was chiefly remarkable for the introduction of a wonderful performing dog, and Sheridan and a friend went to see the performance. As they entered the green-room, Dignum (who played in the piece) said to Sheridan with a woeful countenance—

"Sir, there is no guarding against illness: it is truly lamentable to stop the run of a successful piece like this; but really—"

"Really what?" cried Sheridan, interrupting him.

"I am so unwell that I cannot go on longer than to-night."

"You!" exclaimed Sheridan, "my good fellow, you terrified me; I thought you were going to say that the dog was taken ill."

Burke in his early life had attended a debating society, which used to meet at a certain baker's. On a memorable occasion in the House of Commons he said, "I quit the camp," and crossing over from the Opposition took his seat on the Ministerial benches, whence he rose and made a brilliant speech against his ci-devant friends.

Sheridan, annoyed at the defection, said: "The honorable gentleman, to quote his own expression, has quitted the camp; he will recollect that he quitted it as a deserter, and I sincerely hope he will never attempt to return as a spy; but I, for one, cannot sympathize in the astonishment with which an act of apostasy so flagrant has electrified the House; for neither I, nor

the honorable gentleman, have forgotten whence he obtained the weapons which he now uses against us; so far as from being at all astonished at the honorable gentleman's tergiversation, I consider it not only characteristic, but consistent, that he who in the outset of life made so extraordinary a blunder as to go to a baker's for eloquence should finish such a career by coming to the House of Commons to get bread."

When Sheridan was asked what wine he liked best, he said—other people's.

In describing the cavern scene of Coleridge's 'Remorse,' as produced at Drury Lane, Sheridan said it was "drip, drip, drip—nothing but dripping."

One day a creditor came into Sheridan's room for a bill and found him seated before a table on which two or three hundred pounds in gold and notes were strewed

"It 's no use looking at that, my good fellow," said Sheridan, "that is all bespoken for debts of honor."

"Very well," replied the tradesman, tearing up his security and throwing it on the fire, "now mine is a debt of honor."

"So it is and must be paid at once," said Sheridan, handing him over the money.

Being on a Parliamentary committee on one occasion, Sheridan happened to enter the room when most of the members were present and seated, though business had not yet commenced; when, perceiving that there was not another seat in the room, he asked with great readiness: "Will any gentleman *move* that I may *take the chair?*"

A creditor whom Sheridan had perpetually avoided met him at last plump, coming out of Pall Mall from St. James' Palace. There was no possibility of avoiding him, but Sheridan never lost his presence of mind.

"Oh," said he, "that 's a beautiful mare you are on."

"D' ye think so!"

"Yes, indeed! How does she trot?"

The creditor, flattered, told him he should see, and immediately put her into full trotting pace. The instant he trotted off Sheridan turned into Pall Mall again and was out of sight in a moment.

Byron, writing to Tom Moore, said: Perhaps you heard of a late answer of Sheridan's to the watchman, who found him

bereft of that divine particle of air called reason. He, the watchman, who found Sherry in the street fuddled and bewildered, and almost insensible, said, "Who are *you,* sir?"

No answer.

"What 's your name?"

A hiccup.

"What 's your name?"

Answer, in a slow, deliberate, impressive tone, "*Wilberforce.*" This was the name of the eminent teetotal advocate.

Kelly describes his appearance in the character of an Irishman in a Drury Lane opera: "My friend Johnstone took great pains to instruct me in the brogue, but I did not feel quite up to the mark; and, after all, it seems my vernacular phraseology was not the most perfect; for when the opera was over, Sheridan came into the green-room and said, 'Bravo! Kelly; very well, indeed; upon my honor I never before heard *you speak such good English* in all my life.'"

Sheridan made his appearance one day in a pair of new boots, which attracted the notice of some friends.

"Now, guess," said he, "how I came by these boots?"

Many probable guesses then took place. "No," said Sheridan, "no, you 've not hit it, nor ever will—I bought them, *and paid for them!*"

When some one told Sheridan that the quantity of wine and spirits which he drank would destroy the coat of his stomach, he replied, "Well, then, my stomach must just digest in its waistcoat."

Rogers and Sheridan were talking about actors.

"Your admiration of Mrs. Siddons is so high," said Rogers, "that I wonder you never made open love to her."

"To her!" exclaimed Sheridan, "to that magnificent and appalling creature! I should as soon have thought of making love to the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Drury Lane Theater was destroyed by fire, in February, 1809. Sheridan was in the House of Commons when he learned that the fire had broken out. He hastened to the scene, and with wonderful fortitude witnessed the destruction of his property. He sat at the Piazza Coffee-house taking some refreshment; and on a friend remarking to him how calmly he bore the ruin, Sheridan merely said that surely a man might be allowed to take a glass of wine at his own fireside.

On the Prince entering the Thatched-house Tavern and "raising his spirits *up* by pouring spirits *down*" Sheridan gave these impromptu lines—

"The Prince came in, and said 't was cold,
Then took a mighty rummer,
When swallow after swallow came,
And then he swore 't was summer."

When Miss Farren, the original Lady Teazle, retired from the stage to become the Countess of Derby, Sheridan paid her a happy compliment. He approached her in the green room, surrounded by her friends and admirers, and, raising her hand with some emotion to his lips, breathed into her ear,—"God bless you: *Lady Teazle is no more, and the 'School for Scandal' has broke up for the holidays.*"

One of Sheridan's retorts on Pitt, "the heaven-born Minister," showed singular readiness of allusion and presence of mind when they were least to be expected. One night Sheridan entered the House drunk; Pitt, observing his condition, proposed to postpone some discussion in which Sheridan was concerned, in consideration of the peculiar state of the honorable member. Sheridan upon this fired; and the instant his self-possession returned, rose, and remarked that in the history of that House, he believed, but one instance of the disgraceful conduct insinuated by the honorable member had occurred. There was but one example of members having entered the House in a state of temporary disqualification for its duties, and that example, however discreditable to the parties, could not perhaps be deplored, as it had given rise to a pleasant epigram. The honorable member on the Treasury Bench would correct him, if he misquoted the words. Two gentlemen, the one blind drunk, the other seeing double, staggered into the House, arm in arm, and thus communicated their parliamentary views to each other:

"I can't see the Speaker,
Pray, Hal, do you?"
"Not see the Speaker, Bill!
Why I see two."

Henry Dundas and Pitt himself were the heroes of the tale.

Sheridan, being at one time a good deal plagued by an old maiden relation of his always going out to walk with him, said one day that the weather was bad and raining; to which the old lady answered, on the contrary, it had cleared up.

"Yes," said Sheridan, "it has cleared up enough for *one*, but not enough for *two*."

Lounging towards Whitehall, Sheridan met George Rose coming out of St. Margaret's.

"Any mischief on foot, George, that you have been at church?"

"No; I have been getting a son christened; I have called him William Pitt."

"William Pitt!" echoed Sheridan. "A *rose* by any other name would smell as sweet."

The son of Sheridan, Tom, who was expecting to get into Parliament, said on one occasion to his father: "I think that many men who are called great patriots in the House of Commons are great humbugs. For my own part, if I get into Parliament, I will pledge myself to no party; but write upon my forehead in legible characters, 'to be let.'"

"And under that, Tom," said his father, "write 'unfurnished.'"

"By the silence that prevails," said Sheridan, on entering a room full of guests, "I conclude that Lauderdale has been making a joke."

Recommended to a course of sea-bathing, Sheridan objected, saying that pickles did not agree with him.

Sheridan, the first time he met Tom after his marriage, was seriously angry with him, and told him that he had made his will and cut him off with a shilling.

Tom said he was, indeed, very sorry, and immediately added, "You don't happen to have the shilling about you now, sir, do you?"

On another and similar occasion, too, the younger Sheridan proved a witty match for his father. Sheridan had a cottage near Hounslow Heath. Tom being short of money asked his father to let him have some cash. "I have none," was the reply.

"Be the consequence what it may, money I must have," said Tom.

"If that is so you will find a case of loaded pistols upstairs, and a horse ready saddled in the stable; the night is dark and you are within half a mile of Hounslow Heath."

"I understand what you mean," said Tom; "but I tried that last night. I unluckily stopped Peake, your treasurer, who told me that you had been beforehand with him, and had robbed him of every sixpence in the world."

One of the school-day *mots* attributed to Sheridan is this: A gentleman having a remarkably long visage was one day riding by the school, when he heard young Sheridan say, "That gentleman's face is longer than his life." Struck by the strangeness of the remark, he turned his horse's head, and requested the boy's meaning.

"Sir," replied he, "I mean no offense in the world, but I have read in the Bible at school that a man's life is but a span and I am sure your *face* is double that length."

Being told that the lost tribes of Israel had been found, Sheridan said he was glad to hear it, as he had nearly exhausted the other two.

Soon after the Irish members were admitted into the House of Commons on the Union in 1801, one of them, in the middle of his maiden speech, thus addressed the chair: "And now, *my dear* Mr. Speaker."

This excited loud laughter. As soon as it had somewhat subsided, Sheridan observed "that the honorable member was perfectly in order; for thanks to the Ministers, nowadays, *everything is dear.*"

Sheridan was down at Brighton one day, when Fox (the manager), desirous of showing him some civility, took him all over the theater and exhibited its beauties.

"There, Mr. Sheridan," said Fox, who combined twenty occupations without being clever in any, "I built and painted all these boxes, and I painted all these scenes."

"Did you?" said Sheridan, surveying them rapidly. "Well, I should not, I am sure, have known you were a fox by your *brush.*"

Pitt having introduced his Sinking Fund into the House of Commons, Sheridan ridiculed it, saying that at present it was clear there was no surplus; and the only means which suggested themselves to him were, a loan of a million for the special purposes—for the right honorable gentleman might say, with the person in the comedy, "*If you won't lend me the money how can I pay you?*"

On the debate as to the Union of the Irish and English Parliaments, Pitt said that Sheridan seemed determined to have the last word.

"Nay," replied Sheridan, "I am satisfied with having the last *argument.*"

Of an opponent who tried to do him an injury, and who plumed himself upon his cleverness, Sheridan neatly remarked: "I could laugh at his malice, but not at his wit."

A clergyman, who desired to annotate Shakespeare's plays, took a specimen of his work to Sheridan, and asked his opinion.

"Sir," said Sheridan, shortly, "I wonder people won't mind their own affairs; you may spoil your own Bible if you please, but pray, let ours alone."

During the debate on Pitt's Indian Bill, when John Robinson was Secretary to the Treasury, Sheridan, one evening when Fox's majorities were decreasing, said: "Mr. Speaker, this is not at all to be wondered at, when a member is employed to corrupt everybody in order to obtain votes."

Upon this, there was a general outcry made by everybody in the House: "Who is it? Name him! Name him!"

"Sir," said Sheridan to the Speaker, "I shall not name the person. It is an unpleasant and invidious thing to do so, and therefore I shall not name him. But don't suppose, sir, that I abstain because there is any difficulty in naming; I could do that, sir, as soon as you could say Jack Robinson."

When some one proposed to tax milestones, Sheridan protested that it would not be constitutional or fair, as they could not meet to remonstrate.

Lord Lauderdale having declared his intention to circulate some witticism of Sheridan's, the latter hastily exclaimed: "Pray don't, my dear Lauderdale; a joke in your mouth is no laughing matter!"

Lord Erskine on one occasion said that "a wife was only a tin canister tied to one's tail." Lady Erskine was justly annoyed at this remark, and Sheridan dashed off this:

> "Lord Erskine, at woman presuming to rail,
> Calls a wife a tin canister tied to one's tail;
> And fair Lady Anne, while the subject he carries on,
> Seems hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison.
> But wherefore degrading? Considered aright,
> A canister 's polished and useful and bright;
> And should dirt its original purity hide,
> That 's the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied."

MRS. CLEMENT SHORTER (DORA SIGERSON).

Dora Sigerson is the eldest daughter of Dr. George Sigerson, F.R.U.I., a distinguished scholar and man of letters, and of Mrs. Hester Sigerson, a woman of fine literary talent. She was born in Dublin, was educated at home, and lived in Dublin till her marriage to Mr. Clement Shorter, then editor of *The Illustrated London News*, in July, 1895. She has published 'Verses' (1894); 'The Fairy Changeling and Other Poems' (1897); 'My Lady's Slipper and Other Poems' (1899); 'Ballads and Poems' (1899); 'The Father Confessor' (1900); and 'The Woman who went to Hell and Other Poems' (1901).

Speaking of one phase of her work, Mr. Douglas Hyde writes in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry.' "She has turned herself with signal success to ballad-poetry, and in many of her pieces, especially in her second volume, she has sought inspiration from Irish motives and dealt with Irish superstition. Her very absence from Ireland has made her—a phenomenon which we may often witness—more Irish than if she had never left it."

CEAN DUV DEELISH.

Cean duv deelish, beside the sea
I stand and stretch my hands to thee
Across the world.
The riderless horses race to shore
With thundering hoofs and shuddering, hoar,
Blown manes uncurled.

Cean duv deelish, I cry to thee
Beyond the world, beneath the sea,
Thou being dead.
Where hast thou hidden from the beat
Of crushing hoofs and tearing feet
Thy dear black head?

Cean duv deelish, 't is hard to pray
With breaking heart from day to day,
And no reply;
When the passionate challenge of sky is cast
In the teeth of the sea and an angry blast
Goes by.

God bless the woman, whoever she be,
From the tossing waves will recover thee
And lashing wind.
Who will take thee out of the wind and storm,

Dry thy wet face on her bosom warm
And lips so kind?

I not to know! It is hard to pray,
But I shall for this woman from day to day.
"Comfort my dead,
The sport of the winds and the play of the sea."
I loved thee too well for this thing to be,
O dear black head!

THE WIND ON THE HILLS.

Go not to the hills of Erin
When the night winds are about;
Put up your bar and shutter,
And so keep the danger out.

For the good-folk whirl within it,
And they pull you by the hand,
And they push you on the shoulder,
Till you move to their command.

And lo! you have forgotten
What you have known of tears,
And you will not remember
That the world goes full of years:

A year there is a lifetime,
And a second but a day;
And an older world will meet you
Each morn you come away.

Your wife grows old with weeping,
And your children one by one
Grow gray with nights of watching,
Before your dance is done.

And it will chance some morning
You will come home no more;
Your wife sees but a withered leaf
In the wind about the door.

And your children will inherit
The unrest of the wind;

They shall seek some face elusive,
And some land they never find.

When the wind is loud, they sighing
Go with hearts unsatisfied,
For some joy beyond remembrance,
For some memory denied.

And all your children's children,
They cannot sleep or rest,
When the wind is out in Erin
And the sun is in the West.

THE ONE FORGOTTEN.

A spirit speeding down on All Souls Eve[1]
From the wide gates of that mysterious shore
Where sleep the dead, sung softly and yet sweet.
"So gay a wind was never heard before,"
The old man said, and listened by the fire;
And, "'T is the souls that pass us on their way,"
The young maids whispered, clinging side by side—
So left their glowing nuts awhile to pray.

Still the pale spirit, singing through the night,
Came to this window, looking from the dark
Into the room; then passing to the door
Where crouched the whining dog, afraid to bark,
Tapped gently without answer, pressed the latch,
Pushed softly open, and then tapped once more.
The maidens cried, when seeking for the ring,
"How strange a wind is blowing on the door!"

And said the old man, crouching to the fire:
"Draw close your chairs, for colder falls the night;
Push fast the door, and pull the curtains to,
For it is dreary in the moon's pale light."
And then his daughter's daughter with her hand
Passed over salt and clay to touch the ring,
Said low: "The old need fire, but ah! the young
Have that within their hearts to flame and sting."

[1] There is a belief in some parts of Ireland that the dead are allowed to return to earth on November 2 (All Souls Night), and the peasantry leave food and fire for their comfort, and set a chair by the hearth for their resting before they themselves retire to bed.—*Author.*

And then the spirit, moving from her place,
Touched there a shoulder, whispered in each ear,
Bent by the old man, nodding in his chair,
But no one heeded her, or seemed to hear.
Then crew the black cock, and so, weeping sore,
She went alone into the night again;
And said the graybeard, reaching for his glass,
"How sad a wind blows on the window-pane!"

And then from dreaming the long dreams of age
He woke, remembering, and let fall a tear:
"Alas! I have forgot—and have you gone?—
I set no chair to welcome you, my dear."
And said the maidens, laughing in their play:
"How he goes groaning, wrinkle-faced and hoar.
He is so old, and angry with his age—
Hush! hear the banshee sobbing past the door."

ALL SOULS NIGHT.

O mother, mother, I swept the hearth, I set his chair and the white board spread,
I prayed for his coming to our kind Lady when Death's sad doors would let out the dead;
A strange wind rattled the window-pane, and down the lane a dog howled on;
I called his name, and the candle flame burnt dim, pressed a hand the door-latch upon.
Deelish! Deelish! my woe for ever that I could not sever coward flesh from fear.
I called his name, and the pale Ghost came; but I was afraid to meet my dear.
O mother, mother, in tears I checked the sad hours past of the year that 's o'er,
Till by God's grace I might see his face and hear the sound of his voice once more;
The chair I set from the cold and wet, he took when he came from unknown skies
Of the land of the dead, on my bent brown head I felt the reproach of his saddened eyes;
I closed my lids on my heart's desire, crouched by the fire, my voice was dumb:
At my clean-swept hearth he had no mirth, and at my table he broke no crumb.

Deelish! Deelish! my woe for ever that I could not sever coward
flesh from fear.
His chair I put aside when the young cock cried, and I was
afraid to meet my dear.

THE PRIEST'S BROTHER.

Thrice in the night the priest arose
From broken sleep to kneel and pray.
"Hush, poor ghost, till the red cock crows,
And I a mass for your soul may say."

Thrice he went to the chamber cold,
Where, stiff and still uncoffinèd,
His brother lay, his beads he told,
And, "Rest, poor spirit, rest," he said.

Thrice lay the old priest down to sleep
Before the morning bell should toll;
But still he heard—and woke to weep—
The crying of his brother's soul.

All through the dark, till dawn was pale,
The priest tossed in his misery,
With muffled ears to hide the wail,
The voice of that ghost's agony.

At last the red cock flaps his wings
To trumpet of a day new-born;
The lark, awaking, soaring sings
Into the bosom of the morn.

The priest before the altar stands,
He hears the spirit call for peace;
He beats his breast with shaking hands.
"O Father, grant this soul's release.

"Most Just and Merciful, set free
From Purgatory's awful night
This sinner's soul, to fly to Thee,
And rest for ever in Thy sight."

The mass is over—still the clerk
Kneels pallid in the morning glow.

He said, "From evils of the dark
  Oh, bless me, father, ere you go.

"Benediction, that I may rest,
  For all night did the banshee weep."
The priest raised up his hands and blest—
  "Go now, my child, and you will sleep."

The priest went down the vestry stair,
  He laid his vestments in their place,
And turned—a pale ghost met him there,
  With beads of pain upon his face.

"Brother," he said, "you have gained me peace,
  But why so long did you know my tears,
And say no mass for my soul's release,
  To save the torture of all those years?"

"God rest you, brother," the good priest said,
  "No years have passed—but a single night."
He showed the body uncoffinèd,
  And the six wax candles still alight.

The living flowers on the dead man's breast
  Blew out a perfume, sweet and strong.
The spirit paused ere he passed to rest—
  "God save your soul from a night so long."

GEORGE SIGERSON.

(1839 ——)

George Sigerson, M.D., F.R.U.I., was born at Holyhill, close to the town of Strabane, in 1839. The family is of Norse extraction. George Sigerson's early lessons in classics were received from the Rev. William Hegarty, who died P.P. of Strabane. He afterward attended a school in Letterkenny taught by Dr. Crerand, a man of exceptional ability and culture ; and subsequently he was under the tuition of two brothers named Simpson, in Derry.

His college course was chiefly pursued in Paris, where he studied under Claude Bernard, Duchenne, Charcot, Ranvier, Ball, and Béhier, all master minds in the medical world. Duchenne inspired his first effort as a writer on medical subjects, and Charcot's 'Diseases of the Nervous System' found in him an able translator and editor. His biological work interested Charles Darwin, and Professor Tyndall considered that his 'Microscopic Researches on the Atmosphere,' (Dublin, 1873) revealed the true nature of the organisms whose presence he himself had detected. His medical and scientific works, too numerous to mention here, have won for him recognition from learned societies on the Continent as well as in England. In Dublin, where he resides, besides having a large medical practice, he holds the chair of biology in the Catholic University College, and is a fellow of the Royal University of Ireland.

But it is not as a master of medicine, however distinguished, that Dr. Sigerson is known to most of his countrymen. They know more of him as a trenchant leader-writer on the old *Irishman*, to which Isaac Butt also contributed ; as a powerful land reformer in his masterly study of 'Land Tenures and Land Classes of Ireland' (read by Mr. Gladstone in proof, and having some of its principles embodied in the Land Act of 1870) ; as translator of the music of the old Gaelic tongue into modern verse ; and as an original poet of great power and charm.

Dr. Sigerson married a Miss Varian of Cork, herself a poetess of considerable merit.

To 'Two Centuries of Irish History,' edited by the Right Honorable James Bryce, Dr. Sigerson contributed a study on the work of the independent Irish Parliament. Having, when a student, given some versions of the Munster poets (second series), he in 1897 produced an Irish anthology, 'Bards of the Gael and Gall : Done into English after the Modes and Meters of the Gael.' He has also prepared an analysis, with metrical examples, of the 'Carmen Paschale' of Sedulius, the first Saint of Erin and her only epic poet. Other work—professional, scientific, and literary—has appeared in periodicals. He is President of the National Literary Society.

"As an original poet," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "Dr. Sigerson is perhaps most distinctly a lyrist, as is natural to one who has come under the native Irish spell. Many of his songs are written, like the Gaelic ones, to Irish airs, and most

of them lend themselves naturally to music. The noble characteristics of Irish verse, which he has acquired from his life-long acquaintance with the Gaelic poets, tinge his own verses very appreciably—especially the smoothness, the desire for recurrent or even interwoven vowel sounds, and the love of alliteration, and when wholly natural and devoid of any obtrusiveness, as they are here, possess in themselves a subtle charm which is very Irish."

THE LOST TRIBUNE.

TO THE MEMORY OF ISAAC BUTT.

Farewell! the doom is spoken. All is o'er.
One heart we loved is silent; and one head,
Whose counsel guided Nations, guides no more;
A Man of the few foremost Men is dead.

With giant might of mind and mold of form
He towered aloft; with mightier love he bowed:
Strong not alone to dominate the storm,
To brave the haughty, and rebuke the proud—

But strong to weep, to heed an infant's care,
To gather sorrow to his heart; nor scorn
To stoop from Fortune's brilliant ranks and share
A weight of woe to which he was not born.

The secret of his greatness, there behold!
More truly there than in th' unrivaled fence,
The vivid wit, the reason keen and bold,
And all the power of peerless eloquence!

Mark yonder peasants who, in dumb despair,
Kneel down to kiss the ruins of their home,
While beats the rain upon their hoary hair,
Then turn to face the salt Atlantic foam;

See, where yon massive dungeon walls surround
The pale confessors of a country's cause,
Their grave, perchance, that plot of felon ground,
Their name, their honor, branded by the laws—

These were his clients. Their defender he
Whose genius, wielding justice as a glaive,
Delivered those from the strange bitter sea,
And these from prison gyve and felon grave.

One chiefly served he, with chivalric faith;
  One chiefly loved he, with devoted soul;
His shield was spread between her breast and scathe;
  His life was spent to save her life from dole.

Her fallen banner from the dust he raised,
  And proud advanced it, with uplifted brow,
Till the sun kissed it, and the Nations gazed—
  Whose was that Standard? Answer, Erin, thou!

Farewell to all of personal joy that came
  Of seeing, 'mid these common days, a man
Titanic, victor of enduring fame,
  Whose immortality on earth began;

Of that enlargement which the mind receives,
  The wider range, the deeper, subtler sense,
The higher flight of thought that upward cleaves,
  When near us moves a great Intelligence.

But not farewell to him who hath outgrown
  The confines of mortality; he survives
In every heart, and shall henceforth be known
  Long as his country loves, long as his Nation lives!

THE VISION OF VIANDS.

From the Irish of Aniar Mac Conglinne[1] (Twelfth Century).

In a slumber visional,
Wonders apparitional
  Sudden shone on me:

[1] 'The Vision of Mac Conglinne,' edited by Professor Kuno Meyer and David Nutt. London: Nutt, 1894. The Irish meter is reproduced. This curious poem evidently suggested passages in 'The Land of Cokaigne.' Compare the first two stanzas with these verses:

> "Up a river of sweet milk
> Where is plenty great of silk,
> When the summer's day is hot,
> The young nunnes taketh a boat
> And doth ham forth in that rivere,
> Both with oares and with steere."

Again, compare with the third, fourth and fifth stanzas these verses:

> "There is a well fair abbey
> Of white monks and of grey:
> There beth bowrs and halls,

Was it not a miracle?
Built of lard, a coracle
  Swam a sweet milk sea.

With high hearts heroical,
We stepped in it, stoical,
  Braving billow-bounds;
Then we rode so dashingly,
Smote the sea so splashingly,
That the surge sent, washingly,
  Honey up for grounds.

Ramparts rose of custard all
Where a castle mustered all
  Forces o'er the lake;
Butter was the bridge of it,
Wheaten meal the ridge of it,
  Bacon every stake.

Strong it stood, and pleasantly
There I entered presently
  Hying to the hosts;
Dry beef was the door of it,
Bare bread was the floor of it,
  Whey-curds were the posts.

Old cheese-columns happily,
Pork that pillared sappily,
  Raised their heads aloof;
While curd-rafters mellowly
Crossing cream-beams yellowly,
  Held aloft the roof.

All of pasties beth the walls,
Of flesh, of fish, and a rich meat
The likefullest that man may eat,
Flouren cakes beth the shingles all
Of church, cloister, bowrs and hall,
The pinnes beth fat puddings
Rich meat to princes and kings."

The Irish original was at least partly rimed into Lowland Scotch, judging by an old verse I heard in Ulster, concerning a house:

"Weel I mind the biggin' o't,
Bread and cheese were the door cheek
And pancakes the riggin' o't."

This forms part of the Jacobite song, 'This is no my ain house, but may come from an older song.—*Author.*

Wine in well rose sparklingly,
Beer was rolling darklingly,
  Bragget brimmed the pond.
Lard was oozing heavily,
Merry malt moved wavily,
  Through the floor beyond.

Lake of broth lay spicily,
Fat froze o'er it icily,
  'Tween the wall and shore;
Butter rose in hedges high,
Cloaking all its edges high
  White lard blossomed o'er.

Apple alleys bowering,
Pinked-topped orchards flowering,
  Fenced off hill and wind;
Leek tree forests loftily,
Carrots branching tuftily,
  Guarded it behind.

Ruddy waters rosily
Welcomed us right cosily
  To the fire and rest;
Seven coils of sausages,
Twined in twisted passages,
  Round each brawny breast.

Their chief I discover him,
Suet mantle over him,
  By his lady bland;
Where the caldron boiled away,
The Dispenser toiled away,
  With his fork in hand.

Good King Cathal, royally,
Surely will enjoy a lay,
  Fair and fine as silk;
From his heart his woe I call,
When I sing, heroical,
How we rode, so stoical,
  O'er the Sea of Milk.

LOVE'S DESPAIR.

From the Irish of Diarmad O'Curnain.

I am desolate,
Bereft by bitter fate;
No cure beneath the skies can save me,
No cure on sea or strand,
Nor in any human hand—
But hers, this paining wound who gave me.

I know not night from day,
Nor thrush from cuckoo gray,
Nor cloud from the sun that shines above thee—
Nor freezing cold from heat,
Nor friend—if friend I meet—
I but know—heart's love!—I love thee.

Love that my Life began,
Love, that will close life's span,
Love that grows ever by love-giving:
Love, from the first to last,
Love, till all life be passed,
Love that loves on after living!

This love I gave to thee,
For pain love has given me,
Love that can fail or falter never—
But, spite of earth above,
Guards thee, my Flower of love,
Thou Marvel-maid of life for ever.

Bear all things evidence,
Thou art my very sense,
My past, my present, and my morrow!
All else on earth is crossed,
All in the world is lost—
Lost all—but the great love-gift of sorrow.

My life not life, but death;
My voice not voice—a breath;
No sleep, no quiet—thinking ever
On thy fair phantom face,
Queen eyes and royal grace,
Lost loveliness that leaves me never.

I pray thee grant but this,—
From thy dear mouth one kiss,
That the pang of death-despair pass over:
Or bid make ready nigh
The place where I shall lie,
For aye, thy leal and silent lover.

THE CALLING.

O Sigh of the Sea, O soft lone-wandering sound,
Why callest thou me, with voice of all waters profound,
With sob and with smile, with lingering pain and delight,
With mornings of blue, with flash of thy billows at night?

The shell from the shore, though borne far away from thy side,
Recalls evermore the flowing and fall of thy tide,
And so, through my heart thy murmurs gather and grow—
Thy tides, as of old, awake in its darkness, and flow.

O Sigh of the Sea, from luminous isles far away,
Why callest thou me to sail the impassable way?
Why callest thou me to share the unrest of thy soul—
Desires that avail not, yearnings from pole unto pole?

Still call, till I hear no voice but the voice of thy love,
Till stars shall appear the night of my darkness above,
Till night to the dawn gives way, and death to new life—
Heart-full of thy might, astir with thy tumult and strife.

FAR-AWAY.

As chimes that flow o'er shining seas
When Morn alights on meads of May,
Faint voices fill the western breeze
With whisp'ring songs from Far-Away.
Oh, dear the dells of Dunanore,
A home is odorous Ossory;
But sweet as honey, running o'er,
The Golden Shore of Far-Away!

There grows the Tree whose summer breath
Perfumes with joy the azure air;

And he who feels it fears not Death,
Nor longer heeds the hounds of Care.
Oh, soft the skies of Seskinore,
And mild is meadowy Mellaray;
But sweet as honey, running o'er,
The Golden Shore of Far-Away!

There sings the Voice whose wondrous tune
Falls, like diamond-showers above
That in the radiant dawn of June
Renew a world of Youth and Love.
Oh, fair the founts of Farranfore,
And bright is billowy Ballintrae;
But sweet as honey, running o'er,
The Golden Shore of Far-Away!

Come, Fragrance of the Flowering Tree,
Oh, sing, sweet Bird, thy magic lay,
Till all the world be young with me,
And Love shall lead us far away.
Oh, dear the dells of Dunanore,
A home is odorous Ossory;
But swet as honey, running o'er,
The Golden Shore of Far-Away!

AFTER THE FIANNA.[1]

From the Irish of Oisin.

Long, this night, the clouds delay,
And long to me was yesternight,
Long was the dreary day, this day,
Long, yesterday, the light.

Each day that comes to me is long—
Not thus our wont to be of old,
With never music, harp, nor song,
Nor clang of battles bold.

No wooing soft, nor feats of might,
Nor cheer of chase, nor ancient lore,
Nor banquet gay, nor gallant fight—
All things beloved of yore.

[1] Dean of Lismore's Book.

No marching now with martial fire—
Alas, the tears that make me blind—
Far other was my heart's desire
A-hunting stag and hind.

Long this night the clouds delay—
No striving now as champions strove,
No run of hounds with mellow bay,
Nor leap in lakes we love.

No hero now where heroes hurled—
Long this night the clouds delay—
No man like me in all the world,
Alone with grief, and gray.

Long this night the clouds delay—
I raise their grave-carn, stone on stone,
For Fionn and Fianna passed away—
I, Ossian, left alone.

DEUS MEUS.

From the Irish of Maelisu.

Deus meus adiuva me,[1]
Give me thy love, O Christ, I pray,
Give me thy love, O Christ, I pray,
Deus meus adiuva me.

In meum cor ut sanum sit,[2]
Pour, loving King, Thy love in it,
Pour, loving King, Thy love in it,
In meum cor ut sanum sit.

Domine, da ut peto a te,[3]
O, pure bright sun, give, give to-day,
O, pure bright sun, give, give to-day,
Domine, da ut peto a te.

Hanc spero rem et quæro quam,[4]
Thy love to have where'er I am,
Thy love to have where'er I am,
Hanc spero rem et quæro quam.

[1] My God, assist thou me. [2] Into my heart that it sound may be.
[3] Lord, grant thou what I ask of thee.
[4] This thing I hope and seek of thee.

Tuum amorem sicut uis,[1]
Give to me swiftly, strongly, this,
Give to me swiftly, strongly, this,
Tuum amorem sicut uis.

Quæro, postulo, peto a te[2]
That I in heaven, dear Christ, may stay,
That I in heaven, dear Christ, may stay,
Quæro, postulo, peto a te.

Domine, Domine, exaudi me,[3]
Fill my soul, Lord, with Thy love's ray,
Fill my soul, Lord, with Thy love's ray,
Domine, Domine, exaudi me,
Deus meus adiuva me,
Deus meus adiuva me.[4]

JESUKIN.[5]

From the Irish of "St. Ita" (480—570).

Jesukin
Lives my little cell within;
What were wealth of cleric high—
All is lie but Jesukin.

Nursling nurtured, as 't is right—
Harbors here no servile spright—
Jesu of the skies, who art
Next my heart thro' every night!

Jesukin, my good for aye,
Calling and will not have nay,
King of all things, ever true,
He shall rue who will away.

[1] Thy love as Thou mayst will.
[2] I seek, I claim, and I ask of Thee. [3] Lord, Lord, hearken to me.
[4] This poem, written on the margin of 'Lebor Breac,' is quoted by Dr. Whitley Stokes, 'Calendar of Œngus,' clxxxv. Alliteration is observed in the Latin lines. In the first verse it seems obtained by the reading "ad-iuva," and in the fifth "amorem" alliterates with "uis" [vis].
[5] Whitley Stokes, LL.D. 'On the Calendar of Œngus,' 'Royal Irish Academy's Transactions,' 1880. Note, p. xxxv.
Jesukin, loving diminutive of *Isa*—in modern Irish *Iosa*—applied to the Child Jesus.

Jesu, more than angels aid,
Fosterling not formed to fade,
Nursed by me in desert wild,
Jesu, child of Judah's Maid.

Sons of Kings and kingly kin,
To my land may enter in;
Guest of none I hope to be,
Save of Thee, my Jesukin!

Unto heaven's High King confest
Sing a chorus, maidens blest!
He is o'er us, though within
Jesukin is on my breast!

A FAR FAREWELL.

'T is mad to leap the lofty wall and strain a gallant steed,
When close beside is the flow'ry fence to vault across at need.
O bitter the bright red berries that high on the Rowan grow—
But fresh and sweet the fruits we meet on the fragrant plant below.

Farewell, farewell a thousand times, to the green town of the trees,
Farewell to every homestead there from o'er the surging seas;—
Ah, many a wild and watery way, and many a ridge of foam
Keep far apart my lonely heart and the maid I love at home.

I move 'mid men, but always, their voices faint away,
And my mind awakes and I hear again the words her dear lips say;
Her sparkling glance, her glowing cheek, her lovely form I see—
As flowers that grow, like flakes of snow, on the black and leafless tree.

If you go from me, Vuirneen, safe may you depart!
Within my bosom I feel it, you 've killed my very heart—
No arm can swim, no boat can row, nor bark can mariner guide
O'er the waves of that woeful ocean that our two lives divide.

ORO, O DARLING FAIR.

SPINNERS' SONG.

"Oro, O darling fair! and ioro O Fairness fair!
Who 's the young maid to be wed upon Shrovetide there?
Oro, O darling fair! O lamb, and O love!"

"Oro, O darling fair! and ioro O Fairness fair!
Maid to be married I hear is sweet Annie Clare,
Oro, O darling fair! O lamb, and O love!"

"Oro, O darling fair! and ioro O Fairness fair!
Who 's the glad youth upon whom fell this happy air?
Oro, O darling fair! O lamb, and O love!"

"Oro, O darling fair! and ioro O Fairness fair!
Florence O'Driscoll they say has the luck so rare,
Oro, O darling fair! O lamb, and O love!"

"Oro, O darling fair! and ioro O Fairness fair!
What is the outfit they give to the wedded pair?
Oro, O darling fair! O lamb, and O love!"

"Oro, O darling fair! and ioro O Fairness fair!
Feathers the finest that ever had bird in air,
Linen the whitest that ever the spindle bare,
Quilting of silk that is softest beyond compare,
Candlesticks golden, graceful, and carved with care,
Red and white pieces in pocket to spend and spare,
Plenty on board with gay guests to gladly share,—
Victory I wish them, that joy may be ever there!
Oro, O darling fair! O lamb, and O love!"

GENTLE BRIDEEN.

From the Irish of O'Carolan.

O gentle fair maiden, thou hast left me in sadness;
My bosom is pierced with Love 's arrow so keen;
For thy mien it is graceful, thy glances are gladness,
And thousands thy lovers, O gentle Brideen!

The gray mist of morning in autumn was fleeting,
When I met the bright darling down in the boreen;
Her words were unkind, but I soon won a greeting;
Sweet kisses I stole from the lips of Brideen!

Oh! fair is the sun in the dawning all tender,
And beauteous the roses beneath it are seen,
Thy cheek is the red rose! thy brow the sun-splendor!
And, cluster of ringlets! my dawn is Brideen!

Then shine, O bright Sun, on thy constant, true lover;
Then shine once again in the leafy boreen,
And the clouds shall depart that around my heart hover,
And we 'll walk amid gladness, my gentle Brideen!

THINGS DELIGHTFUL.[1]

From the Irish of Oisin.

Sweet is a voice in the land of gold,
Sweet is the calling of wild birds bold;
Sweet is the shriek of the heron hoar,
Sweet fall the billows of Bundatrore.

Sweet is the sound of the blowing breeze,
Sweet is the blackbird's song in the trees;
Lovely the sheen of the shining sun,
Sweet is the thrush over Casacon.

Sweet shouts the eagle of Assaroe,
Where the gray seas of MacMorna flow,
Sweet calls the cuckoo the valleys o'er,
Sweet, through the silence, the corrie's roar.

Fionn, my father, is chieftain old
Of seven battalions of Fianna bold;
When he sets free all the deerhounds fleet
To rise and to follow with him were sweet.

[1] The original appeared in the Dean of Lismore's Book.

ANCIENT IRISH COSTUMES

From Meyrick and Smith's "Costumes of the Inhabitants of the British Isles"

Costumes of the Druidical order.

MRS. HESTER SIGERSON.

(—— 1898.)

Mrs. Sigerson was the daughter of Amos Varian of Cork, and was born in that city. She came of a family devoted to literature and music, all thinkers and all thoroughly Irish in feeling. She married Dr. George Sigerson in 1861. From her girlhood she wrote poems and stories in various magazines and in the collections of Ralph Varian, 'The Harp of Erin,' etc. But most of her writing lies buried in the pages of *The Boston Pilot*, *The Gael*, *Irish Fireside*, etc. She published one novel, 'A Ruined Race,' with Messrs. Ward and Downey in 1889. Her death occurred in 1898.

A NIGHT IN FORTMANUS VILLAGE.

From 'A Ruined Race.'

It was night when Dan entered Fortmanus, and so intensely dark that, only he knew every stone, he would have found it hard to make his way home. A chill misty wind had arisen, which pierced his wretched clothing, causing him to shiver with cold as he went painfully on. But his heart was so full of love and hope that he hardly felt his physical sufferings. As he approached his door, and lifted the latch softly, the sweet smell of primroses greeted him. But, mechanically closing the door after him, he stood for a moment powerless.

The scene before him almost made his heart stand still. A tin sconce fastened to the wall held the solitary candle, and by its light, standing at the head of the bed, Father Mat, in a low and solemn voice, read the prayers for the dying.

Mary was kneeling at the priest's side. Up to this time she had remained in silent prayer, but on Dan's entrance she burst into a passion of sobs. Dan never uttered a word or groan, but, laying down his bundle, knelt at her side. The prayers were ended, but he never stirred, nor when Mary spoke to him did he seem to hear her. After a bit he began to droop forward, but her arms prevented his fall. He had swooned.

They laid him flat upon the floor, and Mary fell upon him in an agony of grief, fearing he was dead or dying.

The priest assured her, however, that he was only in a faint, and ordered her to get water.

"What did he eat to-day?" said he.

"Sure I don't know, Father," answered she.

"And I suppose you ate nothing yourself either," said he, in a rough, angry tone. "What nonsense it is! Couldn't you make out something or other? Weren't any of the neighbors with you?"

"I never took my eyes off her all day," said Mary faintly.

"Sprinkle the water on his face and hands, and I 'll be back in a few minutes;" and Father Mat seemed, as he hurried through the darkness, to have been attacked with a sudden catarrh, for his handkerchief was in constant demand till he reached his own door.

As he entered the hall he called out:

"Are you there, Nancy?"

"To be sure I am! Where else would I be, sir, at this time o' night?" answered old Nancy Doolan, his housekeeper, cook, and maid-of-all-work, as she popped her white capped head out of the kitchen door, a well worn rosary dangling in her hand.

"I thought you might be in bed," said the priest apologetically. He was a little afraid of Nancy, though he had nearly as high an opinion of her as she had of him, and that is saying a great deal, for she did not think the whole earth held one like him, either priest or layman.

"Nancy," said he, "have you any boiling water?"

"Musha," answered she in a mournful and disappointed tone, "'t is a quare thing, an' I doin' for you ever since you came among us, for you to think so little of me. Did I ever go to bed or kneel down to say me prayers without lavin the hot wather an' everything ready for you? There 's the glass an' there 's the malt, an' there 's the lump sugar, an the kittle boilin' for your drop o' punch before you go to bed."

"Sure I 'm not doubting you, Nancy; but 't is tea I want now."

"Tea!" said she in surprise.

"Yes, Nancy, I want you to make a good jug of tea, and take a loaf of bread and knife—don't forget the knife—and bring them down to MacManus's cottage."

"Is it to Dan MacManus's cottage."

"Now, you heard me, Nancy."

"Is it a loaf o' bread an' tay, sir?"

"I won't say it a second time," said the priest, looking angry, for Nancy and he often had little battles over his charity, but, seeing that he was very determined this time, she went grumbling about her task.

"That 's the way—why, every one o' them coming over him with their starvation stories. He 'll be left without a cup o' tay for himself between 'em; as if the whole village could be draggin' out of him! An' troth! he 's tight enough as it is."

Father Mat had gone into his little parlor and supplied himself with a small quantity of brandy out of the little he had, and gone off to the cabin, where he was soon followed by Nancy, bearing the jug of tea in one hand, a small lantern in the other, and the loaf of bread and knife in her apron. She laid them down upon the table, and shook her head compassionately when she saw the state of affairs. Dan was just recovering consciousness and sat with his back against the wall while the priest was administering some brandy to him.

Nancy stole to the bedside, and, gazing for a while on the little white face, muttered: "Glory be to God! she 's gone;" upon which Mary started to her side, and placing her ear to the white lips, said:

"No, the breath is in her, Nancy."

"I didn't think she was breathing at all. Glory be to God! she 'll soon be a bright little angel. God help you, you 're the sorrowful woman this night, Mary, acushla. Take a drop o' the warm tay if you can at all."

"I don't think I could swally it; I never thought of bit or sup this day, no more nor if I was a soul unbodied."

"Come now," said the priest, "whether you can or not, the two of you must eat and drink a hearty supper before I leave this. Go on now, Nancy, I 'll be down after you;" and his reverence poured out some tea into a tin mug and handed it to Mary, while he gave the jug to Dan, and cut up the loaf and commanded them "as an act of obedience" to eat their suppers.

The night wore on. The priest had left them. Little Eily still breathed, though they thought every breath would

be her last. As they watched above her, the wind swept round the house, sobbing and sighing at the door, at the window, through the chinks in the roof, almost like a woman's wail. Mary looked at Dan.

"'T is only the wind, Mary."

Treacy's dog Bouncer gave vent to a long and piercing howl.

"Oh," muttered Dan, "if she 'd give me one look before she goes!"

Eily opened her eyes. They seemed dark and brilliant. A look of strange surprise was in them, and she seemed to gaze intently at the foot of the bed. Gradually a smile of ineffable rapture illumined her face, and she seemed to make an effort to stretch out her hands.

"'T is the blessed angels is come for her," whispered Mary; and both parents sank upon their knees.

Bouncer gave another howl, and the wind wailed round the house, and Bouncer howled again, and Mrs. Treacy blessed herself and remarked to her spouse:

"Jim! that 's the third time Bouncer did that."

"Troth, 'tis well he has some one stopping awake to keep an account for him," responded Jim in a sleepy voice, for, asleep or awake, Jim was always a wag.

"I 'm thinking 't is poor Eily MacManus is going. I believe she didn't know one yesterday;" and the young mother pressed her lips upon the little downy head that rested on her arm. "Well, in town or counthry I never saw such a purty child as she was when she came here first. I 'm tould 't was in his family to be handsome. They say he 's one of the rale ould stock, an' sure the both of them was dazed about her."

"She was," replied Jim, "a very nice little crather; but as 't is the heart o' the night, I suppose we might as well be going to sleep, Norry."

Mrs. Treacy kissed her baby again, and said no more.

Bouncer gave another howl.

"That 's four," said Jim, half asleep. In another house little Katey Farrell, who lay at the foot of the family bed, turned over in her sleep and muttered, "I gave her the primroses."

"Be quiet with you," said her mother, giving her a push with her foot; "you have me awake the whole night wid

your turning and twisting, an' troth! I was jaded enough when I lay down."

Upon which Katey repeated her remark in a louder tone, though still asleep.

"Is there anything ailing you, agra?" said her mother, fearing she might be unwell.

Katey, now wide awake, said:

"I was dramin' about the primroses I took to poor little Eily yesterday. Weren't they grand ones?"

"Faith, if you don't be quiet this minnit, I 'll give you primroses you won't like. I didn't get a wink o' sleep yet with you."

Bouncer gave another prolonged howl.

"God bless us!" said Mrs. Farrell.

"That 's Treacy's Bouncer," said Katey.

"I 'm afeared poor Eily is gone," said her mother. "Be quiet an' go to sleep, anyhow."

"Sure I often heard him doin' that," said the child.

"You 'll have the baby awake on me, so you will!" and Mrs. Farrell gave a low "hush—sh—sh," and then all was silent and she thought to herself, "Now surely I 'll get a sleep," for she wished to rise early on Easter Sunday morning, and she had been up late washing and cleansing in order to have her children as neat as possible in honor of that glorious festival. But to her utter dismay, a shrill voice from the other side of the apartment chirped out:

"Sure Mat tot a otther."

"Whist, whist," said the mother.

"Go asleep, now," muttered a low voice from the same locality, which we recognize as that of old Gran.

But little five-year-old Patsy had been much excited the previous evening by this exploit of his brother, and had fallen asleep quite unintentionally in the midst of it. So when he awoke again he naturally took up the matter where he had left off, and was quite irrepresssible. Indeed he was always a wakeful youngster, and so lively that even sleep did not subdue him, for he was in the habit of nightly going through a series of athletic performances, using his old grandmother as a springing-board. Occasionally these exercises brought him out upon the earthen floor with a sudden dash, when he would give vent to a shrieking announcement that "His head was broke!" and wake all

the household with the exception of Mat, who, though usually in a highly compressed state between his father and the wall, always slept through everything until his waking hour, half-past five in the summer and half-past six in winter.

"Fos Bouncer tot him be the poll down in de wather."

"For the Lord's sake, Mother, will you make him whist? he 'll have the house awake." By the "house" she meant Pat the elder and the dreaded baby. For they are equally unreasonable and difficult of management when disturbed at night.

"Sure if I sthrike him he 'd wake the town, an' what 'll I do?" said the old woman. "Go asleep now, avourneen, an' I 'll give you 'long sticks' to-morrow."

"You will in my eye!" remarked the cherub.

"I 'll bate you in the morning," said the mother.

"Oh, glory! such a great big foxey."

"He 's hanging in the yard," said Katey; for which she got a smart kick.

But the mischief was done. An angry bass suddenly exclaimed, from the northeast corner of the family bed.

"Yerra! what the —— has you all pratin' away like magpies in the black o' the night for?"

"Oh, Pat! don't wake the child!" said his wife, in a low, mild tone.

"E gorra! that 's not a bad one, either! 'Oh, Pat, don't wake the child,'" mocked he in indignant tones; "an' herself afther wakin' the whole of us out of the depths of our sleep wid her talk; troth you 're one o' the quarest women I ever heard tell of."

His wife said nothing, for she had still hopes of being able to hush the baby. And as the angry tones of the paterfamilias had effectually silenced the other youngsters, all was soon quiet, and even the poor, tired mother succeeded in falling into a sound and refreshing sleep.

Strange to say, Mat—the adamantine sleeper—was the first to awaken, his accustomed hour having come. He calmly opened his eyes, and, craning up his neck, he looked down at his sister, who still slept, which he considered absurd; so, having nothing at hand to throw at her, he slid softly down and tilted up her head with his foot.

"Stop!" said she sleepily, but, remembering herself, she

said—in what people call a pig's whisper—"Me Easther's eggs on you, Mat. I wondher what way is the otther this mornin'?"

"The way I left him, I suppose; wid his neck broke an' he hanging be the heels," said her brother, his thin, otherwise healthy, young face, twinkling all over with satisfaction at the memory of his last evening's exploit.

The family were soon all awake, and as neatly attired as possible under the circumstances. In honor of the day, poor old Gran, with much pride, tied a new checked bib upon Patsy, the price of which she had earned by knitting, and looked with love and admiration upon his curly head and shining face, notwithstanding her aching sides. She made him kneel down and say his prayers, and he stumbled through his Pater and Ave pretty well, considering his years; though his thoughts were on the otter, and his eyes kept turning towards the door.

"Mind your prayers, sir," said his grandmother.

"He have awful long whishkers," responded Patsy, upon which she gave him a cuff on the ear, and he finished his prayers in tears; but quickly consoled himself by running out to see the otter. From whence, however, he returned in a few moments crying lustily, and stating in indignant tones, interspersed with sobs, that "Mat bate him 'cause he on'y dust put his finger on his whishkers."

"Begob! thin, if you could put your finger on Mat's whisker you could do more than I could anyhow!" said his father from out a thick lather of soap which covered the lower half of his face.

"Aye, troth," laughed old Gran.

"'Tosn't Mat's whiskers, on'y the otther's," grumbled Patsy in an injured tone.

MRS. W. SKRINE ("MOIRA O'NEILL").

"MOIRA O'NEILL," who was Miss Nesta Higginson, comes of an old Ulster family. She is married to Mr. Walter Skrine; they lived for some years on a ranch in Canada, but they are now settled in Ireland. The poems of "Moira O'Neill" have mostly made their first appearance in *Blackwood's* and *The Spectator*. The authoress has also published two prose stories—'The Elf-Errant' and 'An Easter Vacation.' "Her poetry," says a writer in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "is Irish of the Irish—tender, wistful, hovering on the borderland between tears and laughter, and as musical as an old Gaelic melody. It springs straight from life, a genuine growth of the Antrim glens."

MARRIAGE.

I met an ould *caillach* I knowed right well on the brow o' Carnashee:
"The top o' the mornin'!" I says to her. "God save ye!" she says to me:
"An' och! if it 's you,
Tell me true,
When are ye goin' to marry?"
"I 'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow,
Wi' the man to find an' the money to borrow."

"As sure as ye 're young an' fair," says she, "one day ye 'll be ugly an' ould.
If ye haven't a husband, who 'll care," says she, "to call ye in out o' the could?
Left to yourself,
Laid on the shelf,—
Now is your time to marry.
Musha! don't tell *me* ye 'll be married to-morrow,
Wi' the man to find an' the money to borrow."

"I may be dead ere I 'm ould," says I, "for nobody knows their day.
I never was feared o' the could," says I, "but I 'm feared to give up me way.
Good or bad,
Sorry or glad,
'T is mine no more when I marry.
So here stand I, to be married to-morrow,
Wi' the man to find an' the money to borrow."

The poor ould *caillach* went down the hill shakin' her finger at me.
"'T is on top o' the world ye think yerself still, an' that 's what it is," says she.
But *thon* was the day
Dan MacIlray
Had me promise to marry.
So here stand I, to be married to-morrow,—
The man he is found, but the money 's to borrow.

THE GRAND MATCH.

Dennis was hearty when Dennis was young,
High was his step in the jig that he sprung,
He had the looks an' the sootherin tongue,—
An' he wanted a girl wid a fortune.

Nannie was gray-eyed an' Nannie was tall,
Fair was the face hid in-undher her shawl,
Troth! an' he liked her the best o' them all,—
But she 'd not a *traneen* to her fortune.

He be to look out for a likelier match,
So he married a girl that was counted a catch,
An' as ugly as need be, the dark little patch,—
But that was a trifle, he tould her.

She brought him her good-lookin' gold to admire,
She brought him her good-lookin' cows to his byre,
But far from good-lookin' she sat by his fire,—
An' paid him that "thrifle" he tould her.

He met pretty Nan when a month had gone by,
An' he thought like a fool to get round her he 'd try;
Wid a smile on her lip an' a spark in her eye,
She said, "How is the woman that owns ye?"

Och, never be tellin' the life that he 's led!
Sure many 's the night that he 'll wish himself dead,
For the sake o' two eyes in a pretty girl's head,—
An' the tongue o' the woman that owns him.

CORRYMEELA.

Over here in England I 'm helpin' wi' the hay,
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!
Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

There 's a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the heavy trees,
This livin' air is moithered wi' the hummin' o' the bees;
I wisht I 'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' through the heat
Past Corrymeela wi' the blue sky over it.

The people that 's in England is richer nor the Jews,
There 's not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in his shoes!
I 'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child,
Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.

Here 's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o' care,
By the luck o' love! I 'd still go light for all I did go bare.
"God save ye, colleen dhas," I said: the girl she thought me wild!
Far Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortial hard to raise,
The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill to plase;
When ones't I 'm out this workin' hive, 't is I 'll be back again—
Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an English Town!
For a *shaugh* wid Andy Feelan here I 'd give a silver crown,
For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye 'll ask the like in vain—
Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.

JOHNEEN.

Sure, he 's five months, an' he 's two foot long,
Baby Johneen;
Watch yerself now, for he 's terrible sthrong,
Baby Johneen.
An' his fists 'ill he up if ye make any slips,
He has finger-ends like the daisy-tips,
But he 'll have ye attend to the words of his lips,
Will Johneen.

There 's nobody can rightly tell the color of his eyes,
This Johneen;
For they 're partly o' the earth an' still they 're partly o' the skies,
Like Johneen.
So far as he 's thraveled he 's been laughin' all the way,
For the little soul is quare an' wise, the little heart is gay;
An' he likes the merry daffodils—he thinks they 'd do to play
With Johneen.

He 'll sail a boat yet, if he only has his luck,
Young Johneen;
For he takes to the wather like any little duck,
Boy Johneen;
Sure, them are the hands now to pull on a rope,
An' nate feet for walkin the deck on a slope,
But the ship she must wait a wee while yet, I hope,
For Johneen.

For we couldn't do wantin' him, not just yet—
Och, Johneen,
'T is you that are the daisy, an' you that are the pet,
Wee Johneen.
Here 's to your health, an' we 'll dhrink it to-night,
Sláinte gal, avic machree! live an' do right!
Sláinte gal, avourneen! may your days be bright,
Johneen!

LOOKIN' BACK.

Wathers o' Moyle an' the white gulls flyin',
Since I was near ye what have I seen?
Deep great seas, an' a sthrong wind sighin'
Night and day where the waves are green.
Struth na Moile, the wing goes sighin'
Over a waste o' wathers green.

Sternish an' Trostan, dark wi' heather,
High are the Rockies, airy-blue;
Sure, ye have snows in the winter weather,
Here they 're lyin' the long year through.
Snows are fair in the summer weather,
Och, an' the shadows between are blue!

Lone Glen Dun an' the wild glen-flowers,
  Little ye know if the prairie is sweet.
Roses for miles, an' redder than ours,
  Spring here undher the horses' feet—
Aye, an' the black-eyed gold sun-flowers,
  Not as the glen-flowers small an' sweet.

Wathers o' Moyle, I hear ye callin'
  Clearer for half o' the world between,
Antrim hills an' the wet rain fallin'
  Whiles ye are nearer than snow tops keen:
Dreams o' the night an' a night wind callin',
  What is the half o' the world between?

THE SONG OF GLEN DUN.

Sure this is blessed Erin an' this the same glen,
The gold is on the whin-bush, the wather sings again,
The Fairy Thorn 's in flower,—an' what ails my heart then?
  Flower o' the May,
  Flower o' the May,
What about the May time, an' he far away!

Summer loves the green glen, the white bird loves the sea,
An' the wind must kiss the heather top, an' the red bell hides a bee;
As the bee is dear to the honey-flower, so one is dear to me.
  Flower o' the rose,
  Flower o' the rose,
A thorn pricked me one day, but nobody knows.

The bracken up the braeside has rusted in the air,
Three birches lean together, so silver limbed an' fair,
Och! golden leaves are flyin' fast, but the scarlet roan is rare.
  Berry o' the roan,
  Berry o' the roan,
The wind sighs among the trees, but I sigh alone.

I knit beside the turf fire, I spin upon the wheel,
Winter nights for thinkin' long, round runs the reel. . . .
But he never knew, he never knew that here for him I 'd kneel.
  Sparkle o' the fire,
  Sparkle o' the fire,
Mother Mary, keep my love, an' send me my desire!

A SONG OF GLENANN.

Och, when we lived in ould Glenann
  Meself could lilt a song!
An' ne'er an hour by day or dark
  Would I be thinkin' long.

The weary wind might take the roof,
  The rain might lay the corn;
We 'd up an' look for betther luck
  About the morrow's morn.

But since we come away from there
  An' far across the say,
I still have wrought, an' still have thought
  The way I 'm doin' the day.

An' now we 're quarely betther fixed,
  In troth! there 's nothin' wrong:
But me an' mine, by rain an' shine
  We do be thinkin' long.

MRS. TOULMIN SMITH (L. T. MEADE).

L. T. MEADE was born at Bandon, County Cork, the daughter of the Rev. R. T. Meade. She married in 1879 Mr. Toulmin Smith, and has one son and two daughters. Later she went to London, working at the British Museum, living in the East End and studying its social problems. She wrote her first book at seventeen, and now is among the most voluminous of living writers. The list of her works is a very long one. Mrs. Meade's lot must be counted happy. She is beloved of little girls and of some girls well on in their teens. She has an immense popularity ; and she knows how to write of and for girls with great charm and truth.

She edited the girls' magazine, *Atalanta*, for six years. In her hands it was an ideal magazine for its purpose. Besides stories for girls, Mrs. Meade is constantly engaged in writing novels. Among many other works she has written (some alone, some in collaboration): 'Scamp and I,' the first to bring her popularity ; 'Daddy's Boy,' 'A World of Girls,' 'The Medicine Lady,' 'Stories from the Diary of a Doctor,' 'The Way of a Woman,' 'Bad Little Hannah,' 'Wild Kitty,' 'The Rebellion of Lil Carrington,' 1898 ; 'Mary Gifford,' 1898 ; 'The Cleverest Woman in England,' 1898 ; 'The Girls of St. Wode's,' 1898 ; 'The Brotherhood of the Seven Kings,' 1898 ; 'All Sorts,' 'An Adventuress,' 'The Sanctuary Club,' 'A Race with the Sun,' 'Daddy's Girl,' 'A Princess of the Gutter,' 'Wages,' 'Wheels of Iron,' 'The Blue Diamond,' 'Voices of the Past,' and 'Drift.'

A MIDNIGHT ESCAPADE.

From 'A World of Girls.'

It was a proverbial saying in the school that Annie Forest was always in hot water; she was exceedingly daring and loved what she called a spice of danger. This was not the first stolen picnic at which Annie reigned as queen, but this was the largest she had yet organized, and this was the first time she had dared to go out of doors with her satellites.

Hitherto these naughty sprites had been content to carry their baskets full of artfully concealed provisions to a disused attic which was exactly over the box-room, and consequently out of reach of the inhabited part of the house. Here, making a table of a great chest which stood in the attic, they feasted gloriously, undisturbed by the musty smell or by the innumerable spiders and beetles which disappeared rapidly in all directions at their ap-

proach; but when Annie one day incautiously suggested that on summer nights the outside world was all at their disposal, they began to discover flaws in their banqueting-hall. Mary Price said the musty smell made her half sick; Phyllis declared that at the sight of a spider she invariably turned faint; and Susan Drummond was heard to murmur that in a dusty, fusty attic even meringues scarcely kept her awake. The girls were all wild to try a midnight picnic out of doors, and Annie in her present mood, was only too eager for the fun.

With her usual skill she organized the whole undertaking, and eight agitated, slightly frightened, but much excited girls retired to their rooms that night. Annie, in her heart of hearts, felt rather sorry that Mrs. Willis should happen to be away; dim ideas of honor and trustworthiness were still stirring in her breast, but she dared not think now.

The night was in every respect propitious; the moon would not rise until after twelve, so the little party could get away under the friendly shelter of the darkness, and soon afterwards have plenty of light to enjoy their stolen feast. They had arranged to make no movement until close on midnight, and then they were all to meet in a passage which belonged to the kitchen regions, and where there was a side door which opened directly into the shrubbery. This door was not very often unlocked, and Annie had taken the key from its place in the lock some days before. She went to bed with her companions at nine o'clock as usual, and presently fell into an uneasy doze. She awoke to hear the great clock in the hall strike eleven, and a few minutes afterwards she heard Miss Danesbury's footsteps retiring to her room at the other end of the passage.

"Danesbury is always the last to go to bed," whispered Annie to herself; "I can get up presently."

She lay for another twenty minutes, then, softly rising, began to put on her clothes in the dark. Over her dress she fastened her waterproof, and placed a close-fitting brown velvet cap on her curly head. Having dressed herself, she approached Susan's bed, with the intention of rousing her.

"I shall have fine work now," she said, "and shall probably have to resort to cold water. Really, if Susy proves

too hard to wake, I shall let her sleep on—her drowsiness is past bearing."

Annie, however, was considerably startled when she discovered that Miss Drummond's bed was without an occupant.

At this moment the room door was very softly opened, and Susan, fully dressed and in her waterproof, came in.

"Why, Susy, where have you been?" exclaimed Annie. "Fancy you being awake a moment before it is necessary!"

"For once in a way I was restless," replied Miss Drummond, "so I thought I would get up, and take a turn in the passage outside. The house is perfectly quiet, and we can come now; most of the girls are already waiting at the side door."

Holding their shoes in their hands, Annie and Susan went noiselessly down the carpetless stairs, and found the remaining six girls waiting for them by the side door.

"Rover is our one last danger now," said Annie, as she fitted the well-oiled key into the lock. "Put on your shoes, girls, and let me out first; I think I can manage him."

She was alluding to a great mastiff which was usually kept chained up by day. Phyllis and Norah laid their hands on her arm.

"Oh, Annie, oh, love, suppose he seizes on you, and knocks you down—oh, dare you venture?"

"Let me go," said Annie a little contemptuously; "you don't suppose I am afraid?"

Her fingers trembled, for her nerves were highly strung; but she managed to unlock the door and draw back the bolts, and, opening it softly, she went out into the silent night.

Very slight as the noise she made was, it had aroused the watchful Rover, who trotted around swiftly to know what was the matter. But Annie had made friends with Rover long ago by stealing to his kennel door and feeding him, and she had now but to say "Rover" in her melodious voice, and throw her arms around his neck, to completely subvert his morals.

"He is one of us, girls," she called in a whisper to her companions; "come out. Rover will be as naughty as the rest of us, and go with us as our body-guard to the fairies' field. Now, I will lock the door on the outside, and

we can be off. Ah, the moon is getting up splendidly, and when we have secured Betty's basket, we shall be quite out of reach of danger."

At Annie's words of encouragement the seven girls ventured out. She locked the door, put the key into her pocket, and, holding Rover by his collar, led the way in the direction of the laurel-bush. The basket was secured, and Susan, to her disgust, and Mary Morris were elected for the first part of the way to carry it. The young truants then walked quickly down the avenue until they came to a turnstile which led into a wood.

The moon had now come up brilliantly, and the little party were in the highest possible spirits. They had got safely away from the house, and there was now, comparatively speaking, little fear of discovery. The more timid ones, who ventured to confess that their hearts were in their mouths while Annie was unlocking the side door, now became the most excited, and perhaps the boldest, under the reaction which set in. Even the wood, which was comparatively dark, with only patches of moonlight here and there, and queer weird shadows where the trees were thinnest, could not affect their spirits.

The poor, sleepy rabbits must have been astonished that night at the shouts of the revelers, as they hurried past them, and the birds must have taken their sleepy heads from under their downy wings, and wondered if the morning had come some hours before its usual time.

More than one solemn old owl blinked at them, and hooted as they passed, and told them in owl language what silly, naughty young things they were, and how they would repent of this dissipation by-and-by. But if the girls were to have an hour of remorse, it did not visit them then; their hearts were like feathers, and by the time they reached the field where the fairies were supposed to play, their spirits had become almost uncontrollable.

Luckily for them this small green field lay in a secluded hollow, and more luckily for them no tramps were about to hear their merriment. Rover, who constituted himself Annie's protector, now lay down by her side, and as she was the real ringleader and queen of the occasion, she ordered her subjects about pretty sharply.

"Now, girls, quick; open the basket. Yes, I 'm going to

rest. I have organized the whole thing, and I 'm fairly tired; so I 'll just sit quietly here, and Rover will take care of me while you set things straight. Ah! good Betty; she did not even forget the white table-cloth."

Here one of the girls remarked casually that the grass was wet with dew, and that it was well they had all put on their waterproofs.

Annie interrupted again in a petulant voice—

"Don't croak, Mary Morris. Out with the chickens, lay the ham in this corner, and the cherries will make a picturesque pile in the middle. Twelve meringues in all, that means a meringue and a half each. We shall have some difficulty in dividing. Oh, dear! oh, dear! how hungry I am! I was far too excited to eat anything at supper-time."

"So was I," said Phyllis, coming up and pressing close to Annie. "I do think Miss Danesbury cuts the bread and butter too thick—don't you, Annie? I could not eat mine at all, to-night, and Cecil Temple asked me if I was not well."

"Those who don't want chicken hold up their hands," here interrupted Annie, who had tossed her brown cap on the grass, and between whose brows a faint frown had passed for an instant at the mention of Cecil's name.

The feast now began in earnest, and silence reigned for a short time, broken only by the clatter of plates, and such an occasional remark as "Pass the salt, please," "Pepper this way, if you 've no objection," "How good chicken tastes in fairy-land," etc. At last the ginger-beer bottles began to pop—the girls' first hunger was appeased. Rover gladly crunched up all the bones, and conversation flowed once more, accompanied by the delicate diversion of taking alternate bites at meringues and cheesecakes.

"I wish the fairies would come out," said Annie.

"Oh, don't!" shivered Phyllis, looking round her nervously.

"Annie, darling, do tell us a ghost story," cried several voices.

Annie laughed, and commenced a series of nonsense tales, all of a slightly eerie character, which she made up on the spot.

The moon riding high in the heavens looked down on

the young giddy heads, and their laughter, naughty as they were, sounded sweet in the night air.

Time flew quickly, and the girls suddenly discovered that they must pack up their table-cloth and remove all traces of the feast unless they wished the bright light of morning to discover them. They rose hastily, sighing, and slightly depressed now that their fun was over. The white table-cloth, no longer very white, was packed into the basket, the ginger-beer bottles placed on top of it, and the lid fastened down. Not a crumb of the feast remained; Rover had demolished the bones, and the eight girls had made short work of everything else, with the exception of the cherry-stones, which Phyllis carefully collected and popped into a little hole in the ground.

The party then progressed slowly homewards, and once more entered the dark wood. They were much more silent now; the wood was darker, and the chill which foretells the dawn was making itself felt in the air. Either the sense of cold or a certain effect produced by Annie's ridiculous stories, made many of the little party unduly nervous.

They had only taken a few steps through the wood when Phyllis suddenly uttered a piercing shriek. This shriek was echoed by Nora and by Mary Morris, and all their hearts seemed to leap into their mouths when they saw something move among the trees. Rover uttered a growl, and, but for Annie's detaining hand, would have sprung forward. The high-spirited girl was not to be easily daunted.

"Behold, girls, the goblin of the woods," she exclaimed. "Quiet, Rover; stand still."

The next instant the fears of the little party reached their culmination when a tall, dark figure stood directly in their paths.

"If you don't let us pass at once," said Annie's voice, "I 'll set Rover at you."

The dog began to bark loudly, and quivered from head to foot.

The figure moved a little to one side, and a rather deep and slightly dramatic voice said—

"I mean you no harm, young ladies; I 'm only a gipsy-mother from the tents yonder. You are welcome to get

back to Lavender House. I have then one course plain before me."

"Come on, girls," said Annie, now considerably frightened, while Phyllis, and Nora, and one or two more began to sob.

"Look here, young ladies," said the gipsy in a whining voice, "I don't mean you no harm, my pretties, and it 's no affair of mine telling the good ladies at Lavender House what I 've seen. You cross my hand, dears, each of you, with a bit of silver, and all I 'll do is to tell your pretty fortunes, and mum is the word with the gipsy-mother as far as this night's prank is concerned."

"We had better do it, Annie—we had better do it," here sobbed Phyllis. "If this was found out by Mrs. Willis we might be expelled—we might, indeed; and that horrid woman is sure to tell of us—I know she is."

"Quite sure to tell, dear," said the tall gipsy, dropping a curtsey in a manner which looked frightfully sarcastic in the long shadows made by the trees. "Quite sure to tell, and to be expelled is the very least that could happen to such naughty little ladies. Here 's a nice little bit of clearing in the wood, and we 'll all come over, and Mother Rachel will tell your fortunes in a twinkling, and no one will be the wiser. Sixpence a-piece, my dears—only sixpence a-piece."

"Oh, come; do, do come," said Nora, and the next moment they were all standing in a circle round Mother Rachel, who pocketed her blackmail eagerly, and repeated some gibberish over each little hand. Over Annie's palm she lingered for a brief moment, and looked with her penetrating eyes into the girl's face.

"You 'll have suffering before you, miss; some suspicion, and danger even to life itself. But you 'll triumph, my dear, you 'll triumph. You 're a plucky one, and you 'll do a brave deed. There—good-night, young ladies; you have nothing more to fear from Mother Rachel."

The tall dark figure disappeared into the blackest shadows of the wood, and the girls, now like so many frightened hares, flew home. They deposited their basket where Betty would find it, under the shadow of the great laurel in the back avenue. They all bade Rover an affec-

tionate "good-night." Annie softly unlocked the side-door, and one by one, with their shoes in their hands, they regained their bedrooms. They were all very tired, and very cold, and a dull fear and sense of insecurity rested over each little heart. Suppose Mother Rachel proved unfaithful, notwithstanding the sixpences?

E. Œ. SOMERVILLE AND VIOLET MARTIN ("MARTIN ROSS").

Martin Ross is the pseudonym of Miss Violet Martin and Miss Somerville, who are both great-granddaughters of Chief Justice Charles Kendal Bushe. Miss Martin is daughter of the late James Martin of Ross, County Galway, while Miss Somerville is daughter of the late Colonel Somerville of Drishane, County Cork. Both writers know their Cork and their Galway thoroughly, and are on the happiest terms with the gentry and peasantry of their immediate surroundings.

They know their Dublin as thoroughly, as their remarkable novel, 'The Real Charlotte,' goes to prove. These ladies have produced some very successful books: 'An Irish Cousin,' 'Naboth's Vineyard,' 'Through Connemara in a Governess Cart,' 'In the Vine Country,' and last, but not least, 'Some Experiences of an Irish Resident Magistrate,' a delightful book which has placed its authors among the first of the humorists. 'The Real Charlotte' excels as a picture of the *bourgeoisie* and the little folk of the country. It is bitten in with acid, and if it falls short of mere pleasantness, there is in it a strength that tempts one to name the authors of 'The Real Charlotte' with some very great writers.

LISHEEN RACES, SECOND-HAND.

From 'Some Experiences of an Irish Resident Magistrate.'

It may or may not be agreeable to have attained the age of thirty-eight, but, judging from old photographs, the privilege of being nineteen has also its drawbacks. I turned over page after page of an ancient book in which were enshrined portraits of the friends of my youth, singly, in David and Jonathan couples, and in groups in which I, as it seemed to my mature and possibly jaundiced perception, always contrived to look the most immeasurable young bounder of the lot. Our faces were fat, and yet I cannot remember ever having been considered fat in my life; we indulged in low-necked shirts, in "Jemima" ties with diagonal stripes; we wore coats that seemed three sizes too small, and trousers that were three sizes too big; we also wore small whiskers.

I stopped at last at one of the David and Jonathan memorial portraits. Yes, here was the object of my researches; this stout and earnestly romantic youth was Leigh Kelway, and that fatuous and chubby young person

seated on the arm of his chair was myself. Leigh Kelway was a young man ardently believed in by a large circle of admirers, headed by himself and seconded by me, and for some time after I had left Magdalen for Sandhurst, I maintained a correspondence with him on large and abstract subjects. This phase of our friendship did not survive; I went soldiering to India, and Leigh Kelway took honors and moved suitably on into politics, as is the duty of an earnest young Radical with useful family connections and an independent income. Since then I had at intervals seen in the papers the name of the Honorable Basil Leigh Kelway mentioned as a speaker at elections, as a writer of thoughtful articles in the reviews, but we had never met, and nothing could have been less expected by me than the letter, written from Mrs. Raverty's Hotel, Skebawn, in which he told me he was making a tour in Ireland with Lord Waterbury, to whom he was private secretary. Lord Waterbury was at present having a few days' fishing near Killarney, and he himself, not being a fisherman, was collecting statistics for his chief on various points connected with the Liquor Question in Ireland. He had heard that I was in the neighborhood, and was kind enough to add that it would give him much pleasure to meet me again.

With a stir of the old enthusiasm I wrote begging him to be my guest for as long as it suited him, and the following afternoon he arrived at Shreelane. The stout young friend of my youth had changed considerably. His important nose and slightly prominent teeth remained, but his wavy hair had withdrawn intellectually from his temples; his eyes had acquired a statesmanlike absence of expression, and his neck had grown long and birdlike. It was his first visit to Ireland, as he lost no time in telling me, and he and his chief had already collected much valuable information on the subject to which they had dedicated the Easter recess. He further informed me that he thought of popularizing the subject in a novel, and therefore intended to, as he put it, "master the brogue" before his return.

During the next few days I did my best for Leigh Kelway. I turned him loose on Father Scanlan; I showed him Mohona, our champion village, that boasts fifteen public-houses out of twenty buildings of sorts and a railway station; I took him to hear the prosecution of a publican

for selling drink on a Sunday, which gave him an opportunity of studying perjury as a fine art, and of hearing a lady, on whom police suspicion justly rested, profoundly summed up by the sergeant as "a woman who had th' appairance of having knocked at a back door."

The net result of these experiences has not yet been given to the world by Leigh Kelway. For my own part, I had at the end of three days arrived at the conclusion that his society, when combined with a note-book and a thirst for statistics, was not what I used to find it at Oxford. I therefore welcomed a suggestion from Mr. Flurry Knox that we should accompany him to some typical country races, got up by the farmers at a place called Lisheen, some twelve miles away. It was the worst road in the district, the races of the most grossly unorthodox character; in fact, it was the very place for Leigh Kelway to collect impressions of Irish life, and in any case it was a blessed opportunity of disposing of him for the day.

In my guest's attire next morning I discerned an unbending from the rôle of cabinet minister towards that of sportsman; the outlines of the note-book might be traced in his breast pocket, but traversing it was the strap of a pair of field-glasses, and his light gray suit was smart enough for Goodwood.

Flurry was to drive us to the races at one o'clock, and we walked to Tory Cottage by the short cut over the hill, in the sunny beauty of an April morning. Up to the present the weather had kept me in a more or less apologetic condition; any one who has entertained a guest in the country knows the unjust weight of responsibility that rests on the shoulders of the host in the matter of climate, and Leigh Kelway, after two drenchings, had become sarcastically resigned to what I felt he regarded as my mismanagement.

Flurry took us into the house for a drink and a biscuit, to keep us going, as he said, till "we lifted some luncheon out of the Castle Knox people at the races," and it was while we were thus engaged that the first disaster of the day occurred. The dining-room door was open, so also was the window of the little staircase just outside it, and through the window traveled sounds that told of the close proximity of the stable-yard; the clattering of hoofs on

cobble stones, and voices uplifted in loud conversation. Suddenly from this region there arose a screech of the laughter peculiar to kitchen flirtation, followed by the clank of a bucket, the plunging of a horse, and then an uproar of wheels and galloping hoofs. An instant afterwards Flurry's chestnut cob, in a dogcart, dashed at full gallop into view, with the reins streaming behind him, and two men in hot pursuit. Almost before I had time to realize what had happened, Flurry jumped through the half-opened window of the dining-room like a clown at a pantomime, and joined in the chase, but the cob was resolved to make the most of his chance, and went away down the drive and out of sight at a pace that distanced every one save the kennel terrier, who sped in shrieking ecstasy beside him.

"Oh merciful hour!" exclaimed a female voice behind me. Leigh Kelway and I were by this time watching the progress of events from the gravel, in company with the remainder of Flurry's household. "The horse is desthroyed! Wasn't that the quare start he took! And all in the world I done was to slap a bucket of wather at Michael out the windy, and 't was himself got it in place of Michael!"

"Ye 'll never ate another bit, Bridgie Dunnigan," replied the cook, with the exulting pessimism of her kind. "The Master 'll have your life!"

Both speakers shouted at the top of their voices, probably because in spirit they still followed afar the flight of the cob.

Leigh Kelway looked serious as we walked on down the drive. I almost dared to hope that a note on the degrading oppression of Irish retainers was shaping itself. Before we reached the bend of the drive the rescue party was returning with the fugitive, all, with the exception of the kennel terrier, looking extremely gloomy. The cob had been confronted by a wooden gate, which he had unhesitatingly taken in his stride, landing on his head on the farther side with the gate and the cart on top of him, and had arisen with a lame foreleg, a cut on his nose, and several other minor wounds.

"You 'd think the brute had been fighting the cats, with all the scratches and scrapes he has on him!" said Flurry,

casting a vengeful eye at Michael, "and one shaft 's broken and so is the dashboard. I haven't another horse in the place; they 're all out at grass, and so there 's an end of the races!"

We all three stood blankly on the hall-door steps and watched the wreck of the trap being trundled up the avenue.

"I 'm very sorry you 're done out of your sport," said Flurry to Leigh Kelway, in tones of deplorable sincerity; "perhaps, as there 's nothing else to do, you 'd like to see the hounds——?"

I felt for Flurry, but of the two I felt more for Leigh Kelway as he accepted this alleviation. He disliked dogs, and held the newest views on sanitation, and I knew what Flurry's kennels could smell like. I was lighting a precautionary cigarette, when we caught sight of an old man riding up the drive. Flurry stopped short.

"Hold on a minute," he said; "here 's an old chap that often brings me horses for the kennels; I must see what he wants."

The man dismounted and approached Mr. Knox, hat in hand, towing after him a gaunt and ancient black mare with a big knee.

"Well, Barrett," began Flurry, surveying the mare with his hands in his pockets, "I 'm not giving the hounds meat this month, or only very little."

"Ah, Master Flurry," answered Barrett, "it 's you that 's pleasant! Is it give the like o' this one for the dogs to ate! She 's a vallyble strong young mare, no more than shixteen years of age, and ye 'd sooner be lookin' at her goin' under a side-car than eatin' your dinner."

"There isn't as much meat on her as 'd fatten a jackdaw," said Flurry, clinking the silver in his pockets as he searched for a matchbox. "What are you asking for her?"

The old man drew cautiously up to him.

"Master Flurry," he said solemnly, "I 'll sell her to *your* honor for five pounds, and she 'll be worth ten after you give her a month's grass."

Flurry lit his cigarette; then he said imperturbably, "I 'll give you seven shillings for her."

Old Barrett put on his hat in silence, and in silence

buttoned his coat and took hold of the stirrup leather. Flurry remained immovable.

"Master Flurry," said old Barrett suddenly, with tears in his voice, "you must make it eight, sir!"

"Michael!" called out Flurry with apparent irrelevance, "run up to your father's and ask him would he lend me a loan of his side-car."

Half-an-hour later we were, improbable as it may seem, on our way to Lisheen races. We were seated upon an outside-car of immemorial age, whose joints seemed to open and close again as it swung in and out of the ruts, whose tattered cushions stank of rats and mildew, whose wheels staggered and rocked like the legs of a drunken man. Between the shafts jogged the latest addition to the kennel larder, the eight-shilling mare. Flurry sat on one side, and kept her going at a rate of not less than four miles an hour; Leigh Kelway and I held on to the other.

"She 'll get us as far as Lynch's anyway," said Flurry, abandoning his first contention that she could do the whole distance, as he pulled her on to her legs after her fifteenth stumble, "and he 'll lend us some sort of a horse, if it was only a mule."

"Do you notice that these cushions are very damp?" said Leigh Kelway to me, in a hollow undertone.

"Small blame to them if they are!" replied Flurry. "I 've no doubt but they were out under the rain all day yesterday at Mrs. Hurly's funeral."

Leigh Kelway made no reply, but he took his note-book out of his pocket and sat on it.

We arrived at Lynch's at a little past three, and were there confronted by the next disappointment of this disastrous day. The door of Lynch's farm-house was locked, and nothing replied to our knocking except a puppy, who barked hysterically from within.

"All gone to the races," said Flurry philosophically, picking his way round the manure heap. "No matter, here 's the filly in the shed here. I know he 's had her under a car."

An agitating ten minutes ensued, during which Leigh Kelway and I got the eight-shilling mare out of the shafts and the harness, and Flurry, with our inefficient help, crammed the young mare into them. As Flurry had stated

that she had been driven before, I was bound to believe him, but the difficulty of getting the bit into her mouth was remarkable, and so also was the crab-like manner in which she sidled out of the yard, with Flurry and myself at her head, and Leigh Kelway hanging on to the back of the car to keep it from jamming in the gateway.

"Sit up on the car now," said Flurry when we got out on to the road; "I 'll lead her on a bit. She 's been plowed anyway; one side of her mouth 's as tough as a gad!"

Leigh Kelway threw away the wisp of grass with which he had been cleaning his hands, and mopped his intellectual forehead; he was very silent. We both mounted the car and Flurry, with the reins in his hand, walked beside the filly, who, with her tail clasped in, moved onward in a succession of short jerks.

"Oh, she 's all right!" said Flurry, beginning to run, and dragging the filly into a trot; "once she gets started—" Here the filly spied a pig in a neighboring field, and despite the fact that she had probably eaten out of the same trough with it, she gave a violent side spring, and broke into a gallop.

"Now we 're off!" shouted Flurry, making a jump at the car and clambering on; "if the traces hold we 'll do!"

The English language is powerless to suggest the view-halloo with which Mr. Knox ended his speech, or to do more than indicate the rigid anxiety of Leigh Kelway's face as he regained his balance after the preliminary jerk, and clutched the back rail. It must be said for Lynch's filly that she did not kick; she merely fled, like a dog with a kettle tied to its tail, from the pursuing rattle and jingle behind her, with the shafts buffeting her dusty sides as the car swung to and fro. Whenever she showed any signs of slackening, Flurry loosed another yell at her that renewed her panic, and thus we precariously covered another two or three miles of our journey.

Had it not been for a large stone lying on the road, and had the filly not chosen to swerve so as to bring the wheel on top of it, I dare say we might have got to the races; but by an unfortunate coincidence both these things occurred, and when we recovered from the consequent shock, the tire of one of the wheels had come off, and was

trundling with cumbrous gayety into the ditch. Flurry stopped the filly and began to laugh; Leigh Kelway said something startlingly unparliamentary under his breath.

"Well, it might be worse," Flurry said consolingly as he lifted the tire on to the car; "we 're not half a mile from a forge."

We walked that half-mile in funeral procession behind the car; the glory had departed from the weather, and an ugly wall of cloud was rising up out of the west to meet the sun; the hills had darkened and lost color, and the white bog cotton shivered in a cold wind that smelt of rain.

By a miracle the smith was not at the races, owing, as he explained, to his having "the toothaches," the two facts combined producing in him a morosity only equaled by that of Leigh Kelway. The smith's sole comment on the situation was to unharness the filly, and drag her into the forge, where he tied her up. He then proceeded to whistle viciously on his fingers in the direction of a cottage, and to command, in tones of thunder, some unseen creature to bring over a couple of baskets of turf. The turf arrived in process of time, on a woman's back, and was arranged in a circle in a yard at the back of the forge. The tire was bedded in it, and the turf was with difficulty kindled at different points.

"Ye 'll not get to the races this day," said the smith, yielding to a sardonic satisfaction; "the turf's wet, and I haven't one to do a hand's turn for me." He laid the wheel on the ground and lit his pipe.

Leigh Kelway looked pallidly about him over the spacious empty landscape of brown mountain slopes patched with golden furze and seamed with gray walls; I wondered if he were as hungry as I. We sat on stones opposite the smoldering ring of turf and smoked, and Flurry beguiled the smith into grim and calumnious confidences about every horse in the country. After about an hour, during which the turf went out three times, and the weather became more and more threatening, a girl with a red petticoat over her head appeared at the gate of the yard, and said to the smith:

"The horse is gone away from ye."

"Where?" exclaimed Flurry, springing to his feet.

"I met him walking wesht the road there below, and when I thought to turn him he commenced to gallop."

"Pulled her head out of the headstall," said Flurry, after a rapid survey of the forge. "She 's near home by now."

It was at this moment that the rain began; the situation could scarcely have been better stage-managed. After reviewing the position, Flurry and I decided that the only thing to do was to walk to a public-house a couple of miles farther on, feed there if possible, hire a car, and go home.

It was an uphill walk, with mild, generous rain-drops striking thicker and thicker on our faces; no one talked, and the gray clouds crowded up from behind the hills like billows of steam. Leigh Kelway bore it all with egregious resignation. I cannot pretend that I was at heart sympathetic, but by virtue of being his host I felt responsible for the breakdown, for his light suit, for everything, and divined his sentiment of horror at the first sight of the public-house.

It was a long, low cottage, with a line of dripping elm-trees overshadowing it; empty cars and carts round its door, and a babel from within made it evident that the racegoers were pursuing a gradual homeward route. The shop was crammed with steaming countrymen, whose loud brawling voices, all talking together, roused my English friend to his first remark since we left the forge.

"Surely, Yeates, we are not going into that place?" he said severely; "those men are all drunk."

"Ah, nothing to signify!" said Flurry, plunging in and driving his way through the throng like a plow. "Here, Mary Kate!" he called to the girl behind the counter, "tell your mother we want some tea and bread and butter in the room inside."

The smell of bad tobacco and spilt porter was choking; we worked our way through it after him towards the end of the shop, intersecting at every hand discussions about the races.

"Tom was very nice. He spared his horse all along, and then he put into him—" "Well, at Goggin's corner the third horse was before the second, but he was goin' wake in himself." "I tell ye the mare had the hind leg fasht in

the fore." "Clancy was dipping in the saddle." "'T was a dam nice race whatever——"

We gained the inner rooom at last, a cheerless apartment, adorned with sacred pictures, a sewing-machine, and an array of supplementary tumblers and wineglasses; but, at all events, we had it so far to ourselves. At intervals during the next half-hour Mary Kate burst in with cups and plates, cast them on the table and disappeared, but of food there was no sign. After a further period of starvation and of listening to the noise in the shop, Flurry made a sortie, and, after lengthy and unknown adventures, reappeared carrying a huge brown teapot, and driving before him Mary Kate with the remainder of the repast. The bread tasted of mice, the butter of turf-smoke, the tea of brown paper, but we had got past the critical stage. I had entered upon my third round of bread and butter when the door was flung open, and my valued acquaintance, Slipper, slightly advanced in liquor, presented himself to our gaze. His bandy legs sprawled consequentially, his nose was redder than a coal of fire, his prominent eyes rolled crookedly upon us, and his left hand swept behind him the attempt of Mary Kate to frustrate his entrance.

"Good-evening to my vinerable friend, Mr. Flurry Knox!" he began, in the voice of a town crier, "and to the Honorable Major Yeates, and the English gintleman!"

This impressive opening immediately attracted an audience from the shop, and the doorway filled with grinning faces as Slipper advanced farther into the room.

"Why weren't ye at the races, Mr. Flurry?" he went on, his roving eye taking a grip of us all at the same time; "sure the Miss Bennetts and all the ladies was asking where were ye."

"It 'd take some time to tell them that," said Flurry, with his mouth full; "but what about the races, Slipper? Had you good sport?"

"Sport is it? Divil so pleasant an afternoon ever you seen," replied Slipper. He leaned against a side table, and all the glasses on it jingled. "Does your honor know O'Driscoll?" he went on irrelevantly. "Sure you do. He was in your honor's stable. It 's what we were all sayin'; it was a great pity your honor was not there, for the likin' you had to Driscoll."

"That 's thrue," said a voice at the door.

"There wasn't one in the Barony but was gethered in it, through and fro," continued Slipper, with a quelling glance at the interrupter; "and there was tints for sellin' porther, and whisky as pliable as new milk, and boys goin' round the tints outside, feeling for heads with the big ends of their blackthorns, and all kinds of recreations, and the Sons of Liberty's piffler and dhrum band from Skebawn; though faith! there was more of thim runnin' to look at the races than what was playin' in it; not to mintion different occasions that the bandmasther was atin' his lunch within in the whisky tint."

"But what about Driscoll?" said Flurry.

"Sure it 's about him I 'm tellin' ye!" replied Slipper, with the practiced orator's watchful eye on his growing audience. "'T was within the same whisky tint meself was, with the bandmasther and a few of the lads, an' we buyin' a ha'porth o' crackers, when I seen me brave Driscoll landin' into the tint, and a pair o' thim long boots on him; him that hadn't a shoe nor a stocking to his foot when your honor had him picking grass out o' the stones behind in your yard. "Well," says I to meself, "we 'll knock some spoort out of Driscoll!"

"'Come here to me, acushla!' says I to him; 'I suppose it 's some way wake in the legs y' are,' says I, 'an' the docthor put them on ye the way the people wouldn't thrample ye!'

"'May the divil choke ye!' says he, pleasant enough, but I knew by the blush he had he was vexed.

"'Then I suppose 't is a left-tenant colonel y' are,' says I; 'yer mother must be proud out o' ye!' says I, 'an' maybe ye 'll lend her a loan o' thim waders when she 's rinsin' yer bauneen in the river!' says I.

"'There 'll be work out o' this!' says he, lookin' at me both sour and bitther.

"'Well indeed, I was thinkin' you were blue molded for want of a batin',' says I. He was for fightin' us then, but afther we had him pacificated with about a quarther of a naggin' o' sperrits, he told us he was goin' ridin' in a race.

"'An' what 'll ye ride?' says I.

"'Owld Bocock's mare,' says he.

"'Knipes!' says I, sayin' a great curse; 'is it that little staggeen from the mountains? sure she 's somethin' about the one age with meself,' says I. 'Many 's the time Jamesy Geoghegan and meself used to be dhrivin' her to Macroom with pigs an' all soorts,' says I; 'an' is it leppin' stone walls ye want her to go now?'

"'Faith, there 's walls and every vari'ty of obstackle in it,' says he.

"'It 'll be the best o' your play, so,' says I; 'to leg it away home out o' this.'

"'An' who 'll ride her, so?' says he.

"'Let the divil ride her,' says I."

Leigh Kelway, who had been leaning back seemingly half asleep, obeyed the hypnotism of Slipper's gaze, and opened his eyes.

"That was now all the conversation that passed between himself and meself," resumed Slipper, "and there was no great delay afther that till they said there was a race startin' and the dickens a one at all was goin' to ride only two, Driscoll, and one Clancy. With that then I seen Mr. Kinahane, the Petty Sessions clerk, goin' round clearin' the coorse, an' I gethered a few o' the neighbors, an' we walked the fields hither and over till we seen the most of th' obstackles.

"'Stand aisy now by the plantation,' says I; 'if they get to come as far as this, believe me ye 'll see spoort,' says I, 'an' 't will be a convanient spot to encourage the mare if she 's anyway wake in herself,' says I, cuttin' somethin' about five foot of an ash sapling out o' the plantation.

"'That 's yer sort!' says owld Bocock, that was thravelin' the racecoorse, peggin' a bit o' paper down with a thorn in front of every lep, the way Driscoll 'd know the handiest place to face her at it.

"Well I hadn't barely thrimmed the ash plant——"

"Have you any jam, Mary Kate?" interrupted Flurry, whose meal had been in no way interfered with by either the story or the highly scented crowd who had come to listen to it.

"We have no jam, only thraycle, sir," replied the invisible Mary Kate.

"I hadn't the switch barely thrimmed," repeated Slipper firmly, "when I heard the people screechin', an' I seen

Driscoll an' Clancy comin' on, leppin' all before them, an' owld Bocock's mare bellusin' an' powdherin' along, an' bedad! whatever obstackle wouldn't throw *her* down, faith, she 'd throw *it* down, an' there 's the thraffic they had in it.

"'I declare to me sowl,' says I, 'if they continue on this way there 's a great chance some one o' thim 'll win,' says I.

"'Ye lie!' says the bandmasther, bein' a thrifle fulsome after his luncheon.

"'I do not,' says I, 'in regard of seein' how soople them two boys is. Ye might observe,' says I, 'that if they have no convanient way to sit on the saddle, they 'll ride the neck o' the horse till such time as they gets an occasion to lave it,' says I.

"'Arrah, shut yer mouth!' says the bandmasther; 'they 're puckin' out this way now, an' may the divil admire me!' says he, 'but Clancy has the other bet out, and the divil such leatherin' and beltin' of owld Bocock's mare ever you seen as what 's in it!' says he.

"Well, when I seen them comin' to me, and Driscoll about the length of the plantation behind Clancy, I let a couple of bawls.

"'Skelp her, ye big brute!' says I. 'What good 's in ye that ye aren't able to skelp her?'"

The yell and the histrionic flourish of his stick with which Slipper delivered this incident brought down the house. Leigh Kelway was sufficiently moved to ask me in an undertone if "skelp" was a local term.

"Well, Mr. Flurry, and gintlemen," recommenced Slipper, "I declare to ye when owld Bocock's mare heard thim roars she sthretched out her neck like a gandher, and when she passed me out she give a couple of grunts, and looked at me as ugly as a Christian.

"'Hah!' says I, givin' her a couple o' dhraws o' th' ash plant across the butt o' the tail, the way I wouldn't blind her; 'I 'll make ye grunt!' says I, 'I 'll nourish ye!'

"I knew well she was very frightful of th' ash plant since the winter Tommeen Sullivan had her under a side-car. But now, in place of havin' any obligations to me, ye 'd be surprised if ye heard the blaspheemious expressions of that young boy that was ridin' her; and whether

it was over-anxious he was, turnin' around the way I 'd hear him cursin', or whether it was some slither or slide came to owld Bocock's mare, I dunno, but she was bet up agin the last obstackle but two, and before ye cauld say 'Shnipes,' she was standin' on her two ears beyond in th' other field! I declare to ye, on the vartue of me oath, she stood that way till she reconnoithered what side would Driscoll fall, an' she turned about then and rolled on him as cozy as if he was meadow grass!"

Slipper stopped short; the people in the doorway groaned appreciatively; Mary Kate murmured "The Lord save us!"

"The blood was dhruv out through his nose and ears," continued Slipper, with a voice that indicated the cream of the narration, "and you 'd hear his bones crackin' on the ground! You 'd have pitied the poor boy."

"Good heavens!" said Leigh Kelway, sitting up very straight in his chair.

"Was he hurt, Slipper?" asked Flurry casually.

"Hurt is it?" echoed Slipper in high scorn; "killed on the spot!" He paused to relish the effect of the *dénouement* on Leigh Kelway. "Oh, divil so pleasant an afternoon ever you seen; and indeed, Mr. Flurry, it 's what we were all sayin', it was a great pity your honor was not there for the likin' you had for Driscoll."

As he spoke the last word there was an outburst of singing and cheering from a car-load of people who had just pulled up at the door. Flurry listened, leaned back in his chair, and began to laugh.

"It scarcely strikes one as a comic incident," said Leigh Kelway, very coldly to me; "in fact, it seems to me that the police ought——"

"Show me Slipper!" bawled a voice in the shop; "show me that dirty little undherlooper till I have his blood! Hadn't I the race won only for he souring the mare on me! What 's that you say? I tell ye he did! He left seven slaps on her with the handle of a hay-rake——"

There was in the room in which we were sitting a second door, leading to the back yard, a door consecrated to the unobtrusive visits of so-called "Sunday travelers." Through it Slipper faded away like a dream, and, simultaneously, a tall young man, with a face like a red-hot

potato tied up in a bandage, squeezed his way from the shop into the room.

"Well, Driscoll," said Flurry, "since it wasn't the teeth of the rake he left on the mare, you needn't be talking!"

Leigh Kelway looked from one to the other with a wilder expression in his eye than I had thought it capable of. I read in it a resolve to abandon Ireland to her fate.

At eight o'clock we were still waiting for the car that we had been assured should be ours directly it returned from the races. At half-past eight we had adopted the only possible course that remained, and had accepted the offers of lifts on the laden cars that were returning to Skebawn, and I presently was gratified by the spectacle of my friend Leigh Kelway wedged between a roulette table and its proprietor on one side of a car, with Driscoll and Slipper, mysteriously reconciled and excessively drunk, seated, locked in each other's arms, on the other. Flurry and I, somewhat similarly placed, followed on two other cars. I was scarcely surprised when I was informed that the melancholy white animal in the shafts of the leading car was Owld Bocock's much-enduring steeplechaser.

The night was very dark and stormy, and it is almost superfluous to say that no one carried lamps; the rain poured upon us, and through wind and wet Owld Bocock's mare set the pace at a rate that showed she knew from bitter experience what was expected from her by gentlemen who had spent the evening in a public-house; behind her the other two tired horses followed closely, incited to emulation by shouting, singing, and a liberal allowance of whip. We were a good ten miles from Skebawn, and never had the road seemed so long. For mile after mile the half-seen low walls slid past us, with occasional plunges into caverns of darkness under trees. Sometimes from a wayside cabin a dog would dash out to bark at us as we rattled by; sometimes our cavalcade swung aside to pass, with yells and counter-yells, crawling carts filled with other belated race-goers.

I was nearly wet through, even though I received considerable shelter from a Skebawn publican, who slept heavily and irrepressibly on my shoulder. Driscoll, on the leading car, had struck up an approximation to the "Wearing of the Green," when a wavering star appeared on the

road ahead of us. It grew momently larger; it came towards us apace. Flurry, on the car behind me, shouted suddenly—

"That 's the mail car, with one of the lamps out! Tell those fellows ahead to look out!"

But the warning fell on deaf ears.

"When law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow"

howled five discordant voices, oblivious of the towering proximity of the star.

A Bianconi mail car is nearly three times the size of an ordinary outside car, and when on a dark night it advances, Cyclops-like, with but one eye, it is difficult for even a sober driver to calculate its bulk. Above the sounds of melody there arose the thunder of heavy wheels, the splashing trample of three big horses, then a crash and a turmoil of shouts. Our cars pulled up just in time, and I tore myself from the embrace of my publican to go to Leigh Kelway's assistance.

The wing of the Bianconi had caught the wing of the smaller car, flinging Owld Bocock's mare on her side and throwing her freight headlong on top of her, the heap being surmounted by the roulette table. The driver of the mail car unshipped his solitary lamp and turned it on the disaster. I saw that Flurry had already got hold of Leigh Kelway by the heels, and was dragging him from under the others. He struggled up hatless, muddy, and gasping, with Driscoll hanging on by his neck, still singing the "Wearing of the Green."

A voice from the mail car said incredulously, "*Leigh Kelway!*" A spectacled face glared down upon him from under the dripping spikes of an umbrella.

It was the Right Honorable the Earl of Waterbury, Leigh Kelway's chief, returning from his fishing excursion.

Meanwhile Slipper, in the ditch, did not cease to announce that "Divil so pleasant an afthernoon ever ye seen as what was in it!"

TRINKET'S COLT.

From 'Some Experiences of an Irish Resident Magistrate.'

It was petty sessions day in Skebawn, a cold gray day of February. A case of trespass had dragged its burden of cross summonses and cross swearing far into the afternoon, and when I left the bench my head was singing from the bellowings of the attorneys, and the smell of their clients was heavy upon my palate.

The streets still testified to the fact that it was market day, and I evaded with difficulty the sinuous course of carts full of soddenly drunken people, and steered an equally devious one for myself among the groups anchored round the doors of the public-houses. Skebawn possesses, among its legion of public-houses, one establishment which timorously, and almost imperceptibly, proffers tea to the thirsty. I turned in there, as was my custom on court days, and found the little dingy den, known as the Ladies' Coffee-Room, in the occupancy of my friend Mr. Florence McCarthy Knox, who was drinking strong tea and eating buns with serious simplicity. It was a first and quite unexpected glimpse of that domesticity that has now become a marked feature in his character.

"You 're the very man I wanted to see," I said as I sat down beside him at the oilcloth-covered table; "a man I know in England who is not much of a judge of character has asked me to buy him a four-year-old down here, and as I should rather be stuck by a friend than a dealer, I wish you 'd take over the job."

Flurry poured himself out another cup of tea, and dropped three lumps of sugar into it in silence.

Finally he said, "There isn't a four-year-old in this country that I 'd be seen dead with at a pig fair."

This was discouraging, from the premier authority on horse-flesh in the district.

"But it isn't six weeks since you told me you had the finest filly in your stables that was ever foaled in the County Cork," I protested; "what 's wrong with her?"

"Oh, is it that filly?" said Mr. Knox with a lenient smile; "she 's gone these three weeks from me. I swapped her and £6 for a three-year-old Ironmonger colt, and after

that I swapped the colt and £19 for that Brandon horse I rode last week at your place, and after that again I sold the Brandon horse for £75 to old Welply, and I had to give him back a couple of sovereigns luck-money. You see I did pretty well with the filly after all."

"Yes, yes—oh rather," I assented, as one dizzily accepts the propositions of a bimetallist; "and you don't know of anything else—?"

The room in which we were seated was closely screened from the shop by a door with a muslin-curtained window in it; several of the panes were broken, and at this juncture two voices that had for some time carried on a discussion forced themselves upon our attention.

"Begging your pardon for contradicting you, ma'am," said the voice of Mrs. McDonald, proprietress of the tea-shop, and a leading light in Skebawn Dissenting circles, shrilly tremulous with indignation, "if the servants I recommend you won't stop with you, it 's no fault of mine. If respectable young girls are set picking grass out of your gravel, in place of their proper work, certainly they will give warning!"

The voice that replied struck me as being a notable one, well-bred and imperious.

"When I take a barefooted slut out of a cabin, I don't expect her to dictate to me what her duties are!"

Flurry jerked up his chin in a noiseless laugh. "It 's my grandmother!" he whispered. "I bet you Mrs. McDonald don't get much change out of her!"

"If I set her to clean the pig-sty I expect her to obey me," continued the voice in accents that would have made me clean forty pig-stys had she desired me to do so.

"Very well, ma'am," retorted Mrs. McDonald, "if that 's the way you treat your servants, you needn't come here again looking for them. I consider your conduct is neither that of a lady nor a Christian!"

"Don't you, indeed?" replied Flurry's grandmother. "Well, your opinion doesn't greatly distress me, for, to tell you the truth, I don't think you 're much of a judge."

"Didn't I tell you she 'd score?" murmured Flurry, who was by this time applying his eye to a hole in the muslin curtain. "She 's off," he went on, returning to his tea. "She 's a great character! She 's eighty-three

if she 's a day, and she 's as sound on her legs as a three-year-old! Did you see that old shandrydan of hers in the street a while ago, and a fellow on the box with a red beard on him like Robinson Crusoe? That old mare that was on the near side—Trinket her name is—is mighty near clean bred. I can tell you her foals are worth a bit of money."

I had heard of old Mrs. Knox of Aussolas; indeed, I had seldom dined out in the neighborhood without hearing some new story of her and her remarkable ménage, but it had not yet been my privilege to meet her.

"Well, now," went on Flurry in his slow voice, "I 'll tell you a thing that 's just come into my head. My grandmother promised me a foal of Trinket's the day I was one-and-twenty, and that 's five years ago, and deuce a one I 've got from her yet. You never were at Aussolas? No, you were not. Well, I tell you the place there is like a circus with horses. She has a couple of score of them running wild in the woods, like deer."

"Oh, come," I said, "I 'm a bit of a liar myself—"

"Well, she has a dozen of them anyhow, rattling good colts too, some of them, but they might as well be donkeys for all the good they are to me or any one. It 's not once in three years she sells one, and there she has them walking after her for bits of sugar, like a lot of dirty lapdogs," ended Flurry with disgust.

"Well, what 's your plan? Do you want me to make her a bid for one of the lapdogs?"

"I was thinking," replied Flurry, with great deliberation, "that my birthday's this week, and maybe I could work a four-year-old colt of Trinket's she has out of her in honor of the occasion."

"And sell your grandmother's birthday present to me?"

"Just that, I suppose," answered Flurry with a slow wink.

A few days afterwards a letter from Mr. Knox informed me that he had "squared the old lady, and it would be all right about the colt." He further told me that Mrs. Knox had been good enough to offer me, with him, a day's snipe shooting on the celebrated Aussolas bogs, and he proposed to drive me there the following Monday, if convenient. Most people found it convenient to shoot the Aussolas snipe

bog when they got a chance. Eight o'clock on the following Monday morning saw Flurry, myself, and a groom packed into a dogcart, with portmanteaus, gun-cases, and two rampant red setters.

It was a long drive, twelve miles at least, and a very cold one. We passed through long tracts of pasture country, fraught, for Flurry, with memories of runs, which were recorded for me, fence by fence, in every one of which the biggest dog-fox in the country had gone to ground, with not two feet—measured accurately on the handle of the whip—between him and the leading hound; through bogs that imperceptibly melted into lakes, and finally down and down into a valley, where the fir-trees of Aussolas clustered darkly round a glittering lake, and all but hid the gray roofs and pointed gables of Aussolas Castle.

"There 's a nice stretch of a demesne for you," remarked Flurry, pointing downwards with the whip, "and one little old woman holding it all in the heel of her fist. Well able to hold it she is, too, and always was, and she 'll live twenty years yet, if it 's only to spite the whole lot of us, and when all 's said and done goodness knows how she 'll leave it!"

"It strikes me you were lucky to keep her up to her promise about the colt," I said.

Flurry administered a composing kick to the ceaseless strivings of the red setters under the seat.

"I used to be rather a pet with her," he said, after a pause; "but mind you, I haven't got him yet, and if she gets any notion I want to sell him I 'll never get him, so say nothing about the business to her."

The tall gates of Aussolas shrieked on their hinges as they admitted us, and shut with a clang behind us, in the faces of an old mare and a couple of young horses, who, foiled in their break for the excitements of the outer world, turned and galloped defiantly on either side of us. Flurry's admirable cob hammered on, regardless of all things save his duty.

"He 's the only one I have that I 'd trust myself here with," said his master, flicking him approvingly with the whip; "there are plenty of people afraid to come here at all, and when my grandmother goes out driving she has a

boy on the box with a basket full of stones to peg at them. Talk of the dickens, here she is herself!"

A short, upright old woman was approaching, preceded by a white woolly dog with sore eyes and a bark like a tin trumpet; we both got out of the trap and advanced to meet the lady of the manor.

I may summarize her attire by saying that she looked as if she had robbed a scarecrow; her face was small and incongruously refined, the skinny hand that she extended to me had the grubby tan that bespoke the professional gardener, and was decorated with a magnificent diamond ring. On her head was a massive purple velvet bonnet.

"I am very glad to meet you, Major Yeates," she said with an old-fashioned precision of utterance; "your grandfather was a dancing partner of mine in the old days at the Castle, when he was a handsome young aide-de-camp there, and I was——you may judge for yourself what I was."

She ended with a startling little hoot of laughter, and I was aware that she quite realized the world's opinion of her, and was indifferent to it.

Our way to the bogs took us across Mrs. Knox's home farm, and through a large field in which several young horses were grazing.

"There now, that 's my fellow," said Flurry, pointing to a fine-looking colt, "the chestnut with the white diamond on his forehead. He 'll run into three figures before he 's done, but we 'll not tell that to the old lady!"

The famous Aussolas bogs were as full of snipe as usual, and a good deal fuller of water than any bogs I had ever shot before. I was on my day, and Flurry was not, and as he is ordinarily an infinitely better snipe shot than I, I felt at peace with the world and all men as we walked back, wet through, at five o'clock.

The sunset had waned, and a big white moon was making the eastern tower of Aussolas look like a thing in a fairy tale or a play when we arrived at the hall door. An individual, whom I recognized as the Robinson Crusoe coachman, admitted us to a hall, the like of which one does not often see. The walls were paneled with dark oak up to the gallery that ran round three sides of it, the balusters of the wide stair-case were heavily carved, and blackened

portraits of Flurry's ancestors on the spindle side stared sourly down on their descendant as he tramped up-stairs with the bog mold on his hobnailed boots.

We had just changed into dry clothes when Robinson Crusoe shoved his red beard round the corner of the door, with the information that the mistress said we were to stay for dinner. My heart sank. It was then barely half-past five. I said something about having no evening clothes and having to get home early.

"Sure the dinner 'll be in another half-hour," said Robinson Crusoe, joining hospitably in the conversation; "and as for evening clothes—God bless ye!"

The door closed behind him.

"Never mind," said Flurry, "I dare say you 'll be glad enough to eat another dinner by the time you get home." He laughed. "Poor Slipper!" he added inconsequently, and only laughed again when I asked for an explanation.

Old Mrs. Knox received us in the library, where she was seated by a roaring turf fire, which lit the room a good deal more effectively than the pair of candles that stood beside her in tall silver candlesticks. Ceaseless and implacable growls from under her chair indicated the presence of the woolly dog. She talked with confounding culture of the books that rose all round her to the ceiling; her evening dress was accomplished by means of an additional white shawl, rather dirtier than its congeners; as I took her in to dinner she quoted Virgil to me, and in the same breath screeched an objurgation at a being whose matted head rose suddenly into view from behind an ancient Chinese screen, as I have seen the head of a Zulu woman peer over a bush.

Dinner was as incongruous as everything else. Detestable soup in a splendid old silver tureen that was nearly as dark in hue as Robinson Crusoe's thumb; a perfect salmon, perfectly cooked, on a chipped kitchen dish; such cut glass as is not easy to find nowadays; sherry that, as Flurry subsequently remarked, would burn the shell off an egg; and a bottle of port, draped in immemorial cobwebs, wan with age, and probably priceless. Throughout the vicissitudes of the meal Mrs. Knox's conversation flowed on undismayed, directed sometimes at me—she had installed me in the position of a friend of her youth, and

talked to me as if I were my own grandfather—sometimes at Crusoe, with whom she had several heated arguments, and sometimes she would make a statement of remarkable frankness on the subject of her horse-farming affairs to Flurry, who, very much on his best behavior, agreed with all she said, and risked no original remark. As I listened to them both, I remembered with infinite amusement how he had told me once that "a pet name she had for him was 'Tony Lumpkin,' and no one but herself knew what she meant by it." It seemed strange that she made no allusion to Trinket's colt or to Flurry's birthday, but, mindful of my instructions, I held my peace.

As, at about half-past eight, we drove away in the moonlight, Flurry congratulated me solemnly on my success with his grandmother. He was good enough to tell me that she would marry me to-morrow if I asked her, and he wished I would, even if it was only to see what a nice grandson he'd be for me. A sympathetic giggle behind me told me that Michael, on the back seat, had heard and relished the jest.

We had left the gates of Aussolas about half a mile behind when, at the corner of a by-road, Flurry pulled up. A short squat figure arose from the black shadow of a furze bush and came out into the moonlight, swinging its arms like a cabman and cursing audibly.

"Oh murdher, oh murdher, Misther Flurry! What kept ye at all? 'T would perish the crows to be waiting here the way I am these two hours—"

"Ah, shut your mouth, Slipper!" said Flurry, who, to my surprise, had turned back the rug and was taking off his driving coat, "I couldn't help it. Come on, Yeates, we've got to get out here."

"What for?" I asked, in not unnatural bewilderment.

"It's all right. I'll tell you as we go along," replied my companion, who was already turning to follow Slipper up the by-road. "Take the trap on, Michael, and wait at the River's Cross." He waited for me to come up with him, and then put his hand on my arm. "You see, Major, this is the way it is. My grandmother's given me that colt right enough, but if I waited for her to send him over to me I'd never see a hair of his tail. So I just thought that as we were over here we might as well take him back

with us, and maybe you 'll give us a help with him; he 'll not be altogether too handy for a first go off."

I was staggered. An infant in arms could scarcely have failed to discern the fishiness of the transaction, and I begged Mr. Knox not to put himself to this trouble on my account, as I had no doubt I could find a horse for my friend elsewhere. Mr. Knox assured me that it was no trouble at all, quite the contrary, and that, since his grandmother had given him the colt, he saw no reason why he should not take him when he wanted him; also, that if I didn't want him he 'd be glad enough to keep him himself; and finally, that I wasn't the chap to go back on a friend, but I was welcome to drive back to Shreelane with Michael this minute if I liked.

Of course I yielded in the end. I told Flurry I should lose my job over the business, and he said I could then marry his grandmother, and the discussion was abruptly closed by the necessity of following Slipper over a locked five-barred gate.

Our pioneer took us over about half a mile of country, knocking down stone gaps where practicable and scrambling over tall banks in the deceptive moonlight. We found ourselves at length in a field with a shed in one corner of it; in a dim group of farm buildings a little way off a light was shining.

"Wait here," said Flurry to me in a whisper; "the less noise the better. It 's an open shed, and we 'll just slip in and coax him out."

Slipper unwound from his waist a halter, and my colleagues glided like specters into the shadow of the shed, leaving me to meditate on my duties as Resident Magistrate, and on the questions that would be asked in the House by our local member when Slipper had given away the adventure in his cups.

In less than a minute three shadows emerged from the shed, where two had gone in. They had got the colt.

"He came out as quiet as a calf when he winded the sugar," said Flurry; "it was well for me I filled my pockets from grandmamma's sugar basin."

He and Slipper had a rope from each side of the colt's head; they took him quickly across a field towards a gate. The colt stepped daintily between them over the moonlit

grass; he snorted occasionally, but appeared on the whole amenable.

The trouble began later, and was due, as trouble often is, to the beguilements of a short cut. Against the maturer judgment of Slipper, Flurry insisted on following a route that he assured us he knew as well as his own pocket, and the consequence was that in about five minutes I found myself standing on top of a bank hanging on to a rope, on the other end of which the colt dangled and danced, while Flurry, with the other rope, lay prone in the ditch, and Slipper administered to the bewildered colt's hindquarters such chastisement as could be ventured on.

I have no space to narrate in detail the atrocious difficuties and disasters of the short cut. How the colt set to work to buck, and went away across a field, dragging the faithful Slipper, literally *ventre-à-terre,* after him, while I picked myself in ignominy out of a briar patch, and Flurry cursed himself black in the face. How we were attacked by ferocious cur dogs, and I lost my eyeglass; and how, as we neared the River's Cross, Flurry espied the police patrol on the road, and we all hid behind a rick of turf, while I realized in fullness what an exceptional ass I was, to have been beguiled into an enterprise that involved hiding with Slipper from the Royal Irish Constabulary.

Let it suffice to say that Trinket's infernal offspring was finally handed over on the highroad to Michael and Slipper, and Flurry drove me home in a state of mental and physical overthrow.

I saw nothing of my friend Mr. Knox for the next couple of days, by the end of which time I had worked up a high polish on my misgivings, and had determined to tell him that under no circumstances would I have anything to say to his grandmother's birthday present. It was like my usual luck that, instead of writing a note to this effect, I thought it would be good for my liver to walk across the hills to Tory Cottage and tell Flurry so in person.

It was a bright, blustery morning, after a muggy day. The feeling of spring was in the air, the daffodils were already in bud, and crocuses showed purple in the grass on either side of the avenue. It was only a couple of miles to Tory Cottage by the way across the hills; I walked fast,

and it was barely twelve o'clock when I saw its pink walls and clumps of evergreens below me. As I looked down at it the chiming of Flurry's hounds in the kennels came to me on the wind; I stood still to listen, and could almost have sworn that I was hearing again the clash of Magdalen bells, hard at work on May mornng.

The path that I was following led downwards through a larch plantation to Flurry's back gate. Hot wafts from some hideous caldron at the other side of a wall apprised me of the vicinity of the kennels and their cuisine, and the fir-trees round were hung with gruesome and unknown joints. I thanked Heaven that I was not a master of hounds, and passed on as quickly as might be to the hall door.

I rang two or three times without response; then the door opened a couple of inches and was instantly slammed in my face. I heard the hurried paddling of bare feet on oilcloth, and a voice, "Hurry, Bridgie, hurry! There 's quality at the door!"

Bridgie, holding a dirty cap on with one hand, presently arrived and informed me that she believed Mr. Knox was out about the place. She seemed perturbed, and she cast scared glances down the drive while speaking to me.

I knew enough of Flurry's habits to shape a tolerably direct course for his whereabouts. He was, as I had expected, in the training paddock, a field behind the stable-yard, in which he had put up practice jumps for his horses. It was a good-sized field with clumps of furze in it, and Flurry was standing near one of these with his hands in his pockets, singularly unoccupied. I supposed that he was prospecting for a place to put up another jump. He did not see me coming, and turned with a start as I spoke to him.

There was a queer expression of mingled guilt and what I can only describe as divilment in his gray eyes as he greeted me. In my dealings with Flurry Knox, I have since formed the habit of sitting tight, in a general way, when I see that expression.

"Well, who 's coming next, I wonder!" he said, as he shook hands with me; "it 's not ten minutes since I had two of your d—d peelers here searching the whole place for my grandmother's colt!"

"What!" I exclaimed, feeling cold all down my back; "do you mean the police have got hold of it?"

"They haven't got hold of the colt anyway," said Flurry, looking sideways at me from under the peak of his cap, with the glint of the sun in his eye. "I got word in time before they came."

"What do you mean?" I demanded; "where is he? For Heaven's sake don't tell me you 've sent the brute over to my place!"

"It 's a good job for you I didn't," replied Flurry, "as the police are on their way to Shreelane this minute to consult about it. *You!*" He gave utterance to one of his short diabolical fits of laughter. "He 's where they 'll not find him, anyhow. Ho! ho! It 's the funniest hand I ever played!"

"Oh yes, it 's devilish funny, I 've no doubt," I retorted, beginning to lose my temper, as is the manner of many people when they are frightened; "but I give you fair warning that if Mrs. Knox asks me any questions about it, I shall tell her the whole story."

"All right," responded Flurry; "and when you do, don't forget to tell her how you flogged the colt out on to the road over her own bounds ditch."

"Very well," I said hotly, "I may as well go home and send in my papers. They 'll break me over this——"

"Ah, hold on, Major," said Flurry soothingly, "it 'll be all right. No one knows anything. It 's only on spec the old lady sent the bobbies here. If you 'll keep quiet it 'll all blow over."

"I don't care," I said, struggling hopelessly in the toils; "if I meet your grandmother, and she asks me about it, I shall tell her all I know."

"Please God you 'll not meet her! After all, it 's not once in a blue moon that she—" began Flurry. Even as he said the words his face changed. "Holy fly!" he ejaculated, "isn't that her dog coming into the field? Look at her bonnet over the wall! Hide, hide for your life!" He caught me by the shoulder and shoved me down among the furze bushes before I realized what had happened.

"Get in there! I 'll talk to her."

I may as well confess that at the mere sight of Mrs. Knox's purple bonnet my heart had turned to water. In

that moment I knew what it would be like to tell her how I, having eaten her salmon, and capped her quotations, and drunk her best port, had gone forth and helped to steal her horse. I abandoned my dignity, my sense of honor; I took the furze prickles to my breast and wallowed in them.

Mrs. Knox had advanced with vengeful speed; already she was in high altercation with Flurry at no great distance from where I lay; varying sounds of battle reached me, and I gathered that Flurry was not—to put it mildly—shrinking from that economy of truth that the situation required.

"Is it that curby, long-backed brute? You promised him to me long ago, but I wouldn't be bothered with him!"

The old lady uttered a laugh of shrill derision. "Is it likely I 'd promise you my best colt? And still more, is it likely that you 'd refuse him if I did?"

"Very well, ma'am." Flurry's voice was admirably indignant. "Then I suppose I 'm a liar and a thief."

"I 'd be more obliged to you for the information if I hadn't known it before," responded his grandmother with lightning speed; "if you swore to me on a stack of Bibles you knew nothing about my colt I wouldn't believe you! I shall go straight to Major Yeates and ask his advice. I believe *him* to be a gentleman, in spite of the company he keeps!"

I writhed deeper into the furze bushes, and thereby discovered a sandy rabbit run, along which I crawled, with my cap well over my eyes, and the furze needles stabbing me through my stockings. The ground shelved a little, promising profounder concealment, but the bushes were very thick, and I laid hold of the bare stem of one to help my progress. I lifted it out of the ground in my hand, revealing a freshly-cut stump. Something snorted, not a yard away; I glared through the opening, and was confronted by the long, horrified face of Mrs. Knox's colt, mysteriously on a level with my own.

Even without the white diamond on his forehead I should have divined the truth; but how in the name of wonder had Flurry persuaded him to couch like a woodcock in the heart of a furze brake? For a full minute I lay as still as death for fear of frightening him, while the

voices of Flurry and his grandmother raged on alarmingly close to me. The colt snorted, and blew long breaths through his wide nostrils, but he did not move. I crawled an inch or two nearer, and after a few seconds of cautious peering I grasped the position. They had buried him.

A small sandpit among the furze had been utilized as a grave; they had filled him in up to his withers with sand, and a few furze bushes, artistically disposed round the pit, had done the rest. As the depth of Flurry's guile was revealed, laughter came upon me like a flood; I gurgled and shook apoplectically, and the colt gazed at me with serious surprise, until a sudden outburst of barking close to my elbow administered a fresh shock to my tottering nerves.

Mrs. Knox's woolly dog had tracked me into the furze, and was now baying the colt and me with mingled terror and indignation. I addressed him in a whisper, with perfidious endearments, advancing a crafty hand towards him the while, made a snatch for the back of his neck, missed it badly, and got him by the ragged fleece of his hindquarters as he tried to flee. If I had flayed him alive he could hardly have uttered a more deafening series of yells, but, like a fool, instead of letting him go, I dragged him towards me, and tried to stifle the noise by holding his muzzle. The tussle lasted engrossingly for a few seconds, and then the climax of the nightmare arrived.

Mrs. Knox's voice, close behind me, said, "Let go my dog this instant, sir! Who are you——"

Her voice faded away, and I knew that she also had seen the colt's head.

I positively felt sorry for her. At her age there was no knowing what effect the shock might have on her. I scrambled to my feet and confronted her.

"Major Yeates!" she said. There was a deathly pause. "Will you kindly tell me," said Mrs. Knox slowly, "am I in Bedlam, or are you? And *what is that?*"

She pointed to the colt, and that unfortunate animal, recognizing the voice of his mistress, uttered a hoarse and lamentable whinny. Mrs. Knox felt around her for support, found only furze prickles, gazed speechlessly at me, and then, to her eternal honor, fell into wild cackles of laughter.

So, I may say, did Flurry and I. I embarked on my explanation and broke down; Flurry followed suit and broke down too. Overwhelming laughter held us all three, disintegrating our very souls. Mrs. Knox pulled herself together first.

"I acquit you, Major Yeates, I acquit you, though appearances are against you. It 's clear enough to me you 've fallen among thieves." She stopped and glowered at Flurry. Her purple bonnet was over one eye. "I 'll thank you, sir," she said, "to dig out that horse before I leave this place. And when you 've dug him out you may keep him. I 'll be no receiver of stolen goods!"

She broke off and shook her fist at him. "Upon my conscience, Tony, I 'd give a guinea to have thought of it myself!"

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

(1672—1729.)

THE fortuitous concurrence of events which brought together the two men Addison and Steele has left an enduring mark upon English literature. For the purpose they were destined to fulfill they were, as we shall see later, in many ways complementary to each other. *The Tatler*, *The Spectator*, and *The Guardian*, which we owe to them, preserve for us a picture of the days of Queen Anne—of things exactly as they were, such as no other writings of that period or of any other contain.

The Rev. Stopford A. Brooke says : "He paints the whole age, the political and literary disputes, the fine gentlemen and ladies, the character of men, the humors of society, the new book, the new play, and we live in the very streets and drawing-rooms of old London," and all this is presented with a spontaneous and artless freshness which carries conviction with it much more strongly than if it had been cast in the stilted form and didactic phrase which is the peculiar characteristic of so much of the artificial writing of the eighteenth century. Here is no pedantry, no ostentatious display of learning, no pompousness, no affectation, all is free, natural, and easy. As John Richard Greene says, "It is the brightest and easiest talk ever put into print," and its literary charm lies in this, that it is strictly talk.

Richard Steele was born in Dublin, March 12, 1672, a few weeks before his friend Joseph Addison. His father was an attorney, who died when he was in his fifth year. When he was thirteen he went to the Charterhouse School in London. There in 1686 he met Addison, and from there he went to Oxford in 1690. Addison had already gone to Oxford, and their schoolboy friendship was continued at the University.

Without taking his degree Steele enlisted as a private in the Coldstream Guards, against the wish of his uncle and patron, and thereby lost the succession to a very good estate in the county of Wexford. The Colonel of the regiment, Lord Cutts, most likely on the strength of his poem on the funeral of Queen Mary entitled 'The Procession,' published in 1695, soon made Steele his secretary and got him a commission as ensign. While an ensign he wrote his 'Christian Hero.' The book was at once a success, but in the eyes of his brother officers he had changed from being a good companion into a disagreeable fellow. He soon after produced a bright little comedy, 'The Funeral ; or, Grief à la Mode,' in which, however, he adhered to the condemnation of the things condemned in his book. This comedy, first acted in 1702, made him at once popular with the town. In 1703 it was followed by 'The Tender Husband,' dedicated to Addison, to which the latter wrote a prologue. This comedy, gay in manner and full of pure wit, preaches an effective moral, and has many a hit at the fashionable vices of the day. In 1704 he produced the 'Lying Lovers,' an adaptation from the French.

SIR RICHARD STEELE

From a contemporary print

It was not a success, and its failure placed Steele in the position "of being the only English dramatist who had had a piece damned for its piety." Foote afterward readapted it as 'The Liar,' in which form it is still played.

In May, 1707, he was appointed to the office of Gazetteer, the work of which he performed with care and faithfulness. In the same year he married for the second time, borrowing from Addison a thousand pounds to "set up house," and the thousand was repaid within a year.

On April 12, 1709, he published the first number of his *Tatler*, "for the use of the good people of England," in which he candidly declared that he was an "author writing for the public, who expected from the public payment for his work, and that he preferred this to gambling for the patronage of men in office." The first eighty numbers of the publication he produced entirely out of his own resources, but the mental strain must have been great, and no doubt he welcomed the return of Addison from Ireland, as it gave him an opportunity of inducing his friend to join him in the work.

On Jan. 2, 1711, *The Tatler* was discontinued, after a career of great usefulness and influence, and on the first of the following March appeared the first number of *The Spectator*, that living monument to the friendship of two honest men. *The Spectator* was even a greater success than *The Tatler*, and on the articles contributed to it to please his friend now chiefly rests Addison's fame—a fame which Steele took every opportunity of enlarging. In the fifty-fifth number of *The Spectator* proper, Steele brought it to a conclusion ; but a year and a half later Addison revived it. After the production of eighty numbers he gave it up, and his supplementary *Spectator* was allowed to become the eighth volume of the complete series.

On March 12, 1713, Steele issued the first number of his *Guardian*, the plan of which gave him more liberty to write as a politician, which on entering Parliament he found was desirable. *The Guardian*, however, he brought to an end, of his own freewill, on the first of October, when it had reached 175 numbers, and five days later he issued the first number of *The Englishman*. *The Englishman* did not live very long, but for the writing of its last number, as well as for the celebrated 'Crisis,' he was expelled from the House of Commons. Swift attacked the 'Crisis' with all his force in 'The Public Spirit of the Whigs.' In the 'Crisis' Steele indulged in no personalities, unless we call his praise of the Scottish nation such. Swift, on the other hand, indulged in personal abuse of his manly opponent and one-time friend, and launched his bitterest satire at the poverty and greed of the Scotch.

Steele now wrote 'An Apology for Himself and his Writing,' which may be found in his 'Political Writings,' published in 1715. Shortly after he produced a deservedly forgotten treatise entitled 'Romish Ecclesiastical History of Late Years,' and in the same year two papers called *The Lover* and *The Reader*.

On the accession of George I. Steele was appointed surveyor of the royal stables, governor of the Royal Company of Comedians, and a magistrate for Middlesex. He was knighted in April, 1715,

and in George's first Parliament he was chosen member for Boroughbridge. After the suppression of the rebellion in the north he was made one of the commissioners of the forfeited estates. In this year, 1715, he published 'An Account of the Roman Catholic Religion Throughout the World,' as well as 'A Letter from the Earl of Mar to the King.' In 1816 he produced a second volume of *The Englishman;* in 1718 'An Account of the Fishpool'; in 1719 'The Spinster,' a pamphlet; and 'A Letter to the Earl of Oxford concerning the Bill of Peerage.' This bill he opposed in the House of Commons as in *The Plebeian.* Addison replied to his criticism in the *Old Whig*, and thus, a year before the death of the latter, a coolness sprang up between the two friends. In 1720 Steele wrote two pieces against the South Sea scheme: one 'The Crisis of Property,' the other 'A Nation a Family.' In January of the same year, under the assumed name of Sir John Edgar, he commenced a paper called *The Theater*, which he continued till the following 5th of April. During its existence his patent as governor of the Royal Company of Comedians was revoked. This, which wa sa heavy loss to him, he discussed calmly in a pamphlet called 'The State of the Case.' In 1721, on the accession of Walpole to power, he was reinstated in his post, and in 1722 his 'Conscious Lovers' was produced with great success.

His health now began to decline, and he moved from London to Bath, and from there to Llangunnor, near Caermarthen. In 1726 he had an attack of palsy, and died Sept. 1, 1729. "It was," says Professor Morley, "the firm hand of his friend Steele that helped Addison up to the place in literature which became him. . . . There were those who argued that he was too careless of his own fame in unselfish labor for the exaltation of his friend, and no doubt his rare generosity of temper has been often misinterpreted. But . . . he knew his countrymen, and was in too genuine accord with the spirit of a time then distant, but now come, to doubt that, when he was dead, his whole life's work would speak for him to posterity."

In proof of this let it be remembered that of the essays in *The Tatler*, *The Spectator*, and *The Guardian*, 510 were written by Steele and 369 by Addison, while Steele was in addition projector, founder, and editor of all three. *The Spectator* flourished when he was at the helm, without him it floundered and foundered.

SIR ROGER AND THE WIDOW.

From 'The Spectator.'

"——Hærent infixi pectore vultus."
—*Virgil's Æneid*, iv. 4.
"Her looks were deep imprinted in his heart."

In my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time, it may be remembered that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with

in his youth; which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house. As soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world.

"You are to know, this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love, to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse, which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause, he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:—

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighborhood, for the sake of my fame; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behavior to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid

well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you, I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature, in a widow's habit, sat in court to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower.

"This commanding creature (who was born for the destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, until she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her cause was to be the first which came on, I cried, like a great captivated calf as I was, "Make way for the defendant's witnesses." This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I, but the whole court, was prejudiced in her favor; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage.

"You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no further consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship. She is always accompanied by a confidant, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex,

and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

"However, I must needs say this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most humane of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new paired my coach horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move altogether, before I pretended to cross the country, and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect.

"To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense, than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you will not let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration instead of desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar, that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house, I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honor, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she discussed these points in a discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars.

"Her confidant sat by her, and upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers, turning to her, says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.' They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be, who could converse with a creature—but, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed; but who can believe half that is said!

"After she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom, and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently; her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the county. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition; for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but, indeed, it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh, the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of Martial, which one knows not how to render into

English, *Dum tacet hanc loquitur.* I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which represents with much humor my honest friend's condition:—

> "Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit or walk,
> Still hecan nothing but of Nævia talk;
> Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
> Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute.
> He writ to his father, ending with this line,
> I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine."

THE COVERLEY FAMILY PORTRAITS.

From 'The Spectator.'

> "Abnormis sapiens——"
> —*Horace*, lib. ii. sat. ii. 3.
> "Of plain good sense, untutored in the schools."

I was this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me, and, advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations the De Coverleys, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the pictures, and as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient descent, I expected he would give me some account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the gallery, when the knight faced towards one of the pictures, and as we stood before it, he entered into the matter, after his blunt way of saying things, as they occur to his imagination, without regular introduction, or care to preserve the appearance of chain of thought.

"It is," said he, "worth while to consider the force of dress; and how the persons of one age differ from those of another, merely by that only. One may observe also, that the general fashion of one age has been followed by one particular set of people in another, and by them preserved from one generation to another. Thus the vast jutting coat and small bonnet, which was the habit in Henry the Seventh's time, is kept on in the yeomen of the guard; not without a good and politic view, because they look a foot

taller, and a foot and a half broader; besides that, the cap leaves the face expanded, and consequently more terrible, and fitter to stand at the entrance of palaces.

"This predecessor of ours you see is dressed after this manner, and his cheeks would be no larger than mine, were he in a hat as I am. He was the last man that won a prize in the Tilt-yard (which is now a common street before Whitehall). You see the broken lance that lies there by his right foot. He shivered that lance of his adversary all to pieces; and bearing himself, look you, sir, in this manner, at the same time he came within the target of the gentleman who rode against him, and taking him with incredible force before him on the pommel of his saddle, he in that manner rid the tournament over, with an air that showed he did it rather to perform the rule of the lists than expose his enemy; however, it appeared he knew how to make use of a victory, and with a gentle trot he marched up to a gallery, where their mistress sat (for they were rivals), and let him down with laudable courtesy and pardonable insolence. I do not know but it might be exactly where the coffeehouse is now.

"You are to know this my ancestor was not only of a military genius, but fit also for the arts of peace, for he played on the bass viol as well as any gentleman at court; you see where his viol hangs by his basket-hilt sword. The action at the Tilt-yard you may be sure won the fair lady, who was a maid of honor, and the greatest beauty of her time; here she stands the next picture. You see, sir, my great great great grandmother has on the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the waist. My grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a gocart. For all this lady was bred at court, she became an excellent country wife, she brought ten children, and when I show you the library, you shall see in her own hand (allowing for the difference of the language) the best receipt now in England both for a hasty pudding and a white-pot.

"If you please to fall back a little, because it is necessary to look at the three next pictures at one view; these are three sisters. She on the right hand, who is so very beautiful, died a maid; the next to her, still handsomer, had the same fate, against her will; this homely thing in

the middle had both their portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neighboring gentleman, a man of stratagem and resolution, for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two deer stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all families. The theft of this romp, and so much money, was no great matter to our estate. But the next heir that possessed it was this soft gentleman whom you see there. Observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the slashes about his clothes, and, above all, the posture he is drawn in (which, to be sure, was his own choosing); you see he sits with one hand on a desk writing and looking, as it were, another way, like an easy writer, or a sonneteer.

"He was one of those that had too much wit to know how to live in the world; he was a man of no justice, but great good manners; he ruined everybody that had anything to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life; the most indolent person in the world; he would sign a deed that passed away half this estate, with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand. He left the estate with ten thousand pounds debt upon it; but, however, by all hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on our house for one generation, but it was retrieved by a gift from that honest man you see there, a citizen of our name, but nothing at all akin to us. I know Sir Andrew Freeport has said behind my back that this man was descended from one of the ten children of the maid of honor I showed you above; but it was never made out. We winked at the thing, indeed, because money was wanting at that time."

Here I saw my friend a little embarrassed, and turned my face to the next portraiture.

Sir Roger went on with his account of the gallery in the following manner: "This man [pointing to him I looked at] I take to be the honor of our house. Sir Humphrey de Coverley; he was in his dealings as punctual as a tradesman, and as generous as a gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word, as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as a knight of the shire to his dying day. He

found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded the offices which were incumbent upon him, in the care of his own affairs and relations of life, and therefore dreaded (though he had great talents) to go into employments of state, where he must be exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of life and great ability were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and he used frequently to lament that great and good had not the same signification. He was an excellent husbandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a degree of wealth; all above it he bestowed in secret bounties many years after the sum he aimed at for his own use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his industry, but to a decent old age spent the life and fortune which was superfluous to himself, in the service of his friends and neighbors."

Here we were called to dinner, and Sir Roger ended the discourse of this gentleman, by telling me, as we followed the servant, that this his ancestor was a brave man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the civil wars. "For," said he, "he was sent out of the field upon a private message the day before the battle of Worcester." The whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a day of danger, with other matters above mentioned, mixed with good sense, left me at a loss whether I was more delighted with my friend's wisdom or simplicity.

THE ART OF PLEASING.

"Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est."
—*Horace*, Epistle i. 17, 35.
"To please the great is not the smallest praise."—*Creech.*

The desire of pleasing makes a man agreeable or unwelcome to those with whom he converses, according to the motive from which that inclination appears to flow. If your concern for pleasing others arises from an innate benevolence, it never fails of success; if from a vanity to excel, its disappointment is no less certain. What we call an agreeable man is he who is endowed with that natural

bent to do acceptable things from a delight he takes in them merely as such; and the affectation of that character is what constitutes a fop. Under these leaders one may draw up all those who make any manner of figure, except in dumb show. A rational and select conversation is composed of persons who have the talent of pleasing with delicacy of sentiments flowing from the habitual chastity of thought; but mixed company is frequently made up of pretenders to mirth, and is usually pestered with constrained, obscene, and painful witticisms. Now and then you meet with a man so exactly formed for pleasing that it is no matter what he is doing or saying—that is to say, that there need be no manner of importance in it to make him gain upon everybody who hears or beholds him. This felicity is not the gift of nature only, but must be attended with happy circumstances, which add a dignity to the familiar behavior which distinguishes him whom we call an agreeable man. It is from this that everybody loves and esteems Polycarpus. He is in the vigor of his age and the gayety of life, but has passed through very conspicuous scenes in it; though no soldier, he has shared the danger, and acted with great gallantry and generosity, on a decisive day of battle. To have those qualities which only make other men conspicuous in the world as it were supernumerary to him, is a circumstance which gives weight to his most indifferent actions; for as a known credit is ready cash to a trader, so is acknowledged merit immediate distinction, and serves in the place of equipage, to a gentleman. This renders Polycarpus graceful in mirth, important in business, and regarded with love in every ordinary occurrence. But not to dwell upon characters which have such particular recommendations to our hearts, let us turn our thoughts rather to the methods of pleasing which must carry men through the world who cannot pretend to such advantages. Falling in with the particular humor or manner of one above you, abstracted from the general rules of good behavior, is the life of a slave. A parasite differs in nothing from the meanest servant but that the footman hires himself for bodily labor, subjected to go and come at the will of his master, but the other gives up his very soul: he is prostituted to speak, and professes to think, after the mode of him whom he courts. This servi-

tude to a patron, in an honest nature, would be more grievous than that of wearing his livery; therefore we shall speak of those methods only which are worthy and ingenuous.

The happy talent of pleasing either those above you or below you seems to be wholly owing to the opinion they have of your sincerity. This quality is to attend the agreeable man in all the actions of his life; and I think there need be no more said in honor of it than that it is what forces the approbation even of your opponents. The guilty man has an honor for the judge who, with justice, pronounces against him the sentence of death itself. The author of the sentence at the head of this paper was an excellent judge of human life, and passed his own in company the most agreeable that ever was in the world. Augustus lived amongst his friends as if he had his fortune to make in his own court. Candor and affability, accompanied with as much power as ever mortal was vested with, were what made him in the utmost manner agreeable among a set of admirable men, who had thoughts too high for ambition, and views too large to be gratified by what he could give them in the disposal of an empire, without the pleasures of their mutual conversation. A certain unanimity of taste and judgment, which is natural to all of the same order in the species, was the band of this society; and the emperor assumed no figure in it but what he thought was his due, from his private talents and qualifications, as they contributed to advance the pleasures and sentiments of the company.

Cunning people, hypocrites, all who are but half virtuous or half wise, are incapable of tasting the refined pleasure of such an equal company as could wholly exclude the regard of fortune in their conversations. Horace, in the discourse from whence I take the hint of the present speculation, lays down excellent rules for conduct in conversation with men of power; but he speaks it with an air of one who had no need of such an application for anything which related to himself. It shows he understood what it was to be a skillful courtier, by just admonitions against importunity, and showing how forcible it was to speak modestly of your own wants. There is indeed something so shameless in taking all opportunities to speak of your own

affairs that he who is guilty of it towards him on whom he depends, fares like the beggar who exposes his sores, which, instead of moving compassion, makes the man he begs of turn away from the object.

I cannot tell what is become of him, but I remember about sixteen years ago an honest fellow who so justly understood how disagreeable the mention or appearance of his wants would make him that I have often reflected upon him as a counterpart of Irus, whom I have formerly mentioned. This man, whom I have missed for some years in my walks, and have heard was some way employed about the army, made it a maxim that good wigs, delicate linen, and a cheerful air, were to a poor dependent the same that working tools are to a poor artificer. It was no small entertainment to me, who knew his circumstances, to see him, who had fasted two days, attribute the thinness they told him of to the violence of some gallantries he had lately been guilty of. The skillful dissembler carried this on with the utmost address; and if any suspected his affairs were narrow, it was attributed to indulging himself in some fashionable vice rather than an irreproachable poverty, which saved his credit with those on whom he depended.

The main art is to be as little troublesome as you can, and make all you hope for come rather as a favor from your patron than claim from you. But I am here prating of what is the method of pleasing so as to succeed in the world, when there are crowds who have—in city, town, court, and country—arrived to considerable acquisitions, and yet seem incapable of acting in any constant tenor of life, but have gone on from one successful error to another: therefore I think I may shorten this inquiry after the method of pleasing, and as the old beau said to his son, once for all, "Pray, Jack, be a fine gentleman," so may I to my reader abridge my instructions and finish the art of pleasing in a word, "Be rich."

LAURENCE STERNE.

(1713—1768.)

Oddly humorous is the characteristic note of the personality of this author, as well as of his writings. There is nothing quite like them, or to be classed with them, in our own or in any other literature ; although he may be said to have followed Rabelais, he is so distinctly himself that no one can be said to have followed him. Indeed, those who have accused him of plagiarism, not without justice perhaps, have been obliged to admit that he has so invested his pickings with the Shandean flavor that their own authors would not recognize them.

Without writing a single book which may be called great, either in plot or in style, he has given to the world a group of characters which have become as personal acquaintances to thousands who have never read his writings. 'My Uncle Toby,' 'Mr. and Mrs. Shandy,' 'The Widow Wadman,' 'Yorick,' 'Corporal Trim,' and 'Dr. Slop,' are familiar in our mouths as household words, and many of their sayings and expressions have become a part of the language.

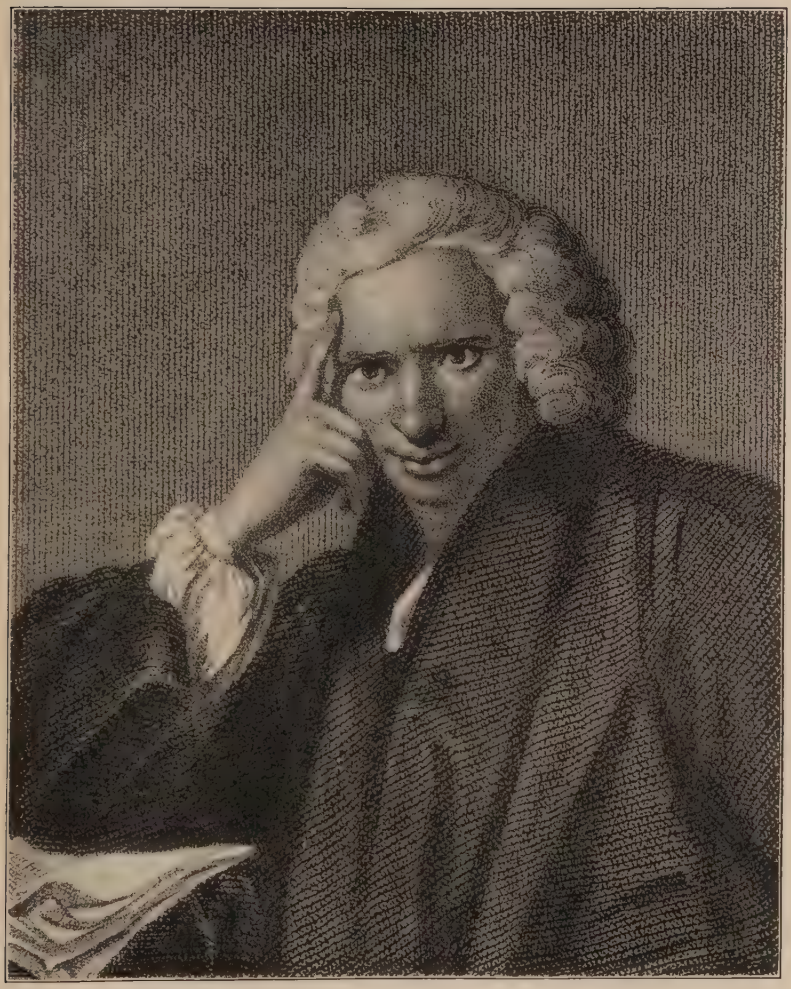
Laurence Sterne was born at Clonmel, Ireland, on Nov. 24, 1713. His father was an officer in the 34th Regiment, and the child was dragged from barrack to transport, from Ireland to England, knocking about in this way until in 1722 he was sent to a school in Halifax, Yorkshire. Here be continued till 1731, when his father died. While there, he tells us, the schoolmaster "had the ceiling of the schoolroom new whitewashed ; the ladder remained there ; I one unlucky day mounted it, and wrote with a brush in large capital letters, 'Lau. Sterne,' for which the usher severely whipped me. My master was very much hurt at this, and said before me that never should that name be effaced, for I was a boy of genius, and he was sure that I should come to preferment. This expression made me forget the stripes I had received."

In 1732 he went to the University of Cambridge, and in 1736 he received the degree of B.A. After this he went to his uncle, Dr. Jaques Sterne, at York, where he made the acquaintance of the lady whom he married in 1741. After his marriage his uncle procured him the prebendary of York. By his wife's means he later acquired the living of Stillington. "I had then very good health," he says. "Books, painting, fiddling, and shooting were my amusements."

Leaving his family at York, he went up to London in 1761 to publish the first two volumes of 'The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent.' The success of these was enough to turn his head, and, fortune still favoring him, he was the same year presented with the curacy of Coxwold, "a sweet retirement." Here he resided for some years at Shandy Hall in the village, and here also he finished his 'Tristram Shandy' and other works. In 1762 he went to France, the outcome of his journey thither being the 'Sentimental Journey,'

LAURENCE STERNE

After the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds



which was written in the summer of 1767 at Coxwold, and about the end of the year he went up to London to have it published. By this time, consumption of the lungs, which had long threatened him, took a firmer hold. However, he still visited his friends as usual, being no way frightened at the approach of death. He wrote several letters to his daughter, in a vein which proves him to have been not a mere jester, but somewhat of a philosopher, who frequently, like Figaro, made haste to laugh lest he be forced to cry. These letters she published in three volumes, with a short autobiography of her father, in 1775. He died March 18, 1768. Garrick, who knew him well, wrote the following epitaph for him :—

> "Shall pride a heap of sculptured marble raise,
> Some worthless, unmourned titled fool to praise;
> And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn
> Where genius, wit, and humor sleep with Sterne?"

Sterne's works were published in the following order: 'The Case of Elijah and the Widow of Zarephath Considered,' a sermon, 1747; 'The Abuses of Conscience,' a sermon, 1750 ; 'Tristram Shandy,' Vols. I. II., 1759 ; III., IV., 1761 ; V., VI., 1762 ; VII., VIII., 1765; IX., 1767 ; 'Sermons,' Vols. I.. II., 1761; III., IV., V., VI., 1766 ; and 'A Sentimental Journey,' 1768. His other and lesser works appeared after his death. In 1808 his complete works, with life, and plates, by Stothard and Thurston, were published.

WIDOW WADMAN'S EYE.

From 'Tristram Shandy.'

I am half distracted, Captain Shandy, said Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as she approached the door of my uncle Toby's sentry-box; a mote,—or sand,—or something,—I know not what, has got into this eye of mine;—do look into it:—it 's not in the white.

In saying which Mrs. Wadman edged herself close in beside my uncle Toby, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up.—Do look into it, said she.

Honest soul! thou didst look into it with as much innocency of heart as ever child looked into a raree-show-box; and 't were as much a sin to have hurt thee.

If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature, I 've nothing to say to it.

My uncle Toby never did: and I will answer for him

that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from June to January (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months) with an eye as fine as the Thracian Rhodope's beside him, without being able to tell whether it was a black or a blue one.

The difficulty was to get my uncle Toby to look at one at all.

'T is surmounted. And

I see him yonder with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it,—looking,—and looking,—then rubbing his eyes,—and looking again, with twice the good-nature that ever Galileo looked for a spot in the sun.

In vain! for, by all the powers which animate the organ —Widow Wadman's left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right;—there is neither mote, nor sand, nor dust, nor chaff, nor speck, nor particle of opaque matter floating in it.—There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle! but one lambent delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every part of it, in all directions into thine.

If thou lookest, uncle Toby, in search of this mote one moment longer, thou art undone. . . .

I protest, madam, said my uncle Toby, I can see nothing whatever in your eye.

—It is not in the white, said Mrs. Wadman.—My uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil.

Now, of all the eyes which ever were created, from your own, madam, up to those of Venus herself, which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever stood in a head, there never was an eye of them all so fitted to rob my uncle Toby of his repose as the very eye at which he was looking. It was not, madam, a rolling eye,—a romping, or a wanton one;—nor was it an eye sparkling, petulant, or imperious —of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature of which my uncle Toby was made up;—but 't was an eye full of gentle salutations,—and soft responses,—speaking,—not like the trumpet-stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to, holds coarse converse, but whispering soft,—like the last low accents of an expiring saint,— "How can you live comfortless, Captain Shandy, and alone, without a bosom to lean your head on,—or trust your cares to?"

It was an eye—

But I shall be in love with it myself, if I say another word about it.

It did my uncle Toby's business.

THE STORY OF YORICK.

From 'Tristram Shandy.'

Yorick was this parson's name, and, what is very remarkable in it (as appears from a most ancient account of the family, wrote upon strong vellum, and now in perfect preservation), it had been exactly so spelt for near—I was within an ace of saying nine hundred years;—but I would not shake my credit in telling an improbable truth—however indisputable in itself;—and, therefore, I shall content myself with only saying—It had been exactly so spelt, without the least variation or transposition of a single letter, for I do not know how long; which is more than I would venture to say of one half of the best surnames in the kingdom; which, in a course of years, have generally undergone as many chops and changes as their owners.—Has this been owing to the pride, or to the shame, of the respective proprietors?—In honest truth, I think sometimes to the one and sometimes to the other, just as the temptation has wrought. But a villainous affair it is, and will one day so blend and confound us altogether that no one shall be able to stand up and swear "That his own great-grandfather was the man who did either this or that."

This evil has been sufficiently fenced against by the prudent care of the Yorick family, and their religious preservation of these records I quote; which do farther inform us that the family was originally of Danish extraction, and had been transplanted into England as early as in the reign of Horwendilus, king of Denmark, in whose court, it seems, an ancestor of this Mr. Yorick, and from whom he was lineally descended, held a considerable post to the day of his death. Of what nature this considerable post was this record saith not—it only adds that, for near two

centuries, it had been totally abolished as altogether unnecessary, not only in that court, but in every other court of the Christian world.

It has often come into my head that this post could be no other than that of the king's chief jester;—and that Hamlet's Yorick, in our Shakespeare, many of whose plays, you know, are founded upon authenticated facts, was certainly the very man.

I have not the time to look into Saxo-Grammaticus's Danish history to know the certainty of this;—but, if you have leisure, and can easily get at the book, you may do it full as well yourself.

I had just time, in my travels through Denmark with Mr. Noddy's eldest son, whom, in the year 1741, I accompanied as governor, riding along with him at a prodigious rate through most parts of Europe, and of which original journey, performed by us two, a most delectable narrative will be given in the progress of this work; I had just time, I say, and that was all, to prove the truth of an observation made by a long sojourner in that country—namely, "That nature was neither very lavish, nor was she very stingy, in her gifts of genius, and capacity to its inhabitants;—but, like a discreet parent, was moderately kind to them all; observing such an equal tenor in the distribution of her favors as to bring them, in those points, pretty near to a level with each other; so that you will meet with few instances in that kingdom of refined parts, but a great deal of good plain household understanding, amongst all ranks of people, of which everybody has a share;"—which is, I think, very right.

With us, you see, the case is quite different:—we are all ups and downs in this matter;—you are a great genius;—or, 't is fifty to one, sir, you are a great dunce and a blockhead;—not that there is a total want of intermediate steps;—no,—we are not so irregular as that comes to;—but the two extremes are more common, and in a greater degree, in this unsettled island, where Nature, in her gifts and dispositions of this kind, is most whimsical and capricious; Fortune herself not being more so in the bequest of her goods and chattels than she.

This is all that ever staggered my faith in regard to Yorick's extraction, who, by what I can remember of him,

and by all the accounts I could ever get of him, seemed not to have had one single drop of Danish blood in his whole crasis—in nine hundred years it might possibly have all run out:—I will not philosophize one moment with you about it; for, happen how it would, the fact was this,—that, instead of that cold phlegm and exact regularity of sense and humors you would have looked for in one so extracted—he was, on the contrary, as mercurial and sublimated a composition—as heteroclite a creature in all his declensions—with as much life and whim, and *gaité de cœur* about him, as the kindliest climate could have engendered and put together. With all this sail poor Yorick carried not one ounce of ballast; he was utterly unpracticed in the world; and, at the age of twenty-six, knew just about as well how to steer his course in it as a romping, unsuspicious girl of thirteen: so that upon his first setting out, the brisk gale of his spirits, as you will imagine, ran him foul ten times in a day of somebody's tackling; and as the grave and more slow-paced were oftenest in his way, you may likewise imagine it was with such he had generally the ill-luck to get the most entangled. For aught I know, there might be some mixture of unlucky wit at the bottom of such *fracas:*—for, to speak the truth, Yorick had an invincible dislike and opposition in his nature to gravity;—not to gravity as such:—for, where gravity was wanted, he would be the most grave or serious of mortal men for days and weeks together;—but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war against it only as it appeared a cloak for ignorance or for folly: and then, whenever it fell in his way, however sheltered and protected, he seldom gave it much quarter.

Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would say that gravity was an arrant scoundrel, and he would add—of the most dangerous kind too,—because a sly one; and that, he verily believed, more honest, well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, he would say there was no danger—but to itself:—whereas the very essence of gravity was design, and consequently deceit:—it was a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man was

worth; and that, with all its pretensions, it was no better, but often worse, than what a French wit had long ago defined it, *viz. A mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind;*—which definition of gravity Yorick, with great imprudence, would say deserved to be written in letters of gold.

But, in plain truth, he was a man unhackneyed and unpracticed in the world, and was altogether as indiscreet and foolish on every other subject of discourse where policy is wont to impress restraint. Yorick had no impression but one, and that was what arose from the nature of the deed spoken of; which impression he would usually translate into plain English, without any periphrasis; and too oft without much distinction of either person, time, or place; so that when mention was made of a pitiful or an ungenerous proceeding—he never gave himself a moment's time to reflect who was the hero of the piece, what his station, or how far he had power to hurt him hereafter;—but if it was a dirty action,—without more ado, The man was a dirty fellow,—and so on. And as his comments had usually the ill fate to be terminated either in a *bon mot,* or to be enlivened throughout with some drollery or humor of expression, it gave wings to Yorick's indiscretion. In a word, though he never sought, yet, at the same time, as he seldom shunned, occasions of saying what came uppermost, and without much ceremony—he had but too many temptations in life of scattering his wit and his humor, his gibes and his jests, about him.—They were not lost for want of gathering.

What were the consequences, and what was Yorick's catastrophe, you will read in the next chapter. . . .

The mortgager and mortgagee differ, the one from the other, not more in length of purse than the jester and jestee do in that of memory. But in this the comparison between them runs, as the scholiasts call it, upon all-four; —which, by the by, is upon one or two legs more than some of the best of Homer's can pretend to;—namely, That the one raises a sum, and the other a laugh, at your expense, and thinks no more about it. Interest, however, still runs on in both cases;—the periodical or accidental payments of it just serving to keep the memory of the affair alive; till, at length, in some evil hour, pop comes the creditor

upon each, and by demanding principal upon the spot, together with full interest to the very day, makes them both feel the full extent of their obligations.

As the reader (for I hate your *ifs*) has a thorough knowledge of human nature, I need not say more to satisfy him that my hero could not go on at this rate without some slight experience of these incidental mementos. To speak the truth, he had wantonly involved himself in a multitude of small book-debts of this stamp, which, notwithstanding Eugenius's frequent advice, he too much disregarded; thinking that, as not one of them was contracted through any malignancy—but, on the contrary, from an honesty of mind, and a mere jocundity of humor, they would all of them be crossed out in course.

Eugenius would never admit this; and would often tell him that, one day or other, he would certainly be reckoned with;—and he would often add—in an accent of sorrowful apprehension—to the uttermost mite. To which Yorick, with his usual carelessness of heart, would as often answer with a pshaw!—and if the subject was started in the fields,—with a hop, skip, and a jump at the end of it; but, if close pent-up in the social chimney-corner, where the culprit was barricadoed in, with a table and a couple of arm-chairs, and could not so readily fly off in a tangent, Eugenius would then go on with his lecture upon discretion in words to this purpose, though somewhat better put together:

"Trust me, dear Yorick, this unwary pleasantry of thine will sooner or later bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no after-wit can extricate thee out of.—In these sallies, too oft, I see it happens that a person laughed at considers himself in the light of a person injured, with all the rights of such a situation belonging to him; and when thou viewest him in that light too, and reckonest up his friends, his family, his kindred and allies—and dost muster up, with them, the many recruits which will list under him from a sense of common danger—'t is no extravagant arithmetic to say that, for every ten jokes, thou hast got a hundred enemies; and till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thine ears, and art half stung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is so.

"I cannot suspect it, in the man whom I esteem, that there is the least spur from spleen or malevolence in these sallies.—I believe and know them to be truly honest and sportive—but consider, my dear lad, that fools cannot distinguish this, and that knaves will not; and that thou knowest not what it is either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other;—whenever they associate for mutual defence, depend upon it, they will carry on the war in such a manner against thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily sick of it, and of thy life too.

"Revenge, from some baneful corner, shall level a tale of dishonor at thee, which no innocence of heart, nor integrity of conduct, shall set right.—The fortunes of thy house shall totter,—thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it,—thy faith questioned,—thy words belied,—thy wit forgotten,—thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, Cruelty and Cowardice, twin-ruffians, hired and set on by Malice in the dark, shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes:—the best of us, my dear lad, lie open there;—and trust me—trust me, Yorick, when, to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon that an innocent and a helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 't is an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed to make a fire to offer it up with."

Yorick scarce ever heard this sad vaticination of his destiny read over to him but with a tear stealing from his eye, and a promissory look attending it that he was resolved, for the time to come, to ride his tit with more sobriety.—But, alas, too late!—a grand confederacy, with * * * and * * * at the head of it, was formed before the first prediction of it.—The whole plan of attack, just as Eugenius had foreboded, was put in execution all at once,—with so little mercy on the side of the allies,—and so little suspicion on Yorick's of what was carrying on against him—that, when he thought, good easy man!—full surely, preferment was o' ripening,—they had smote his root,—and then he fell, as many a worthy man had fallen before him.

Yorick, however, fought it out, with all imaginable gallantry, for some time; till overpowered by numbers, and worn out at length by the calamities of the war—but more

so by the ungenerous manner in which it was carried on, —he threw down the sword; and, though he kept up his spirits in appearance to the last—he died, nevertheless, as was generally thought, quite broken-hearted.

What inclined Eugenius to the same opinion was as follows:—

A few hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius stept in with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand—and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it were their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again,—he told him he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever. I hope not, answered Eugenius with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke,—I hope not, Yorick, said he. Yorick replied, with a look up, and a spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis, when thou gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand, and that was all;—but it cut Eugenius to the heart. Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him, my dear lad be comforted;—let not all thy most wantest them;—who knows what resources are in store, and what the powers of God may yet do for thee? Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head. For my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I declare I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee,—and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, that there is still enough left of thee to make a bishop, and that I may live to see it. I beseech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand,—his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius,—I beseech thee to take a view of my head. I see nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, said Yorick, let me tell you that it is so bruised and misshapened with the blows which * * * and * * * , and some others, have so unhandsomely given me in the dark, that I might say, with Sancho Panza, that should I recover, and "miters thereupon be suffered to rain down from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would fit it." Yorick's last breath

was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart, as he uttered this;—yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone;—and, as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes—faint picture of those flashes of his spirit which (as Shakespeare said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this that the heart of his friend was broken; he squeezed his hand—and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door;—he then closed them,—and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his churchyard, in the parish of——, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph and elegy:

Alas, poor Yorick!

Ten times in a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over, with such a variety of plaintive tones as denote a general pity and esteem for him—a footway crossing the churchyard close by the side of his grave,—not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look upon it,—and sighing, as he walks on,

ALAS, POOR YORICK!

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

From 'Tristram Shandy.'

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account:

—I despaired at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back your honor any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick Lieutenant.—Is he in the army, then? said

my uncle Toby.—I 'll tell your honor, replied the Corporal, everything straight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then, Trim, I 'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again.—The Corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it, *Your honor is good:*—and having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered, and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honor, about the Lieutenant and his son;—for, when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked,—[That 's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby]—I was answered, an' please your honor, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, we can hire horses thence.—But alas! the poor gentleman will never go hence, said the landlady to me, for I heard the death-watch all night long; and, when he dies, the youth, his son will certainly die with him, for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the Corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of:—But I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.—Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honor will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.—Poor youth! said my uncle Toby; he has been bred up from an infant in the army; and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend!—I wish I had him here.

—I never, in the longest march, said the Corporal, had so great a mind for my dinner, as I had to cry with him

for company. What could be the matter with me, an' please your honor?—Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

—When I gave him the toast, continued the Corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honor (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father; and that if there was anything in your house or cellar—[And thou might'st have added my purse, too, said my uncle Toby]—he was heartily welcome to it.—He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honor) but no answer ;—for his heart was full;—so he went upstairs with the toast.—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again. Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire; but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth.—I thought it wrong, added the Corporal.—I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

—When the Lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that, in about ten minutes, he should be glad if I would step upstairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers; for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side, and, as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.

—I thought, said the Curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it? replied the Curate.—A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honor too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—'T was well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—harassing others to-morrow;—detached here;—countermanded there;—resting this night out upon his arms;—beat up in

his shirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on;—he must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can.—I believe, said I,—for I was piqued, quoth the Corporal, for the reputation of the army—I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray—he prays as heartily as a parson—though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.—Thou shouldest not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, Corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then) it will be seen who have done their duties in this world, and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said Trim.—It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will show it thee to-morrow. In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a Governor of the world that, if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one.—I hope not, said the Corporal.—But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.—

When I went up, continued the Corporal, into the Lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed, with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling;—the book was laid upon the bed;—and, as he arose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.—Let it remain there, my dear, said the Lieutenant.—

He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bed-side.—If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me. If he was of Leven's said the Lieutenant.—I told him your honor was.—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but 't is most likely, as I had not the honor of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will

tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him is one Le Fevre, a Lieutenant in Angus's;—but he knows me not, said he, a second time, musing; possibly he may my story, added he.—Pray tell the Captain I was the ensign at Breda whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an' please your honor, said I, very well.—Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black riband about his neck, and kissed it twice.—Here, Billy said he; the boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too, then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh, I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honor, replied the Corporal, is too much concerned —Shall I pour your honor out a glass of sack to your pipe? —Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finish the story thou art upon.—'T is finished already, said the Corporal,—for I could stay no longer; so wished his honor good-night. Young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and, as we went down together, told me that they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders.—But alas! said the Corporal, the Lieutenant's last day's march is over!—Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby. . . .

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honor,—though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not, for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves,—that, notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the Allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner:—that neverthe-

less he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp;—and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade—he left Dendermond to itself—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor Lieutenant and his son.

—That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this—

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the Corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and traveling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay, that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your honor knows, said the Corporal, I had no orders.—True, quoth my uncle Toby, thou didst very right, as a soldier—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby,—when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house—thou shouldest have offered him my house too. A sick brother-officer with us, we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.

In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling, he might march.—He will never march, an' please your honor, in this world, said the Corporal.—He *will* march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off.—An' please your honor, said the Corporal, he will never march but to his grave.—He *shall* march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch, he *shall* march to his regiment.—He cannot stand it, said the Corporal.—He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby.—He 'll

drop at last, said the Corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He *shall not* drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly. —A well-a-day! do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, the poor soul will die.—*He shall not die, by G—,* cried my uncle Toby.

—The *accusing spirit,* which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in;—and the *recording angel,* as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever. . . .

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle—when my uncle Toby, who had risen up an hour before his wonted time, entered the Lieutenant's room, and, without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it; and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him;—and, without giving him time to answer any one of these inquiries, went on, and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the Corporal the night before for him.

—You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house,—and we 'll send for a doctor to see what 's the matter;—and we 'll have an apothecary; and the Corporal shall be your nurse; and I 'll be your servant, Le Fevre.— . . .

Before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to his father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back,—the film forsook his eyes for a moment;—he looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face;—then cast a look upon his boy;—and that *ligament,* fine as it was—was never broken!—

Nature instantly ebb'd again;—the film returned to its place;—the pulse fluttered;—stopped;—went on,—throbbed,—stopped.

SOME BONS MOTS OF STERNE.

Laurence Sterne, who was credited with treating his wife in an ill fashion, was talking to Garrick one day in a fine manner in praise of conjugal love and fidelity.

"The husband," said he, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burnt over his head."

"If you think so," said Garrick, "I hope *your* house is insured."

Engaged in conversation with Sterne, the Duke of Newcastle observed that men of genius were unfit for ordinary employment, being generally incapable of business.

"They are not incapable, your grace," replied Sterne, "but above it. A sprightly, generous horse is able to carry a pack-saddle as well as an ass, but he is too good to be put to the drudgery."

Laurence Sterne sarcastically said: "The most accomplished way of using books is to serve them as some people do lords; learn their *titles* and then *brag* of their acquaintance."

In company with a friend at a coffee house, Sterne was accosted by a young man who had been railing at the church, and who inquired what might be his opinion on the subject.

Sterne, instead of answering the impertinence, observed that "it was curious but he had a dog—a very fine dog to all appearance—but the worst of him was that he always would snarl at a clergyman."

"How long has he had that trick?" inquired the would-be wit.

"Oh, sir," answered Sterne pointedly, "ever since he was a *puppy!*"

BRAM STOKER.

ABRAHAM STOKER is the second son of the late Abraham Stoker, of the Chief Secretary's Office, Dublin Castle, and was educated at Rev. W. Wood's school, Dublin, and at Trinity College. At the university he was Auditor and President of the Historical and the Philosophical Societies, and athletic champion.

He is a barrister of the Inner Temple, and holds the medal of the Royal Humane Society for life-saving. He entered the Civil Service in 1866, where he became Inspector of Petty Sessions. While thus engaged he was critic and reviewer for several papers, and editor of an evening newspaper. In 1878 Mr. Stoker threw in his fortunes with those of Sir Henry Irving in his management of the Lyceum Theater. He has published 'Under the Sunset,' 'The Snake's Pass,' 'The Watter's Mou,' 'The Shoulder of Shasta,' 'Dracula,' and 'Miss Betty.'

THE GOMBEEN MAN.

From 'The Snake's Pass.'

In the midst of the buzz of conversation the clattering of hoofs was heard. There was a shout, and the door opened again and admitted a stalwart stranger of some fifty years of age, with a strong, determined face, with kindly eyes, well-dressed, but wringing wet and haggard, and seemingly disturbed in mind. One arm hung useless by his side.

"Here 's one of them!" said Father Peter.

"God save all here," said the man as he entered.

Room was made for him at the fire. He no sooner came near it and tasted the heat than a cloud of steam arose from him.

"Man! but ye're wet," said Mrs. Kelligan. "One 'd think ye'd been in the lake beyant!"

"So I have," he answered, "worse luck! I rid all the way from Galway this blessed day to be here in time, but the mare slipped coming down Curragh Hill, and threw me over the bank into the lake. I wor in the wather nigh three hours before I could get out, for I was forninst the Curragh Rock, an' only got a foothold in a chink, an' had to hold on wid me one arm, for I fear the other is broke."

"Dear! dear! dear!" interrupted the woman. "Sthrip yer coat off, acushla, an' let us see if we can do anythin'."

He shook his head as he answered:

"Not now; there's not a minute to spare. I must get up the Hill at once. I should have been there be six o'clock. But mayn't be too late yit. The mare has broke down entirely. Can any one here lend me a horse?"

There was no answer till Andy spoke:

"Me mare is in the shtable, but this gintleman has me 'an her for the day, an' I have to lave him at Carnaclif to-night."

Here I struck in:

"Never mind me, Andy. If you can help this gentleman, do so. I'm better off here than driving through the storm. He wouldn't want to go on with a broken arm if he hadn't good reason."

The man looked at me with grateful eagerness.

"Thank yer honor kindly. It's a rale gintleman ye are! An' I hope ye'll never be sorry for helpin' a poor fellow in sore trouble."

"What's wrong, Phelim?" asked the priest. "Is there anything troubling you that any one here can get rid of?"

"Nothin', Father Pether, thank ye kindly. The trouble is me own intirely, an' no wan here could help me. But I must see Murdock to-night."

There was a general sigh of commiseration; all understood the situation.

"Musha!" said old Dan Moriarty, *sotto voce*. "An' is that the way of it? An' is he, too, in the clutches iv that wolf—him that we all thought was so warrum? Glory be to God! but it's a quare wurrld, it is; an' it's few there is in it that is what they seems. Me poor frind, is there any way I can help ye? I have a bit iv money by me that yer wilkim to the lend iv av ye want it."

The other shook his head gratefully.

"Thank ye kindly, Dan, but I have the money all right; it's only the time I'm in trouble about!"

"Only the time, me poor chap! It's be time that the divil helps Black Murdock an' the likes iv him, the most iv all! God be good to ye if he has got his clutch on yer back, an' has time on his side, for ye'll want it!"

"Well, anyhow, I must be goin' now. Thank ye kindly, neighbors all. When a man's in throuble, sure the goodwill of his frinds is the greatest comfort ye can have."

"All but one, remember that—all but one!" said the priest.

"Thank ye kindly, Father, I shan't forget. Thank ye, Andy, an' you, too, young sir; I 'm much beholden to ye. I hope some day I may have it to do a good turn for ye in return. Thank ye kindly again, and good-night." He shook my hand warmly, and was going to the door, when old Dan said:

"An' as for that black-jawed ruffian, Murdock—" He paused, for the door suddenly opened, and a harsh voice said:

"Murtagh Murdock is here to answer for himself!" It was my man at the window.

There was a sort of paralyzed silence in the room, through which came the whisper of one of the old women:

"Musha! talk iv the divil!"

Joyce's face grew very white; one hand instinctively grasped his riding-switch, the other hung uselessly by his side. Murdock spoke:

"I kem here expectin' to meet Phelim Joyce. I thought I 'd save him the throuble of comin' wid the money." Joyce said in a husky voice:

"What do ye mane? I have the money right enough here. I 'm sorry I 'm a bit late, but I had a bad accident —bruk me arrum, an' was nigh dhrownded in the Curragh Lake. But I was goin' up to ye at once, bad as I am, to pay ye yer money, Murdock." The Gombeen Man interrupted him:

"But it isn't to me ye 'd have to come, me good man. Sure, it 's the sheriff himself that was waitin' for ye', an' whin ye didn't come"—here Joyce winced; the speaker smiled—"he done his work."

"What wurrk, acushla?" asked one of the women. Murdock answered, slowly:

"He sould the lease iv the farrum known as the Shleenanaher in open sale, in accordance wid the terrums of his notice, duly posted, and wid warnin' given to the houldher iv the lease."

There was a long pause. Joyce was the first to speak:

"Ye 're jokin', Murdock. For God's sake, say ye 're jokin'! Ye tould me yerself that I might have time to git the money. An' ye tould me that the puttin' me farrum

up for sale was only a matther iv forrum to let me pay ye back in me own way. Nay, more, ye asked me not to tell any iv the neighbors, for fear some iv them might want to buy some iv me land. An' it 's niver so, that whin ye got me aff to Galway to rise the money, ye went on wid the sale, behind me back—wid not a soul by to spake for me or mine—an' sould up all I have! No, Murtagh Murdock, ye 're a hard man, I know, but ye wouldn't do that! Ye wouldn't do that!"

Murdock made no direct reply to him, but said, seemingly to the company generally:

"I ixpected to see Phelim Joyce at the sale to-day, but as I had some business in which he was consarned, I kem here where I knew there 'd be neighbors—an', sure, so there is."

He took out his pocket-book and wrote names: "Father Pether Ryan, Daniel Moriarty, Bartholomew Moynahan, Andhrew McGlown, Mrs. Katty Kelligan—that 's enough! I want ye all to see what I done. There 's nothin' undherhand about me! Phelim Joyce, I give ye formil notice that yer land was sould an' bought be me, for ye broke yer word to repay me the money lint ye before the time fixed. Here 's the sheriff's assignment, an' I tell ye before all these witnesses that I 'll proceed with ejectment on title at wanst."

All in the room were as still as statues. Joyce was fearfully still and pale, but when Murdock spoke the word "ejectment" he seemed to wake in a moment to frenzied life. The blood flushed up in his face, and he seemed about to do something rash; but with a great effort he controlled himself and said:

"Mr. Murdock, ye won't be too hard. I got the money to-day—it 's here—but I had an accident that delayed me. I was thrown into Curragh Lake and nigh dhrownded, an' me arrum is bruk. Don't be so close as an hour or two; ye 'll never be sorry for it. I 'll pay ye all, and more, and thank ye into the bargain all me life. Ye 'll take back the paper, won't ye, for me children's sake—for Norah's sake?"

He faltered; the other answered with an evil smile:

"Phelim Joyce, I 've waited years for this moment. Don't ye know me betther nor to think I would go back on

meself whin I have shtarted on a road? I wouldn't take yer money, not if every pound note was spread into an acre and cut up in tin-pound notes. I want yer land—I have waited for it, an' I mane to have it! Now don't beg me any more, for I won't go back; an' tho' it 's many a grudge I owe ye, I square them all before the neighbors be refusin' yer prayer. The land is mine, bought be open sale; an' all the judges an' coorts in Ireland can't take it from me! An' what do ye say to that now, Phelim Joyce?"

The tortured man had been clutching the ash sapling which he had used as a riding-whip, and from the nervous twitching of his fingers I knew that something was coming. And it came; for, without a word, he struck the evil face before him—struck as quick as a flash of lightning—such a blow that the blood seemed to leap out round the stick, and a vivid welt rose in an instant. With a wild, savage cry the Gombeen Man jumped at him; but there were others in the room as quick, and before another blow could be struck on either side both men were grasped by strong hands and held back.

Murdock's rage was tragic. He yelled, like a wild beast, to be let get at his opponent. He cursed and blasphemed so outrageously that all were silent, and only the stern voice of the priest was heard:

"Be silent, Murtagh Murdock! Aren't you afraid that the God overhead will strike you dead? With such a storm as is raging as a sign of his power, you are a foolish man to tempt him."

The man stopped suddenly, and a stern, dogged sullenness took the place of his passion. The priest went on:

"As for you, Phelim Joyce, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Ye 're not one of my people, but I speak as your own clergyman would if he were here. Only this day has the Lord seen fit to spare you from a terrible death; and yet you dare to go back of his mercy with your angry passion. You had cause for anger—or temptation to it, I know—but you must learn to kiss the chastening rod, not spurn it. The Lord knows what he is doing for you as for others, and it may be that you will look back on this day in gratitude for his doing, and in shame for your own anger. Men, hold off your hands—let those two

men go; they'll quarrel no more—before me at any rate, I hope."

The men drew back. Joyce held his head down, and a more despairing figure or a sadder one I never saw. He turned slowly away, and, leaning against the wall, put his face between his hands and sobbed. Murdock scowled, and the scowl gave place to an evil smile as, looking all around, he said:

"Well, now that me work is done, I must be gettin' home."

"An' get some one to iron that mark out iv yer face," said Dan. Murdock turned again, and glared around him savagely as he hissed out:

"There'll be iron for some one before I'm done—mark me well! I've never gone back or wakened yit whin I promised to have me own turn. There's thim here what'll rue this day yit! If I am the Shnake on the Hill—thin beware the Shnake. An' for him what shtruck me, he'll be in bitther sorra for it yit—him an' his!" He turned his back and went to the door.

"Stop," said the priest. "Murtagh Murdock, I have a word to say to you—a solemn word of warning. Ye have to-day acted the part of Ahab towards Naboth the Jezreelite; beware of his fate! You have coveted your neighbor's goods; you have used your power without mercy; you have made the law an engine of oppression. Mark me! It was said of old that what measure men meted should be meted out to them again. God is very just. 'Be not deceived, God is not mocked. For what things a man shall sow, those also shall he reap.' Ye have sowed the wind this day; beware lest you reap the whirlwind! Even as God visited his sin upon Ahab the Samarian, and as he has visited similar sins on others in his own way, so shall he visit yours on you. You are worse than the land-grabber—worse than the man who only covets. Saintough is a virtue compared with your act. Remember the story of Naboth's vineyard, and the dreadful end of it. Don't answer me! Go and repent if you can, and leave sorrow and misery to be comforted by others, unless you wish to undo your wrong yourself. If you don't, then remember the curse that may come upon you yet!"

Without a word Murdock opened the door and went out,

and a little later we heard the clattering of his horse's feet on the rocky road to Shleenanaher.

When it was apparent to all that he was really gone, a torrent of commiseration, sympathy, and pity broke over Joyce. The Irish nature is essentially emotional, and a more genuine and stronger feeling I never saw. Not a few had tears in their eyes, and one and all were manifestly deeply touched. The least moved was, to all appearance, poor Joyce himself. He seemed to have pulled himself together, and his sterling manhood and courage and pride stood by him. He seemed, however, to yield to the kindly wishes of his friends, and when we suggested that his hurt should be looked to he acquiesced:

"Yes, if you will. Betther not go home to poor Norah and distress her with it. Poor child! she 'll have enough to bear without that."

His coat was taken off, and between us we managed to bandage the wound. The priest, who had some surgical knowledge, came to the conclusion that there was only a simple fracture. He splinted and bandaged the arm, and we all agreed that it would be better for Joyce to wait until the storm was over before starting for home. Andy said he could take him on the car, as he knew the road well, and that as it was partly on the road to Carnacliff, we should only have to make a short detour and would pass the house of the doctor, by whom the arm could be properly attended to.

So we sat around the fire again, while without the storm howled, and the fierce gusts which swept the valley seemed at times as if they would break in the door, lift off the roof, or in some way annihilate the time-worn cabin which gave us shelter.

There could, of course, be only one subject of conversation now, and old Dan simply interpreted the public wish when he said:

"Tell us, Phelim—sure, we 're all friends here—how Black Murdock got ye in his clutches? Sure, any wan of us would get you out of thim if he could."

There was a general acquiescence. Joyce yielded himself, and said:

"Let me thank ye, neighbors all, for yer kindness to me and mine this sorraful night. Well, I 'll say no more

about that; but I'll tell ye how it was that Murdock got me into his power. Ye know that boy of mine—Eugene?"

"Oh, and he's the fine lad, God bless him! an' the good lad, too!"—this from the women.

"Well, ye know, too, that he got on so well whin I sint him to school that Dr. Walsh recommended me to make an ingineer of him. He said he had such promise that it was a pity not to see him get the right start in life, and he gave me, himself, a letther to Sir George Henshaw, the great ingineer. I wint and seen him, and he said he would take the boy. He tould me that there was a big fee to be paid, but I was not to throuble about that; at any rate, that he himself didn't want any fee, and he would ask his partner if he would give up his share too. But the latther was hard up for money. He said he couldn't give up all the fee, but that he would take half the fee, provided it was paid down in dhry money. Well, the regular fee to the firm was five hundhred pounds, and as Sir George had giv up half, an' only half, th' other half was to be paid, if that was possible. I hadn't got more 'n a few pounds by me; for what wid dhrainin' and plantin' and fencin', and the payin' the boy's schoolin' and the girl's at the Nuns' in Galway, it had put me to the pin iv me collar to find the money up to now. But I didn't like to let the boy lose his chance in life for want of an effort, an' I put me pride in me pocket an' kem an' asked Murdock for the money. He was very smooth an' nice wid me—I know why now—an' promised he would give it at wanst if I would give him security on me land. Sure, he joked an' laughed wid me, an' was that cheerful that I didn't misthrust him. He tould me it was only forrums I was signin' that 'd never be used." Here Dan Moriarty interrupted him:

"What did ye sign, Phelim?"

"There wor two papers. Wan was a writin' iv some kind, that in considheration iv the money lent an' his own land—which I was to take over if the money wasn't paid at the time appointed—he was to get me lease from me; an' the other was a power of attorney to Enther Judgment for the amount if the money wasn't paid at the right time. I thought I was all safe, as I could repay him in the time named, an' if the worst kem to the worst I might borry the money from some wan else—for the lease is worth the

sum tin times over—an' repay him. Well, what's the use of lookin' back, anyhow? I signed the papers—that was a year ago an' one week. An' a week ago the time was up!" He gulped down a sob, and went on:

"Well, ye all know the year gone has been a terrible bad wan, an' as for me it was all I could do to hould on—to make up the money was impossible. Thrue, the lad cost me next to nothin', for he arned his keep be exthra work, an' the girl, Norah, kem home from school and labored wid me, an' we saved every penny we could. But it was all no use; we couldn't get the money together anyhow. Thin we had the misfortin wid the cattle that ye all know of; an' three horses that I sould in Dublin up an' died before the time I guaranteed them free from sickness." Here Andy struck in:

"Thrue for ye! Sure, there was some dhreadful disordher in Dublin among the horse cattle, intirely; an' even Misther Docther Perfesshinal Ferguson himself couldn't git undher it!" Joyce went on:

"An' as the time grew nigh I began to fear, but Murdock came down to see me whin I was alone, an' tould me not to throuble about the money, an' not to mind about the sheriff, for he had to give him notice. 'An',' says he, 'I wouldn't, if I was you, tell Norah anythin' about it, for it might frighten the girl; for weemin is apt to take to heart things like that that's only small things to min like us.' An' so, God forgive me, I believed him; an' I niver tould me child anything about it—even whin I got the notice from the sheriff. An' whin the notice tellin' iv the sale was posted up on me land, I tuk it down meself, so that the poor girl wouldn't be frightened—God help me!" He broke down for a bit, but then went on:

"But somehow I wasn't asy in me mind, an' whin the time iv the sale dhrew nigh I couldn't keep it to meself any longer, an' I tould Norah. That was only yisterday, and took at me to-day! Norah agreed wid me that we shouldn't trust the Gombeen, an' she sent me off to the Galway Bank to borry the money. She said I was an honest man an' farmed me own land, and that the bank might lind the money on it. An', sure enough, whin I wint there this mornin' be appointment, wid the Coadjuthor himself to inthroduce me, though he didn't know

why I wanted the money—that was Norah's idea, and the Mother Superior settled it for her—the manager, who is a nice gintleman, tould me at wanst that I might have the money on me own note iv hand. I only gave him a formal writin', and I took away the money. Here it is in me pocket in good notes; they 're wet wid the lake, but, I 'm thankful to say, all safe. But it 's too late, God help me!" Here he broke down for a minute, but recovered himself with an effort:

"Anyhow, the bank that thrusted me mustn't be wronged. Back the money goes to Galway as soon as iver I can get it there. If I am a ruined man, I needn't be a dishonest wan! But poor Norah! God help her! it will break her poor heart."

There was a spell of silence, only broken by sympathetic moans. The first to speak was the priest:

"Phelim Joyce, I told you a while ago, in the midst of your passion, that God knows what he is doin', and works in his own way. You 're an honest man, Phelim, and God knows it, and, mark me, he won't let you nor yours suffer. 'I have been young,' said the Psalmist, 'and now am old; and I have not seen the just forsaken, nor his seed seeking bread.' Think of that, Phelim; may it comfort you and poor Norah. God bless her, but she 's the good girl! You have much to be thankful for, with a daughter like her to comfort you at home and take the place of her poor mother, who was the best of women; and with such a boy as Eugene, winnin' name and credit, and perhaps fame to come, even in England itself. Thank God for his many mercies, Phelim, and trust him!"

There was a dead silence in the room. The stern man rose, and coming over took the priest's hand.

"God bless ye, Father!" he said, "it 's the true comforter ye are."

The scene was a most touching one; I shall never forget it. The worst of the poor man's trouble seemed now past. He had faced the darkest hour; he had told his trouble, and was now prepared to make the best of everything—for the time at least—for I could not reconcile to my mind the idea that that proud, stern man, would not take the blow to heart for many a long day, that it might even embitter his life.

MARGARET STOKES.

(1832—1900.)

Miss Stokes, who was born in 1832, had a hereditary right to deal with Celtic archeology. Her father, Dr. William Stokes, attained great distinction as an Irish scholar; and his daughter worthily pursued the same path of study. Her chief work is 'Early Christian Architecture in Ireland.' This is a remarkably able book. It is written in a clear and pleasant style; the facts are skillfully grouped, and the authoress shows a complete mastery of her subject. Miss Stokes edited 'Christian Inscriptions in the Irish language.' She made an illuminated edition of Sir Samuel Ferguson's 'The Cromlech on Howth,' and contributed drawings to the Earl of Dunraven's 'Notes on Irish Archeology.'

Her book on the 'High Crosses of Ireland' was unfinished at the time of her death, which occurred in 1900.

THE NORTHMEN IN IRELAND.

From 'Early Christian Architecture.'

Pugin has observed in his essay on the 'Revival of Christian Architecture' that "the history of architecture is the history of the world;" therefore in tracing the origin and growth of new forms in this art, we may expect to find a parallel stream in the course of events which mark the career of the race to whom it belongs. Where any decided innovation occurs in the architecture of any country, it seems probable that some revolution in its history may be found to account for the phenomenon. Hitherto the churches of Ireland, in their humble proportions and symmetrical simplicity, were the natural offspring, not only, as Dr. Petrie has beautifully expressed it, "of a religion not made for the rich, but for the poor and lowly;" they were also the result of choice and adherence to a primitive national system. Even after the introduction of the ornamental style termed Irish Romanesque, we find that there was no material departure from the simple ground-plan and small dimensions of the earlier churches of the horizontal lintel. The church-system of Ireland continued to be, as it had always been, one that entailed the erection of a number of small buildings, either grouped together as at Glendalough, or thickly scattered

over the face of the country; and at the time of transition to Romanesque there was no corresponding change in the ecclesiastical system of the country.

When the group of humble dwellings which formed the monasteries and schools of Ireland is seen at the foot of the lofty tower whose masonry rarely seems to correspond in date with the buildings that surround it, and which does not, as elsewhere, seem a component and accessory part of the whole pile that formed the feudal abbey, we cannot but feel that some new condition in the history of the Irish Church must have arisen to account for the apparition of these bold and lofty structures. And here we may take up the thread of the history where we left it, at the close of the period of steady progress from the fifth to the end of the eighth century, when the language of Ireland was being developed and her schools were the most frequented in Northern Europe. In the beginning of the ninth century a new state of things was ushered in, and a change took place in the hitherto unmolested condition of the Church. Ireland became the battlefield of the first struggle between paganism and Christianity in Western Europe; and the result of the effort then made in defense of her faith is marked in the ecclesiastical architecture of the country by the apparently simultaneous erection of a number of lofty towers, rising in strength of "defense and faithfulness of watch" before the doorways of those churches most liable to be attacked. For seven centuries Christianity had steadily advanced in Western Europe. At first silent and unseen, we feel how wondrously it grew, until, in the reign of Charlemagne, it became an instrument in the hands of one whose mission was to strengthen his borders against the heathen, and to establish a Christian monarchy.

Dense as is the obscurity in which the cause of the wanderings and ravages of the Scandinavian Vikings is enveloped, yet the result of the investigations hitherto made upon the subject is, that they were in a great measure consequent on the conquests of Charlemagne in the north of Germany, and on the barrier which he thereby—as well as by the introduction of Christianity—set to their onward march. It can scarcely be attributed to accident that with the gradual strengthening of the Frankish dominion the

hordes of Northmen descended on the British Islands in ever-increasing numbers. The policy of Charlemagne in his invasion of Saxony, A.D. 772, and the energy by which he succeeded in driving his enemies beyond the Elbe and to the German Ocean, were manifestly directed and intensified by religious zeal. The Saxons were still heathens, and the first attack made by the Frankish king was on the fortress of Eresbourg, where stood the temple of Irminsul, the great idol of the nation.

We read that he laid waste their temples, and their idols were broken in pieces. "He built monasteries and churches, founded bishoprics, and filled Saxony with priests and missionaries. For some years previously the countries between the Elbe, Upper Saxony, the German Ocean, and the Baltic, had been devastated by the Frankish army, the population flying into Denmark and the north, and the war of Charlemagne," writes Mr. Haliday, "was now a crusade. Its object was alike to conquer and convert. The military and religious habits were united in his camp, which was the scene of martial exercises, solemn processions, and public prayers; and the clergy who crowded round his standard participated in the objects and results of his victories." The war thus entered upon leads us to that point in the history of the Western Church when the religion of Christ is first met by a mighty revulsion arising in the mingled grandeur and gloom of all that is great and all that is false in the spirit of ancient heathenism, when the flood, driven backwards into the northern seas, first heaved its mighty volume of resistant waters, and broke in a great wave upon the Irish shore.

However it may appear from ancient authorities that for some centuries before the Scandinavians had occasionally infested the southern shores of Europe, yet in the added light that is cast by the Irish annals upon the subject we perceive that from this date their piratical incursions afford evidence not before met with of preconcerted plan and insistent energy; and these events in the reign of Charlemagne may lead us to discover what was the strong impulse that thus tended in some measure to condense and concentrate their desultory warfare. Impelled by some strong, overmastering passion, these hordes of northern warriors held on from year to year their aveng-

ing march; and such was the fury of their arms that even now, after a lapse of a thousand years, their deeds are held in appalling remembrance throughout Europe, not only in every city on the sea-shore or on the river, but even in the peasant traditions of the smallest inland village. "Wheresoever," says Mr. Laing, "this people from beyond the pale and influence of the old Roman Empire and of the later Church empire of Rome, either settled, mingled, or marauded, they have left permanent traces in society of their laws, institutions, character, and spirit. Pagan and barbarian as they were, they seemed to have carried with them something more natural, something more suitable to the social wants of man, than the laws and institutions formed under the Roman power."

But when all has been said that can be for the invigorating influence of their energy and the enkindling spark they are held to have borne with them of a free social existence, in which men might have a voice in their government and in the enactment of their laws, it must still be borne in mind that at the period when Ireland was the scene of this struggle, and indeed for two centuries later, the faith of these Northmen was idolatry, and there is no proof that they possessed the knowledge of letters. In contemplating the history of a period which left, as it did, such important traces in the ecclesiastical architecture of North-western Europe, we may pause to consider the two forms of faith that now met face to face in battle. In both these systems we find belief in the immortality of the soul, but the latter is merely based on faith in the potency for good or ill of the embodied forces of nature. "The primary characteristic of this old northland mythology," says Carlyle, is the "impersonation" and "earnest simple recognition of the workings of physical nature, as a thing wholly miraculous, stupendous, and divine"—the recognition of such forces as personal agencies, gods and demons; and in this faith the main result attained was the belief in an inexorable and inflexible destiny which it is useless trying to bend or soften, and that the one thing needful for a man was to be brave. Odin stands the central figure of this Scandinavian religion; Frigga, Freya and Thor attend with a number of minor deities, and throughout the whole mythology vestiges of ancient and general tradition

are to be found. Oracles, divinations, auspices, presages, and lots formed parts of their system. The Christianity by which this religion was confronted may be also said to have preserved vestiges of ancient heathenism; but if we contemplate it in the only fair way to look at any form of faith—that is, as revealed to us by its representative men and through the medium of their mind—we behold it as the handmaid of original investigation and discovery. The teachers of Ireland, from the eighth to the tenth century, declared the spherical form of the earth, and the summer solstice in the northern hemispheres, while her astronomers had well-nigh anticipated the theory of Copernicus. We find these ecclesiastics upholding Greek learning and philosophic speculation, asserting the freedom of the will, even at this early date, and still clinging fast to that faith which, more than a century before, had given us the Hymn of Patrick, with its passionate and absorbing devotion to Christ; while in the fearless denunciations of sin poured forth by Columbanus and Kilian upon the rulers in whose power they lay, we see the courageous faith of men ready to lay down their lives in the cause of that moral purity which is involved in our religion.

WHITLEY STOKES.

(1830 ——)

Whitley Stokes, C.S.I., C.I.E., was born in 1830. He is the eldest son of Willian Stokes, regius professor of physic, Dublin. He married, the first time, Mary, the daughter of Colonel Bazely, of the Bengal Artillery, and the second time, Elizabeth (who died in 1901) the daughter of W. Temple. He was educated at the University of Dublin. He is an Honorary D.C.L of Oxford ; an Honorary LL.D. of Dublin and Edinburgh ; an Honorary Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford ; Foreign Associate of the Institute of France ; Honorary Member of the German Oriental Society. He was a barrister in the Inner Temple in 1855 ; a pupil of A. Cayley, C. M. Crains, and T. Chitty ; and he practiced as an Equity draftsman and conveyancer. He went to India in 1862. He was reporter to the High Court at Madras, and Acting Administrator-General from 1863 to 1864 ; Secretary to the Governor-General's Legislative Council, and then to the Government of India in Legislative Departments from 1865 to 1877, and a Law-member of the Council of the Governor-General from 1877 to 1882. He was President of the Indian Law Commission in 1879. He has been draftsman of many consolidation acts, of the bulk of the present Codes of Civil and Criminal Procedure, and of the acts dealing respectively with the transfer of property, trusts, easements, specific relief and limitation ; and was the framer of the scheme for collecting and cataloguing Sanscrit manuscripts in India.

His publications are, legal—'Treatise on the Liens of Legal Practitioners,' 'On Powers of Attorney,' 'Hindu Law Books,' 'The Indian Succession Act, with Commentary,' 'Indian Companies Act, with Notes,' 'The Older Statutes in Force in India, with Notes,' 'The Anglo-Indian Codes' ; philological—'Irish Glosses,' 'Three Irish Glossaries,' 'The Middle-English Play of the Sacrament,' 'The Passion,' a Middle-Cornish poem, 'The Creation of the World,' a Cornish mystery, 'Three Middle-Irish Homilies,' 'Goidelica,' 'The Life of S. Meriasek,' a Cornish drama, 'Middle-Breton Hours,' 'The Calendar of Oengus,' 'Togail Troi,' 'Saltair, na Rann,' 'The Tripartite Life of St. Patrick,' 'The Old-Irish Glosses at Würzburg and Carlsruhe,' 'Lives of Saints from the Book of Lismore,' 'Urkeltischer Sprachschatz' (jointly with Prof. 'Bezzenberger), 'The Martyrology of Gorman,' 'Rennes Dindsenchas,' 'The Annals of Cigernach,' 'The Gaelic Marco Polo, Maundeville, and Fierabras,' 'The Eulogy of St. Columba,' 'Dá Choca's Hostel,' and 'Dá Derga's Hostel.' He was joint-editor of the 'Irische Texte Thesaurus Palæohibernicus,' the second volume of which appeared in 1904, and 'Archiv für Celtische Lexicographie.'

"Foremost," says Mr. M. MacLean in his 'Literature of the Celts,' "of all living Celticists stands Dr. Whitley Stokes. Next to Zeuss he has done more than any other single man in this par-

ticular department of study and research. His publications are a library in themselves, and deal with Cornish, Breton, Old Welsh, as well as Irish and Gaelic. He has made himself master of the field in a very thorough and scientific manner. In his 'Goidelica' (old and early-middle-Irish glosses, prose and verse) are given accurate translations of the Gaelic prefaces and hymns of the *Liber Hymnorum*—that ancient mythology which dates from the eleventh century.'

Dr. Stokes studied Irish with O'Donovan, and Sanskrit and comparative philology with Professor Siegfried in Dublin. It was in Calcutta that the foundation of his great reputation as a Celtic scholar was laid, and it was from that city that he first issued his 'Goidelica.'

THE HYMN CALLED SAINT PATRICK'S BREAST-PLATE.

From 'Goideliac.'

Patrick's Hymm. This is probably a genuine production of Saint Patrick. He died about the year 470. See also the much freer version by Mangan.—D. H.

I bind myself to-day to a strong virtue, an invocation of the Trinity;
I believe in Threeness with confession of a Oneness in the Creator of the Universe.
I bind myself to-day to the virtue of Christ's birth with his baptism,
To the virtue of his crucifixion with his burial,
To the virtue of his resurrection with his ascension,
To the virtue of his coming to the Judgment of Doom.
I bind myself to-day to the virtue of ranks of Cherubim,
In obedience of Angels,
In service of Archangels,
In hope of resurrection for reward,
In prayers of Patriarchs,
In predictions of Prophets,
In preachings of Apostles,
In faiths of Confessors,
In innocence of holy Virgins,
In deeds of righteous men.

I bind myself to-day to the virtue of Heaven,
In light of Sun,
In brightness of Snow,
In splendor of Fire,

In speed of Lightning,
In swiftness of Wind,
In depth of Sea,
In stability in Earth,
In compactness of Rock.
I bind myself to-day to God's virtue to pilot me,
God's Might to uphold me,
God's Wisdom to guide me,
God's Eye to look before me,
God's Ear to hear me,
God's Word to speak for me,
God's Hand to guard me,
God's Way to lie before me,
God's Shield to protect me,
God's Host to secure me,
Against snares of demons,
Against seductions of vices,
Against lusts of nature,
Against every one who wishes ill to me,
Afar and anear,
Alone and in a multitude!

So have I invoked all these virtues between me and these,
Against every cruel merciless power which may come against my body and my soul;
Against incantations of false prophets,
Against black laws of heathenry,
Against false laws of heretics,
Against craft of idolatry,
Against spells of women and smiths and druids,
Against every knowledge that defiles men's souls.
Christ to protect me to-day,
Against poison, against burning, against drowning, against deathwound,
Until a multitude of rewards come to me!

Christ with me, Christ before me, Christ behind me, Christ in me!
Christ below me, Christ above me, Christ at my right, Christ at my left!
Christ in breadth, Christ in length, Christ in height!
Christ in the heart of every one who thinks of me,
Christ in the mouth of every one who speaks to me,
Christ in every eye that sees me,
Christ in every ear that hears me!

I bind myself to-day to a strong virtue, an invocation of the Trinity.
I believe in a Threeness with confession of a Oneness in the Creator of the Universe!

EXTRACT FROM THE LIFE OF BRIGIT.

This is taken from the Book of Lismore—a MS. of the fifteenth century. The Life may be as old as the tenth century.—D. H.

On the eighth (of the month) Brigit was born, on a Thursday especially: on the eighteenth she took the veil: in the eighty-eighth (year of her age) she went to heaven. With eight virgins was Brigit consecrated, according to the number of the eight beatitudes of the Gospel which she fulfilled, and of them it was the beatitude of mercy that Brigit chose.

Once when the high tide of Easter drew nigh, she desired through charity to brew ale for the many churches that were around her. And there was a scarcity of corn at that time in Meath, and Brigit had only one sieve of malt. Brigit's household, moreover, had no vessels save two troughs. They put the malt into one of the two troughs. They fill the other vessel with the ale. Then the ale was distributed by Brigit to seventeen churches of Fir Tulach, so that the produce of one measure of malt supplied them through Brigit's grace from Maundy Thursday to Low Sunday.

Once there came a certain leper unto Brigit to ask for a cow. Said Brigit to him, "Which seemeth best to thee, to take away a cow, or to be healed of the leprosy?" The leper said that he would rather be healed of the leprosy than be given the kingdom of the world. Brigit made prayer to God and healed the leper, and he afterwards served Brigit.

A certain nun of Brigit's household fell into sore disease and desired milk. There did not happen to be a cow in the church at that time, so a vessel was filled with water for Brigit, and she blessed it, and it was turned into milk. She gave it to the nun who at once became quite well.

Now when the fame and renown of Brigit had gone

throughout Ireland, there came to Brigit two blind men of the Britons and a leper to be healed. Said Brigit: "Stay outside at present till the celebration be over." (Said the Britons), for they are impatient: "Thou healedst folk of thine own kin yesterday, and thou hast not waited to heal us to-day." Brigit made prayer, and the three of them were healed at once.

When the hightide of Easter was fulfilled, Brigit asked her maidens whether they still had the leavings of the Easter ale. Quoth the maidens: "God will give," say they. There came in two maidens having a pail full of water. "The Virgin's Son knoweth," saith Brigit, "that there is good ale there." It seemed to her that it was ale. As she said that (the water) was straightway changed into choice ale. It was afterward given to Bishop Mél, and also to the virgins.

At the same time came a disease of the eyes to Brigit, and her head seemed exceeding weary. When Bishop Mél heard of that he said: "Let us go together to seek a physician, that thou mayst have thy head cured." Said Brigit: "If thou hadst not been disobedient, I should not have desired any bodily physician; howbeit we will do what thou shalt say." As they were faring forth, Brigit fell out of her chariot and her head came against a stone, and she was greatly wounded and the blood gushed out. Then with that blood were healed two dumb women who were lying on the road. After that, the leech whom they were seeking chanced to meet them. When he saw the wound he said: "Thou shouldest not seek any other physician from this time forward, save the Physician who healed thee on this occasion; for though all the doctors of Ireland should be doctoring thee, they could do nothing better." So in that wise Brigit was healed.

Once the King of Teffia came into their neighborhood for a banquet. There was a covered vessel in the King's hand. A certain incautious man took it out of his hand, and it fell and fragments were made thereof. The man was seized by the King of Teffia. Bishop Mél went to ask for him, and nought was got from the King save his death. So Bishop Mél begged for the broken vessel, and took it with him to Brigit. Then Brigit put her breath around it, and it was renewed in a form that was

better than before. Then it was taken back to the King, and the captive was released. And Bishop Mél said, "Not for me hath God wrought this miracle, but for Brigit."

Once upon a time Brigit went to the house of another virgin, even Brigit daughter of Conaille. The water that was put over Brigit's feet after she had arrived, healed a certain virgin who was lying sick in the house. Now when Brigit and her virgins went to eat their dinner, she began to look for a long while at the table. The other Brigit asked, "What perceivest thou?" Said Brigit, "I see the Devil on the table." "I should like to see him," said the other virgin. "Make Christ's Cross on thy face, and on thy eyes," saith Brigit. The virgin made it and she beheld the Satan beside the table, his head down and his feet up, his smoke and his flame out of his gullet, and out of his nose. Said Brigit: "Give answer to us, O Devil!"

"I cannot, O nun," saith the Demon, "refuse to answer thee, for thou art a keeper of God's commandments, and thou art merciful to the poor and to the Lord's household."

"Tell us then," saith Brigit: "why hast thou come to us among our nuns?"

"There is a certain pious virgin here," saith the Devil, "and in her companionship am I, enjoining upon her sloth and negligence."

Brigit said to that virgin: "Put the cross of Christ over thy face, and over thine eyes." She put it at once; the virgin beheld the hideous monster. Great fear seized the virgin when she beheld the demon. Said Brigit: "Why dost thou shun the fosterling whom thou hast been tending for so long a time?" The virgin then made repentance and was healed of the demon.

A certain woman brought unto Brigit a hamper full of apples. Then lepers came to Brigit begging for apples. Said Brigit: "Give the apples to them." When the woman heard that, she took back her hamper of apples, and said: "To thee thyself I brought the apples, and not to lepers." It was an annoyance to Brigit that her alms should be forbidden, and she cursed the trees from which it had been brought. When the woman went home, she found not a single apple in her barn, although it had been full when she left, and (the trees) were barren thence forward.

Once upon a time Brigit went to Teffia with great hosts accompanying her; and there were two lepers behind her between whom a dispute arose. When one of the lepers desired to smite the other, his hand withered and the hand of the other of them shrank. Then they repented, and Brigit healed them of their leprosy.

Brigit went to a certain church in the land of Teffia to celebrate Easter. The prioress of the church said to her maidens that on Maundy Thursday one of them should minister to the old men and to the weak and feeble persons who were biding in the church. Not one of them was found for the ministering. Said Brigit: "I to-day will minister unto them." (There were) four of the sick persons who were biding in the church, even a consumptive man, and a lunatic, and a blind man, and a leper. And Brigit did service to these four, and they were healed from every disease that lay upon them.

Once upon a time Brigit went into a certain house a guesting. It came to pass that all the household went forth except one little consumptive lad, and he was dumb, and Brigit knew not that he was so. Then came guests unto Brigit into the house to beg for food. Brigit asked of yon dumb lad, where was the key of the kitchen. Said the lad: "I know the place in which it is." Said Brigit: "Go and fetch it to me." He rose at once and attended on the guests. . . .

Then came a man for Brigit that she might go to consecrate a new house which had been built for him. When he had prepared food for Brigit, Brigit said to her maidens: "It is not lawful for us to eat the food of this heathen man, for God has revealed to me that he has never been baptized." When the good man heard that, grief of heart seized him and Bishop Brón baptized him. Thereafter Patrick ordered Brigit and his successor that they should never be without an ordained person in their company: therefore Nat-fraich took priest's orders.

At the same time a man from the south of Bregia bore his mother on his back to Brigit to be healed, for she was consumptive; and he put her from his back on Brigit's shadow, and when the shadow touched her, she was whole at once.

At another time they saw Patrick coming to them.

Said Lassair to Brigit: "What shall we do for the multitude that has come to us?" "What food have ye?" asked Brigit. "There is nought," said Lassair, "save one sheep and twelve loaves, and a little milk." Said Brigit: "That is good: the preaching of God's word will be made unto us and we shall be satisfied thereby." When Patrick had finished the preaching, the food was brought to Brigit that she might divide it. And she blessed it; and the two peoples of God, even Brigit's congregation and Patrick's congregation, were satisfied; and their leavings were much more than the material that had been there at first.

There was a certain man biding in Lassair's church, and his wife was leaving him and would not take bit nor sleep along with him; so he came to Brigit to ask for a spell to make his wife love him. Brigit blessed water for him and said: "Put that water over the house, and over the food, and over the drink of yourselves, and over the bed in the wife's absence." When he had done thus, the wife gave exceeding great love to him, so that she could not keep apart from him, even on one side of the house; but she was always at one of his hands. He went one day on a journey and left the wife asleep. When the woman awoke she rose up lightly and went after the husband; and saw him afar from her, with an arm of the sea between them. She cried out to her husband and said that she would go into the sea unless he came to her.

A certain woman of Húi Meic Uais came unto Brigit to beg; and before that she had always been in poverty. So Brigit gave her girdle to her, and Brigit said that it would heal whatsoever disease or illness to which it was applied. And it was so done, and thus the woman used to make her livelihood thenceforward.

Once on a certain high tide friends came to Brigit, having with them an offering, and they had left their house behind them without care-takers. Thereafter came robbers, and carried off the oxen that were biding in the house. The river Liffey rose against them, so they put their garments on the horns of the oxen, and the oxen with the garments turned back thence to the place in which Brigit was biding.

Once upon a time Brigit went into Magh Lemna to converse with Patrick. He was preaching the Gospel there.

Then Brigit fell asleep at the preaching. Said Patrick: "Why hast thou fallen asleep?" Brigit prostrated herself thrice and answered: "It was a vision I beheld," saith she. "Declare the vision," saith Patrick. "I beheld," saith Brigit, "four plows in the southeast, which plowed the whole island; and before the sowing was finished, the harvest was ripened, and clear well-springs and shining streams came out of the furrows. White garments were on the sowers and plowmen. I beheld four other plows in the north, which plowed the island athwart, and turned the harvest again, and the oats which they had sown grew up at once, and was ripe, and black streams came out of the furrows, and there were black garments on the sowers and on the plowmen."

"That is not difficult," saith Patrick. "The first four plows which thou beheldest, those are I and thou, who sow the four books of the Gospel with a song of faith, and belief, and piety. The harvest which thou beheldest are they who come into that faith and belief through our teaching. The four plows which thou beheldest in the north are the false teachers and the liars who will overturn the teaching which we are sowing."

Once when Brigit was in Armagh two persons pursued her bearing a tub of water. They went to be blessed by Brigit. The tub fell behind them and went round and round from the door of the stronghold to Loch Laphain. But it was not broken, and not a drop fell out. It was manifest to every one that Brigit's blessing was upon them. Thereafter Patrick said: "Deal ye of the water to Armagh and to Airthir." And every disease and every ailment that was in the land were healed.

Brigit went into the district of Fir Rois to release a captive who was in the district. Said Brigit: "Lettest thou yon captive out for me?" "Though thou shouldest give me the whole realm of Fir Breg, I would not give thee the prisoner. But lest thou shouldest go with a refusal, for one night thou shalt have the right to guard his soul for him." Brigit appeared to the captive at the close of the day, and said to him: "When the chain shall be opened for thee, repeat this hymn (*Nunc populus*) and flee to thy right hand." It is done thus: the captive flees at Brigit's word.

Once Brigit went over Sliab Fuait. There was a madman biding on the mountain who used to harry the congregations. When the nuns beheld him, fear and great dread seized them. Said Brigit to the madman: "Since I have come to thee here, preach thou God's word unto us."

"I cannot," saith he, "avoid ministering unto thee, for thou art merciful unto the Lord's household, both the miserable and the Poor."

Then said the madman: "Love the Lord, O Nun! and every one will love thee. Revere the Lord and every one will revere thee. Pray unto the Lord and every one will pray unto thee."

Once her father entreated holy Brigit to go to the King of Leinster, even to Ailill, son of Dunlarg, to ask for the transfer of the ownership of the sword which he had given to him (for a time) on another occasion. Brigit went at her father's commands. A slave of the King came to converse with Brigit, and said: "If I should be saved from the bondage wherein I abide with the King, I should become a Christian, and I should save thee and the Lord." Brigit went into the fortress and begged two boons from the King, to wit, transfer of the ownership of the sword to Dubthach and freedom to the slave.

"Why should I give that to thee?" saith the King.

"Excellent children shall be given to thee," saith Brigit, "and Kingship to thy sons, and heaven to thyself."

Said the King, "The Kingdom of Heaven, as I see it not, I ask it not. Kingship for my sons, moreover, I ask not, for I myself am still alive, and let each one work in his time. Give me, however, length of life in my realm, and victoriousness in battle over Conn's Half; for there is often warfare between us."

"It shall be given," saith Brigit. And this was fulfilled; for through Brigit's blessing thirty battles were broken before Ailill in Ireland and nine in Scotland. The Húi Néill invaded Leinster after his death. The Leinstermen carried his body to the battle, and their foes were at once routed before them.

Brigit was once with her sheep on the Curragh, and she saw running past her a son of reading; to wit, Nindid the scholar was he, "What makes thee unsedate, O son of

reading?" saith Brigit, "and what seekest thou in that wise."

"O nun," saith the scholar, "I am going to heaven."

"The Virgin's Son knoweth," saith Brigit, "happy is he that goes the journey, and for God's sake, make prayer with me, that it may be easy for *me* to go."

"O nun," saith the scholar, "I have no leisure; for the gates of heaven are open now, and I fear they may be shut against me. Or if thou art hindering me, pray the Lord that it may be easy for thee, and that thou mayest bring many thousands with thee into heaven."

Brigit recited a paternoster with him. And he was pious thenceforward, and it is stated gave her communion and sacrifice when she was dying. Wherefore thence it came to pass that the comradeship of the world's sons of reading is with Brigit, and the Lord gives them, through Brigit's prayer, every perfect good that they ask.

Brigit went to Bishop Mél, that he might come and mark her city for her. When they came thereafter to the place in which Kildare stands to-day, that was the time that Ailill, son of Dunlarg, chanced to be coming, with a hundred horseloads of peeled rods, over the midst of Kildare. Then maidens came from Brigit to ask for some of the rods, and refusal was given to them. The horses were (straightway) struck down under their horseloads to the ground. Then stakes and wattles were taken from them, and they arose not until Ailill had offered the hundred horseloads to Brigit. And therewith was built Saint Brigit's great house in Kildare, and it is Ailill that fed the wrights and paid them their wages. (So) Brigit left (as a blessing) that the kingship of Leinster should be till doomsday from Ailill, son of Dunlarg.

Once upon a time two lepers came to Brigit to ask an alms. There was nothing in the convent except a single cow. Brigit bestowed that cow on the lepers (jointly). One of the two lepers gave thanks to the Lord, but the other leper was ungrateful, for he was haughty. "I alone," saith he, "have been set at naught as regards a cow. Till to-day I have never been counted among Culdees and the poor and feeble, and I should not be in partnership as regards this cow." Said Brigit to the humble leper: "Stay here, till somewhat be found for thee, and let

yon haughty leper go off with his cow." Then came a man to Brigit having a cow for her, and she gave it to the humble leper. Now when the haughty leper went on his way, he was unable to drive his cow alone; so he came back to Brigit and to his comrade, and kept reviling and blaming Brigit. "It was not for God's sake," saith he, "that thou madest thy offering; but it is because of (our) importunity and oppressiveness that thou gavest it to me." Therefore the two lepers go to the Barrow. The river rose against them. Through Brigit's blessing, the humble leper escapes with his cow. The haughty leper falls with his cow prone against the river and was drowned.

Once upon a time the queen of Crimthan, son of Enna Cennselach, King of Leinster, came with a silver chain as an offering to Brigit. The semblance of a human shape was on one of the ends thereof, and an apple of silver at the other end. Brigit gave it to the virgins. The virgins stored it up without her knowledge, for greatly used Brigit to take her wealth and give it to the poor. A leper came to Brigit, and Brigit gave him the chain without the nuns' knowledge. When the virgins knew this they said with anger and bitterness: "Little good have we," say they, "from thy compassion to every one, and we ourselves in need of food and raiment." "Ye are sinning(?)," saith Brigit: "Go you into the church in the place where I make prayer, and there ye will find your chain." They went at Brigit's word. Though it had been given to a poor man, the nuns found the chain.

Once upon a time the King of Leinster came to Brigit to listen to the preaching and celebration on Easter Day. After the celebration was ended, the King fared forth on his way. When Brigit went to eat her forenoon meal, Lomman, Brigit's leper, declared that he would eat nothing until there was given to him the King of Leinster's armor, with spears and shield and sword. Brigit sent a messenger after the King. From midday till evening the King was a-straying, and they did not attain one thousand paces: so he took the armor from him and bestowed it upon the leper.

Once upon a time Brigit beheld a certain man passing her with salt on his back. "What is on thy back?" saith Brigit. "Stones," saith the man. "They shall be

stones then," saith Brigit. Straightway stones were made of the salt. The same man came again past Brigit. "What is on thy back?" saith Brigit. "Salt," saith he. "It shall be salt then," saith Brigit. Salt was at once made of the stones through Brigit's word.

Once upon a time two lepers came to Brigit to be healed of the leprosy. Brigit bade one of the two lepers to wash the other. He did so. "Do thou," saith Brigit to the other leper, "tend and wash thy comrade even as he hath ministered unto thee." "Save the time that we have seen," saith he, "we will not see one another. What, O nun, dost thou deem it just that I, a healthy man, with my fresh limbs and my fresh raiment, should wash that loathsome leper there, with his livid limbs falling from him? A custom like that is not fit for me." So Brigit herself washed the lowly miserable leper. Said the haughty leper who had first been cleansed from the leprosy: "Meseems," saith he, "that sparks of fire are breaking through my skin." He was filled with leprosy from his crown to his sole, because of his disobedience.

Once upon a time when Brigit was going to the bishop to receive the Sacrament, a he-goat's head seemed to her to be in the mass-chalice. Brigit refused the chalice. "Wherefore dost thou refuse it?" saith the ecclesiastic. "A he-goat's head is revealed to me therein," saith Brigit. The bishop called the lad who had brought the credence-table, and bade him make his confession. "I went," said the gillie, "into the house wherein goats are kept, and I took a fat goat thence, and I ate up my fill of him." The lad did penance and repented. Thereafter Brigit went to communion and saw not the semblance.

Once upon a time guests came to Brigit: noble and pious were they, even the seven bishops who are on the hill in the east of Leinster. Then Brigit ordered a certain man of her household to go to the sea and catch fish for the guests. The man goes, taking with him his harpoon; and a seal chanced to come to him. He thrusts the seal-spear into it, and ties the string of the spear to his hand. The seal drags with him the man over the sea unto the shore of the sea of Britain, and, after breaking the string, leaves him there on a rock. Then the seal was put back with his spear in it, and the sea cast it on the shore that was near to

Brigit. Howbeit the fishers of Britain gave a boat to Brigit's fisherman, when he had told his tales to them. Then he crossed the sea and found his seal here on the shore of the sea of Leinster, and took it with him to Brigit's guests. In the morning he went over the sea, and passed again over the sea of Britain to Brigit at midday. The guests and the rest of the host magnified God's name and Brigit's through that miracle and through that prodigy.

Once upon a time a certain nun of Brigit's community conceived a longing for salt. Brigit prayed, and the stones were turned into salt and the nun was cured.

Once upon a time a churl of Brigit's household was cutting firewood. It happened to him that he killed a pet fox belonging to the King of Leinster. The churl was seized by the King. Brigit ordered the (wild) fox to come out of the wood; so he came and was at his feats and playing for them and for the King by Brigit's orders. When the fox had done his deeds, he went safe through the wood, with the host of Leinster, both foot and horse and hounds, pursuing him.

Once upon a time bishops came to Brigit and she had nothing to give them, the cows having been milked twice. The cows came a third time to the place, and the milk they had then was greater than every other milking.

Once upon a time Brigit had a band of reapers reaping. A rain storm poured on the whole plain of Liffey, but not a drop fell on her field.

Now (this) was (another) of her miracles. She blessed the blind table-faced man, and gave his eyes to him.

Once upon a time Brigit went to the widow, who killed the calf of her (only) cow for Brigit, and burnt the beam of her loom thereunder. God so wrought for Brigit that the beam was whole on the morrow, and the cow was licking her calf.

Once Brigit and Bishop Eiric were in Leinster. Said Brigit to Bishop Eiric: "There is battling among thy people and to-day they contend." Said a clerical student to Bishop Eiric's household: "We do not think it likely," saith he, "that *that* is true." Brigit sained the eyes of the clerical student. Thereafter he said: "I perceive," saith

he, "my brethren slaying them now." And he made great repentance.

Once Brigit was herding sheep. A robber came to her and took seven wethers from her. Howbeit the herd was counted, and through Brigit's prayer the wethers were found complete.

Once a certain man of Brigit's household made mead for the King of Leinster. When they came to drink it not a drop was found, for it had been consumed before Brigit. Brigit arose to save the wretched man, and she blessed the vessels, and the mead was found in fullness, and that was a wonderful miracle.

Once upon a time the seven bishops came out of Húi Briuin Cualann from Telach na n-Espac, and they found Brigit in a place on the northern side of Kildare. Brigit asked her cook, even Blathnait, whether she had any food. She said she had none. Brigit was ashamed not to have food for the holy men, and she besought the Lord fervently. So the angels told her to milk the cows for the third time (that day). Brigit herself milked the cows, and they filled the tubs with the milk, and they would have filled even all the vessels of Leinster. And the milk overflowed the vessels, and made a lake thereof, whence Loch in Ais, that is the "Lake of Milk" to-day. God's name and Brigit's were magnified thereby.

For everything that Brigit would ask of the Lord was granted her at once. For this was her desire: to satisfy the poor, to expel every hardship, to spare every miserable man. Now there never hath been any one more bashful, or more modest or more gentle, or more humble, or sager, or more harmonious than Brigit. She never washed her hands or her feet, or her head among men. She never would speak without blushing. She was abstinent, she was innocent, she was prayerful, she was patient: she was glad in God's commandments: she was firm, she was humble, she was forgiving, she was loving: she was a consecrated casket for keeping Christ's Body and his Blood: she was a temple of God. Her heart and her mind were a throne of rest for the Holy Ghost. She was simple (towards God): she was compassionate towards the wretched: she was splendid in miracles and marvels: wherefore her name among created things is Dove among

birds, Vine among trees, Sun among stars. This is the father of that holy virgin, the Heavenly Father: this is her son, Jesus Christ: this is her fosterer, the Holy Ghost: wherefore this holy virgin performs the great marvels and the innumerable miracles.

It is she that helpeth every one who is in a strait and in danger: it is she that abateth the pestilences: it is she that quelleth the anger and the storms of the sea. She is the prophetess of Christ: she is the Queen of the South: she is the Mary of the Gael. . . .

It is Colomb Cille that made this hymn for Brigit, and in the time of Aed, son of Ainmire, he made it. And this was the cause of making it. A great storm came to Colomb Cille when he went over the sea, and he chanced to be in Corryvreckan, and he entreated Brigit that a calm might come to him, and said, *Brigit bé bith maith.*[1]

Or it is Brocan Cloen that made it, and it was made at the same time as *Ni char Brigit buadach bith.*[2]

Or it is three of Brigit's household that made it when they went to Rome, and reached Placentia. And a man of the people of the city came to them outside and asked them whether they needed guesting. They said that they did. Then he brought them with him to his house, and they met a student who had come from Rome, and who asked them, whence they had come and why they had come. They said that it was for guesting. "That is a pity," said he, "for this man's custom is to kill his guests;" and they asked that through the students' teaching. So poison was given them in ale; and they praised Brigit that she might save them, and they sang *Brigit bé bith maith,* etc. They drank the ale with the poison, and it did them no harm. So the man of the house came to see whether the poison had killed them. And he beheld them alive, and he beheld a comely maiden amongst them. Thereafter he came into the house, and was seeking the maiden, and found her not, and he asked them: "Why has the maiden gone?" And they said that they had not seen her at all. So a chain was put upon them that they might be killed on the morrow unless they would disclose the maiden. So the same student came to them on the

[1] *Brigit . . . maith*, Brigit, maiden of the good life.
[2] *Ni . . . bith*, virtuous Brigit did not love the world.

morrow to visit them, *et inuenit eos in uinculis, et interrogauit eos quomodo euaserunt et cur ligatisunt.*

Or it may be Brenainn that made this hymn. Now Brenainn came to Brigit to know why the monster in the sea had given honor to Brigit beyond the other saints. So when Brenainn reached Brigit, he asked her to confess in what wise she had the love of God. Said Brigit: "Make thou, O cleric, thy confession first, and I will make mine thereafter." Said Brenainn. "From the day I entered devotion, I never went over seven furrows without my mind being on God." "Good is the confession," said Brigit. "Do thou now, O nun," saith Brenainn, "make thy confession." "The Son of the Virgin knoweth," saith Brigit, "from the hour I set my mind on God, I never took it from Him." "It seems to us, O nun," saith Brenainn, "that the monsters are right, though they give honor to thee beyond us."

Or it is Ultan of Ard Brecain that made this hymn for praise of Brigit. For he was of the Dál Conchubair, and so it was with Brigit's mother, Broichsech, daughter of Dall-bronach. In the time of the two sons of Aed Slaine itself was made. For it is they that slew Suibne, son of Colman the Great, on one hand of Ultan. (In Ard Brecain moreover) it was made:—

"Brigit, excellent woman, a flame, golden, delightful,
May (she), the sun dazzling, splendid, guide us to the eternal Kingdom!
May Brigit save us beyond throngs of demons!
May she break before us (the) battles of every disease!

"May she destroy within us our flesh's taxes,
The branch with blossoms, the mother of Jesus:
The true virgin, dear, with vast dignity;
May I be safe always, with my saint of Leinster!

"One of the columns of (the) Kingdom-with Patrick the pre-eminent,
The vesture over *liga*, the Queen of Queens!
Let our bodies after old age be in sackcloth:
With her grace may Brigit rain on us, free us."

Many miracles and marvels in that wise the Lord wrought for Brigit. So many are they that no one could declare them, unless her own soul or an angel of God

should come to declare them. Howbeit this is enough as a sample of them.

Now when it came to the ending days for Brigit, after founding and helping cells and churches and altars in abundance, after miracles and marvels whose number is as the sand of the sea, or stars of heaven, after charity and mercy, then came Nindid Pure-hand from Rome of Latium. The reason why he was called Nindid Pure-hand was that he never put his hand to his side, when Brigit repeated a paternoster with him. And he gave communion and sacrifice to Brigit, who sent her spirit to Heaven. Her relics are on earth with honor and dignity and primacy, with miracles and marvels. Her soul is like a sun in the heavenly Kingdom among the choir of angels and archangels. And though great be her honor here at present, greater by far will it be, when she shall arise like a shining lamp in completeness of body and soul at the great assembly of Doomsday, in union with cherubim and seraphim, in re-union with the Son of Mary the Virgin, in the union that is nobler than any union, in the union of the Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

I beseech the mercy of High, Almighty God, through holy Brigit's intercession, may we all deserve that unity, may we attain it, may we dwell therein *in sæcula.*

LAMENT FOR KING IVOR.

Place.—The southwest coast of Ireland. *Time.*—The middle of the ninth century. *Author.*—The hereditary bard of a Kerry clan. *Cause of making.*—To lament his King, slain in battle with Danish Vikings.

Thou golden sunshine in the peaceful day!
Thou livid lightning in the night of war!
Hearing the onrush of thy battle-car,
Who could endure to meet thee in the fray?

Who dared to see thine eyes aflame in fight,
Thou stormer through the whistling storm of darts?
Pourer of panic into heroes' hearts!
Our hope, our strength, our glory, our delight!

Thy soul is striding down the perilous road;
And, see, the ghosts of heathen whom thy spear

Laid low, arise and follow in their fear
Him who is braver than their bravest god!

Why is thy soul surrounded by no more
Of thine adoring clansmen? "You had been
Full worthy," wouldst thou answer, hadst thou seen
The charge that drove the pirates from our shore.

But thou wast lying prone upon the sand,
Death-wounded, blind with blood, and gasping: "Go!
Two swords are somewhat; join the rest. I know
Another charge will beat them from the land."

So when the slaughter of the Danes was done,
We found thee dead—a-stare with sunken eyes
At those red surges, and bewailed by cries
Of sea-mews sailing from the fallen sun.

We kissed thee, one by one, lamenting sore:
Men's tears have washed the blood-stain from thy brow
Thy spear and sword and our dear love hast thou;
We have thy name and fame for evermore.

So sang the warriors to their clouded star,
King Ivor, as they heapt his cairn on high;
A landmark to the sailor sailing by,
A warning to the spoiler from afar.

KING AILILL'S DEATH.

From the Early Middle Irish.

I know who won the peace of God,
King Ailill, called "the Beardless Man;"
Who fought beyond the Irish Sea
All day against a Connaught clan.

His host was broken: as he fled
He muttered to his charioteer:
"Look back—the slaughter, is it red?
The slayers, are they drawing near?"

The boy looks back. The west wind blows
Dead clansmen's hair against his face;

He heard the war-shout of his foes,
The death-cry of his ruined race.

The foes came darting from the height,
Like pine-trees down a flooded fall:
Like heaps of hay in spate, his clan
Swept on or sank—he saw it all.

And spake: "The slaughter is full red,
But *we* may still be saved by flight."
Then groaned the king: "No sin of theirs
Falls on my people here to-night:

"No sin of theirs, but sin of mine,
For I was worst of evil kings;
Unrighteous, wrathful, hurling down
To death or shame all weaker things.

"Draw rein, and turn the chariot round:
My face against the foeman bend;
When I am seen and slain, mayhap
The slaughter of my tribe will end."

They drew, and turned. Down came the foe,
The king fell cloven on the sod;
The slaughter then was stayed, and so
King Ailill won the peace of God.

MAN OCTIPARTITE.

From the Middle Irish.

Thus sang the sages of the Gael
A thousand years ago well-nigh:
"Hearken how the Lord on high
Wrought man, to breathe and laugh and wail,
To hunt and war, to plow and sail,
To love and teach, to pray and die!"

Then said the sages of the Gael:

"Of parcels eight was Adam built.
The first was earth, the second sea,
The third and fourth were sun and cloud,

The fifth was wind, the sixth was stone,
The seventh was the Holy Ghost,
The last, the Light which lighteth God."

Then sang the sages of the Gael:

"Man's body, first, was built of earth
To lodge a living soul from birth,
And earthward home again to go
When Time and Death have spoken so.
Then of the sea his blood was dight
To bound in love and flow in fight.
Next, of the sun, to see the skies,
His face was framed with shining eyes.
From hurrying hosts of cloud was wrought
His roaming, rapid-changeful thought.
Then of the wind was made his breath
To come and go from birth to death.
And then of earth-sustaining stone
Was built his flesh-upholding bone.
The Holy Ghost, like cloven flame,
The substance of his soul became;
Of Light which lighteth God was made
Man's conscience, so that unafraid
His soul through haunts of night and sin
May pass and keep all clean within.

"Now, if the earthiness redound,
He lags through life a slothful hound.
But, if it be the sea that sways,
In wild unrest he wastes his days.
Whene'er the sun is sovran, there
The heart is light, the face is fair.
If clouds prevail, he lives in dreams
A deedless life of gloom and gleams.

"If stone bear rule, he masters men,
And ruthless is their ransom then.
But when the wind has won command,
His word is harder than his hand.
The Holy Ghost, if He prevail,
Man lives exempt from lasting bale,
And, gazing with the eyes of God,
Of all he sees at home, abroad,
Discerns the inmost heart, and then
Reveals it to his fellow-men,

And they are truer, gentler, more
Heroic than they were before.

"But he on whom the Light Divine
Is lavished bears the sacred sign,
And men draw nigh in field or mart
To hear the wisdom of his heart.
For he is calm and clear of face,
And unperplexed he runs his race,
Because his mind is always bent
On Right, regardless of event.

"Of each of those eight things decreed
To make and mold the human breed,
Let more or less in man and man
Be set as God has framed His plan.
But still there is a ninth in store
(Oh grant it now and evermore!)—
Our Freedom, wanting which, we read,
The bulk of earth, the strength of stone,
The bounding life o' the sea, the speed
Of clouds, the splendor of the sun,
The never-flagging flight of wind,
The fervor of the Holy Ghost,
The Light before the angel's host,
Though all be in our frame combined,
Grow tainted, yea, of no avail."

So sang the sages of the Gael.

STREET SONGS AND BALLADS AND ANONYMOUS VERSE.

BY JOHN HAND.

IRELAND owes much to her ballad poetry, and not a little to tha portion of it which is associated with the streets. Most, if not all, nations owe more or less to poetry. The songs of Homer, even more than her banded might, preserved Greece independent for over a thousand years. The ballads of Spain kept Spanish patriotism brightly burning thoughout the centuries which saw the Moor rooted in the land, and finally, by the potency of their magic, swept Boabdil and his legions from Granada—from Spain—tore down the Crescent from the high places of the Saracen, and raised in its stead once again the glorious emblem of man's salvation—the Cross of the Redeemer. For Ireland, the ballad and the song have done more than for even Spain or Greece. It is true, she has not obtained a result so significantly brilliant as that achieved by Spain. She has not succeeded, after all her struggles, in shaking herself free of the foreigner's yoke. Spain, like Ireland, was seized and held by a foreign foe ; but that foe, though infidel, was less rapacious and less brutal than the pretentious Christian one that fastened upon Ireland. The Moor was the patron of learning, and gave almost lavish encouragement to the arts and sciences in the celebrated schools which he established at Cordova and throughout Spain.

The Englishman's instruments of civilization in Ireland were the sword and the halter—the destruction of her schools, the violation and robbery of her sanctuaries, the outlawry of her language and its teachers. It was not the province of England to build up, to foster and encourage learning there, but to despoil, to destroy, and to brutalize, by every means that the dark fiend himself might suggest, the Irish race, because, forsooth, the children of that race refused to reach out their arms, and meekly receive the shackles of the slave. Learning was banned in Ireland, but the Irish mother, with a fervor almost amounting to religious devotion, taught her child the old ballads and songs which told of Ireland and of Ireland's faith, and which her own mother in a similar way had taught to her. From Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, in every peasant homestead throughout the length and the breadth of the land, were those songs sung and those ballads conned over. Under God they have been the means of preserving her nationality and her faith through centuries of disasters and persecutions such as a nation never before suffered and survived. When English laws put the ban of outlawry on her bards, and finally destroyed them, did England even then succeed in her nefarious design ? No !—the song lived, though the lips that first chanted it were silent for ever. The ballad never lost its significance or its power ; generation after generation were swayed by the magic of its numbers—the fierceness of its invective, the pathos of its love, or the wild agony of its wail, still exercised the same talismanic effect on the Irish heart.

The Irish language, with its graceful idioms and epigrammatic terseness, was peculiarly adapted for poetry. Even when fairly translated into the English tongue, much of the beauty of the original is perceptible. What a magnificent ballad have we not in poor Clarence Mangan's beautiful translation of 'Dark Rosaleen.' It is unsurpassed by any ballad of any language—a real gem—classic as Homer. . . .

It was to such ballads as this Ireland was accustomed prior to that long night of darkness and agony which set in upon her with the reign of England's Elizabeth. Such were her "Streets Ballads" in those days ; and it can be readily imagined what an effect such a ballad as 'Dark Rosaleen,' sung or recited in the native tongue, would have on the excitable Irish temperament—how it would stir, how it would fascinate, how it would impress and mold, the susceptible Irish heart. Why, even in the foreign tongue, in the heavy, and by no means poetical language of England, the blood runs faster as it is declaimed—it carries you along in its grand flow, and its every impassioned sentiment becomes your own. But in the old tongue in the language of the land, the effect of a such a ballad would be magical.

Since the days when it became treason to love their country, the Irish bards usually adopted allegory, such as we find in 'Dark Rosaleen.' They sang of Ireland as the 'Dark Little Rose,' the 'Shan Van Vocht,' the 'Coolin,' and under a hundred other names. A great writer has said that the Irish are one of the most poetic of the peoples on earth ; that in them is the true spirit poetry to be found. With an old, brave race, such as the Irish, having grand traditions and proud memories, it could scarcely be other. Nature is the great rudimentary school in which poetry is imbibed; and in "green Erin of the streams" the child of the land is ever present face to face with the high teacher, in what mood soever she chooses to array herself. And though he may never measure a line of poetry, or indeed know the difference between *iambics* and the Hill of Howth, he is not the less a poet, for his soul drinks in the glories of nature, and responds to her thousand fitful but always beautiful aspects.

Ireland has been happily termed the "land of song." In the pre-Christian, as in the Christian era, song was her delight, and she delighted to excel in the art. It swayed her with a certainty as true as the moon sways the tides. . . .

Nine out of every ten men you meet with in Ireland are poets ; and the tenth man will, in all probability, be a Saxon or other "benighted foreigner." The majority of them, however, it need scarcely be added, remain "mute inglorious Miltons," but might, and no doubt would, under different circumstances become glorious ones. In Ireland, rustic bards swarm thick as blackberries in harvest-time, and not a few of the craft have we ourselves personally known. As in every other department, so in the rhyming trade, there is always to be found in each parish or district a workman superior to his fellows. . . .

The Irish street ballad proper was on every conceivable subject—embraced love, politics, religion, war, shipwreck, in fact, took in

the whole range of creation—sun, moon, stars, skies, and the earth, with all its belongings, but more particularly that delightful portion of it ycleped the "Emerald Isle." Indeed it was no uncommon thing for a countryman, on being asked to sing, to inquire on what subject the company would wish him to oblige—whether they would have a love, or love-and-murder, a "rale ould Irish" (meaning a national), a controversial, or a sea song. We have often heard the question asked in this way, when the minstrel would take his cue from the majority, and treat them to what they liked best.

Love was a deity the rustic bard very frequently bowed before. Her he invoked, and to her he poured out the woes of his wounded spirit in swelling numbers. Here is one who tells us he came a stranger to the country about Ardee, where he lost his heart. He thus makes us acquainted with the sad tale :

> "When first to this country a stranger I came,
> I placed my affections on a comely fair maid,
> She was proper, tall and handsome, in every degree,
> She 's the flower of this country, and the Rose of Ardee.
>
> "I courted lovely Mary at the age of sixteen,
> Her waist it was slender, and her carriage genteel;
> Till at length a young weaver came for her to see,
> Stole the flower of this country and the Rose of Ardee."

Poor fellow, this was a sad ending to his dreams. Though the provocation was great, he did not commit suicide, however. After cursing the weaver "by day and by night," he proceeds—

> "When I get my week's wages to the *Shebeen* I 'll go,
> And there I 'll sit drinkin' with my heart full of woe,
> I 'll sit there lamentin', expectin' to see
> Once more my own true love, the Rose of Ardee."

After a good deal of "lamenting," the bard arrives at a philosophic conclusion, and ends by bidding his false fair one an eternal farewell.

> "Farewell, lovely Mary, tho' fled from my sight,
> For you I am weepin' by day and by night,
> For I fear my sweet angel I never shall see,
> So adieu evermore to the Rose of Ardee."

There is another characteristic effusion, entitled the 'Star of Slane.' Observe how the bard displays his knowledge of history and mythology. It is so loaded with classic allusions that, like the "other" straw breaking the camel's back, one other would be more than it could actually bear. Bright Sol, Paris, the Grecian Queen, Troy, Cæsar, Cleopatra, Alexander, Cupid, Diana, Susanna, and the River Boyne, are all marshaled up to give effect.

This was the style of versification most admired, particularly when the words were, as here, of "learned length and thundering sound."

Who but an Irish street-balladist could express affection for the angel of his love in so happy a manner as does the wooer of Peggy Brady? What colleen but would melt at so moving and so artless

an assurance. The unselfishness of the declaration is most refreshing read in an age sordid as the present.

> "O Peggy Brady, you are my darlin',
> You are my lookin'-glass from night to mornin',
> I 'd rather have you without a farthin'
> Than Susy Gallagher, wid her house and garden."

The polemical ballad was always in high favor. The Church was persecuted with fiendish malignity ; and the people loved and clung to her the more for that very persecution. Innumerable were the ballads written in her behalf, or portraying her sufferings—the majority of them, from a literary point of view, being the very quintessence of absurdity ; yet they were disseminated and sung, and kept the subject ever green in the susceptible hearts of the Irish peasantry. Of the religious class, the controversial was perhaps most admired. It gave scope to the bard for the display of his biblical lore and sublime invective, qualities altogether indispensable to the rustic muse. "One morning in July," the poet tells us —he was "ranging" over "Urker Hill," when a church and chapel adjacent had a regular "set to"—to use a modern phrase. The Protestant church was the aggressor on the occasion, scornfully alluding to the poverty-stricken appearance of her rival. But she had evidently calculated without her host, for the chapel, putting forth all her powers, administered her such a drubbing as Lutheran structure never received before. The church had made some grave charges, but,

> "The prudent chapel then made answer,
> And was not angry, nor yet confused,
> Sayin', madam, sittin' in yer pomp an' grandeur,
> I beg the favor to be excused,
> I do renegade and flatter none,
> I was erected by true Milesians,
> An' my ordination is the Church of Rome!"

This was an effective hit, but is even surpassed by what follows.

> "I do remimber, in former ages,
> Whin you wur naked as well as I,
> Till by false teachin' ye did invade us
> By prachin' doctrines of heresy."

Needless to say that under such admirably administered castigation, the church was forced to succumb.

'The Ass and the Orangeman's Daughter,' as the title implies, was another classic production. It proved, besides, a mine of wealth —a very Golconda—to scores of street minstrels.

Few public men had more ballads written about them than Daniel O'Connell. For fully forty years every town and hamlet in Ireland was flooded with poetic effusions in praise of the Liberator.

The death of O'Connell, all unexpected as it was, produced a deep sensation throughout Ireland, and plunged the entire country into profound grief.

The national grief found expression in divers ways, and not the least sincere and real was its burden as uttered through the verse

of the rustic bard, and sang through the streets of every town and village in the land. Some of these ballads had a prodigious sale—not less than a million copies of several of them being sold in an incredibly short space of time. 'Erin's Lament' ran through countless editions. Large crowds used to surround the street minstrel as, with stentorian lungs, he poured forth the words of the ballad, which, by the way, were attached to a beautiful and plaintive melody. The ballads were purchased as fast as they could be handed out. The singer generally sang the song right through, and then started afresh as follows :—

"One morning ranging for recreation,
Down by a river I chanced to rove,
Where I espied a maiden in conversation,
Just quite adjacent to a shady grove ;
I was struck with wonder, so I stood and pondered,
I could stand no longer, so I just stept o'er,
And the song she sung made the valleys ring,
It was Erin's King, brave Dan 's no more.

"When I heard the news I was much confused ;
And myself excused, when this I did say,
Is O'Connell gone, old Granua's son ?
The brightest orb that e'er stood the day ;
To relate his glory, his name 's famed in story,
Whilst Erin will sorely feel the fall,
For his sweet voice will no more rejoice,
Whilst our harp quite mute lies in Tara's hall."

In a similar fashion are reviewed the principal incidents in the career of the departed ; and the song relates that

"The Emancipation, without hesitation,
To our lovely island he soon brought o'er,
And our clergy crowned him with wreaths of glory,
When that he sailed to Old Erin's shore ;
Our chapel bells they do ring melodious,
Where no vile scorpion dare cross the door ;
Quite broken hearted, from us departed,
The pride of Kerry, brave Dan 's no more."

The 'Rights of Man' is another allegorical effusion. The bard had a vision, and among other phenomena the following quaint picture is limned :

"Through the azure sky I then did spy
A man to fly and for to descend,
And lights came down upon the ground
Where Erin round had her bosom friends ;
His dazzling miter and cross was brighter
Than stars by night or the mid-day sun,
In accents rare then I do declare
He prayed sincere for the rights of man."

Again we have 'The Banished Defender,' in which politics, religion, and pikes are beautifully mingled. In the first verse the poet tells us he is fled to the mountains, and in the next—probably forgetting what he had told us in the former—we are assured that he is a convict in Van Dieman's Land. Here is a sample:—

"You Catholics of Erin, give ear unto these lines I write,
I 've fled unto the mountains, for ever I am banished quite;
For the sake of my religion, I 'm bound to leave my native home,
For being a bold defender, and a member of the Church of Rome.

Then woe attend those traitors that forced me from my native shore,
Those perjured prosecutors that has me banished for evermore.
They say I was a traitor, and a leader of the Papist band,
For which I 'm in cold irons, a convict in Van Dieman's land."

He knows something of theology, as the following extract will show:

"Transubstantiation is the faith we depend upon,
Look and you will find it in the fifth chapter of St. John,
As Moses and Elias they told us of our heavenly church,
That we in future ages should suffer persecution much."

The gentleman who penned the following must have risen fresh from the study of Virgil, his mind all aglow with the stately harmony he found in the Latin poet. How else could he sing—

"Near Castleblayney, lived Dan Delaney,
And the broth of a boy was Pat McCann"?

Observe the harmonious connection. We have it that "Dan Delaney" lived near Castleblayney, and in the same breath are assured of the important fact that

"The broth of a boy was Pat McCann."

Who could doubt it? or doubt the versatile genius and originality of the poet who, with this single touch, dubs the above worthies immortal?

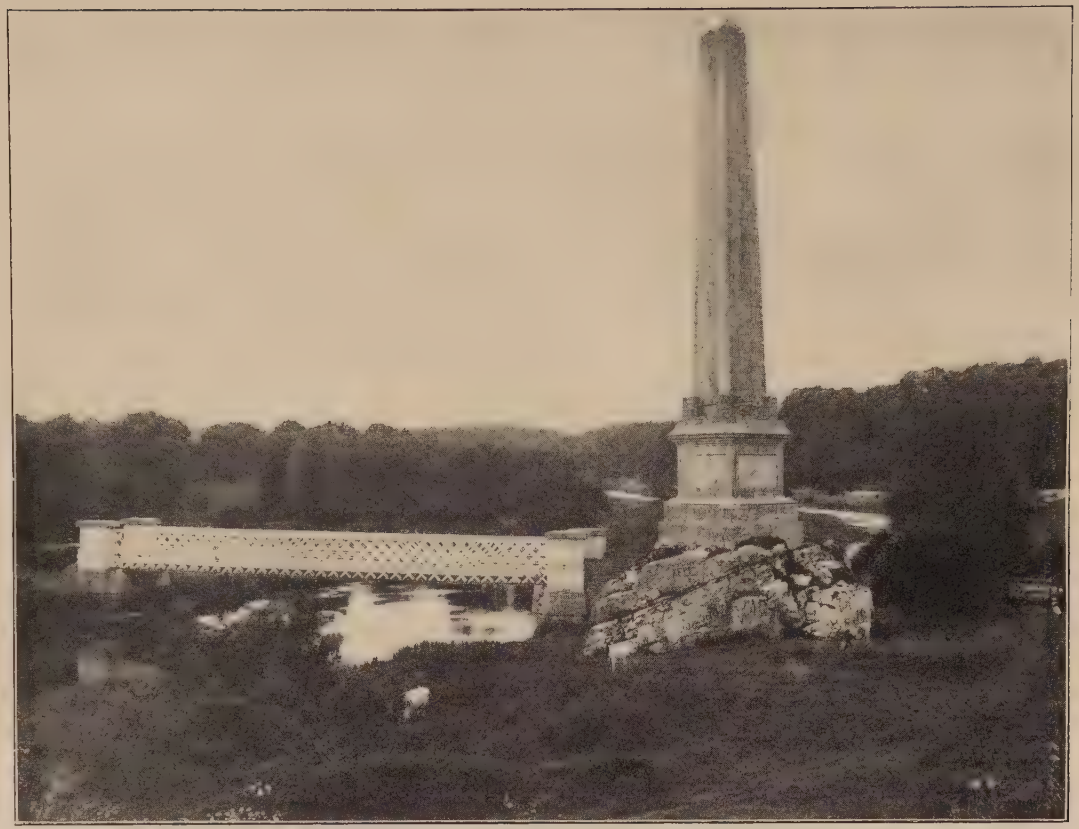
'McKenna's Dream,' 'Brannon on the Moor,' 'Bold Traynor O,' 'Donnelly and Cooper,' 'The River Roe,' 'My Brown Girl Sweet,' and 'Lovely Mary of the Shannon Side,' have had an immense run in their day, and have been sung from the Hill of Howth to the wild shores of Arran, and from Slieve-na-mon to the weird peaked mountain of Donegal.

This class of ballads is now rapidly fading away—becoming fast obsolete before the spread of a better education. The ballad to be sold now in Ireland must have literary merit, and instead of the 'Bold Defender,' the 'Rights of Man,' the 'Star of Slane,' etc., inquiries are made for 'O'Donnell Abu,' 'Rory of the Hills,' 'God Save Ireland,' 'Gra-gal-Machree,' 'Brian the Brave,' 'Rich and Rare,' and other of the sparkling gems of Thomas Moore. The old street-ballads are dying—smooth be their passage to oblivion. They had their day, and performed their mission well. They lived in a rugged time; and recalled many a wavering heart, in their own rude fashion, to a sense of duty. They can now only survive in the sketch book of a Carleton, or other delineator of the Irish of a past generation. Yet among the street ballads proper are to be found stray pearlets that must and will survive. Many such there are that cannot and should not be allowed to depart from amongst us!

Happily there are ballads to take the place of the dead or dying ones. Instead of the 'Rose of Ardee,' and others of that ilk, we have

THE BOYNE OBELISK

From a photograph



'Cushla Gal Machree,' from the pen of brave-hearted Michael Doheny, the ballads of hopeful, earnest-souled Thomas Davis,—ballads that thrill you like an inspiration—the weird but melodious productions of the muse of Clarence Mangan, and all the varied and magnificent treasure of 'Young Ireland.' 'Forty-eight saw the commencement of a new era in Irish ballad poetry.

The tocsin was sounded by Mangan in 'The Nation's First Number.' A wave of the magic wand of Thomas Davis, and the accumulated poetical absurdities, in the shape of the accepted street ballad, were swept away in the flood which his great and impassioned genius had conjured. The rustic song maker found his occupation gone; for who of the new generation—all of whom had or were receiving more or less of an education—would buy or read such an effusion, for instance, as 'Mary Neal'?

'Mary Neal' went "out of print." The freshened ideas of "Young Ireland" extinguished it and all of its class. Who would buy such when a song like this could be purchased?

> "Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
> Come when you 're looked for, or come without warning;
> Kisses and welcome you 'll have here before ye,
> And the oftener you come here the more I 'll adore ye."

'The Blackbird,' the 'Shan Van Vocht,' and such other of the *genus* political, were literally snuffed out by the grand march forward then inaugurated. The hopeful, melodious, glowing, and martial verse of Gavan Duffy, D'Arcy Magee, Dalton Williams, Lady Wilde, and all that brilliant phalanx who gave to the period such a luster, contributed to this desired event.

The old street ballads are gone; with many of them were associated pleasant memories. May the pleasure remain, but what of them was rancorous, uncharitable, bigoted, or envenomed, pass away, and be buried in the same oblivious grave.

"Give me the making of a people's ballads, and I care not who make their laws," was the saying of an ancient philosopher, and the wisdom of old Fletcher of Saltoun, author of the saying, was never better exemplified than in the case of Ireland. Her nationality has been preserved by the aid of her ballads; seeing what they have accomplished, may we not safely predict that the potency of their magic will yet help to consummate what for centuries has been her fixed and grand idea—Ireland a Nation—the arbiter of her own destinies?

THE BOYNE WATER.[1]

July the First, of a morning clear one thousand six hundred and ninety,
King William did his men prepare—of thousands he had thirty—

[1] Sir Charles Gavan Duffy says these fragments of the original 'Boyne Water' are far more racy and spirited than the song by Colonel Blacker which has superseded them.

To fight King James and all his foes, encamped near the Boyne Water
He little feared, though two to one, their multitudes to scatter.

King William called his officers, saying: "Gentlemen, mind your station,
And let your valor here be shown before this Irish nation;
My brazen walls let no man break, and your subtle foes you 'll scatter,
Be sure you show them good English play as you go over the water."

. . . . . .

Both foot and horse they marched on, intending them to batter,
But the brave Duke Schomberg he was shot as he crossed over the water.
When that King William did observe the brave Duke Schomberg falling,
He reined his horse with a heavy heart, on the Enniskilleners calling:

"What will you do for me, brave boys—see yonder men retreating?
Our enemies encouraged are, and English drums are beating."
He says, "My boys, feel no dismay at the losing of one commander,
For God shall be our king this day, and I 'll be general under."

. . . . . .

Within four yards of our fore-front, before a shot was fired,
A sudden snuff they got that day, which little they desired;
For horse and man fell to the ground, and some hung in their saddle:
Others turned up their forked ends, which we call *coup de ladle.*

Prince Eugene's regiment was the next, on our right hand advanced,
Into a field of standing wheat, where Irish horses pranced—
But the brandy ran so in their heads, their senses all did scatter,
They little thought to leave their bones that day at the Boyne Water.

Both men and horse lay on the ground, and many there lay bleeding,
I saw no sickles there that day—but, sure, there was sharp shearing.

Now, praise God, all true Protestants, and heaven's and earth's
Creator,
For the deliverance that He sent our enemies to scatter. . . .
The Church's foes will pine away, like churlish-hearted Nabal
For our deliverer came this day like the great Zorobabel.

So praise God, all true Protestants, and I will say no further,
But had the Papists gained the day, there would have been open
murder.
Although King James and many more were ne'er that way in-
clined,
It was not in their power to stop what the rabble they designed.

BRIAN O'LINN.[1]

Brian O'Linn was a gentleman born,
His hair it was long and his beard unshorn,
His teeth were out and his eyes far in—
"I 'm a wonderful beauty," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn was hard up for a coat,
He borrowed the skin of a neighboring goat,
He buckled the horns right under his chin—
"They 'll answer for pistols," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn had no breeches to wear,
He got him a sheepskin to make him a pair,
With the fleshy side out and the woolly side in—
"They are pleasant and cool," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn had no hat to his head,
He stuck on a pot that was under the shed,
He murdered a cod for the sake of his fin—
"'T will pass for a feather," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn had no shirt to his back,
He went to a neighbor and borrowed a sack,
He puckered a meal-bag under his chin—
"They 'll take it for ruffles," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn had no shoes at all,
He bought an old pair at a cobbler's stall,

[1] This version is made up from several in the possession of Mr. P. J. McCall, of Dublin. The last verse figures in most collections of 'The Rhymes and Jingles of Mother Goose.'

The uppers were broke and the soles were thin—
"They 'll do me for dancing," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn had no watch for to wear,
He bought a fine turnip and scooped it out fair,
He slipped a live cricket right under the skin—
"They 'll think it is ticking," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn was in want of a brooch,
He stuck a brass pin in a big cockroach,
The breast of his shirt he fixed it straight in—
"They 'll think it 's a diamond," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn went a-courting one night,
He set both the mother and daughter to fight—
"Stop, stop," he exclaimed, "if you have but the tin,
I 'll marry you both," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn went to bring his wife home,
He had but one horse, that was all skin and bone—
"I 'll put her behind me, as nate as a pin,
And her mother before me," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn and his wife and wife's mother,
They all crossed over the bridge together,
The bridge broke down and they all tumbled in—
"We 'll go home by water," says Brian O'Linn!

BY MEMORY INSPIRED.

By memory inspired
And love of country fired,
The deeds of MEN I love to dwell upon;
And the patriotic glow
Of my Spirit must bestow
A tribute to O'Connell that is gone, boys—gone.
Here 's a memory to the friends that are gone!

In October 'Ninety-Seven—
May his soul find rest in Heaven!—
William Orr to execution was led on:
The jury, drunk, agreed
That IRISH was his creed:
For perjury and threats drove them on, boys—on.
Here 's the memory of John Mitchel that is gone!

In 'Ninety-Eight—the month July—
The informer's pay was high;
When Reynolds gave the gallows brave MacCann;
But MacCann was Reynolds' first—
One could not allay his thirst;
So he brought up Bond and Byrne that are gone, boys—gone.
Here 's the memory of the friends that are gone!

We saw a nation's tears
Shed for John and Henry Sheares;
Betrayed by Judas, Captain Armstrong:
We may forgive, but yet
We never can forget
The poisoning of Maguire [1] that is gone, boys—gone:
Our high Star and true Apostle that is gone!

How did Lord Edward die?
Like a man, without a sigh!
But he left his handiwork on Major Swan!
But Sirr, with steel-clad breast
And coward heart at best,
Left us cause to mourn Lord Edward that is gone, boys—gone.
Here 's the memory of our friends that are gone!

September, Eighteen-Three,
Closed this cruel history,
When Emmet's blood the scaffold flowed upon.
Oh, had their spirits been wise,
They might then realize
Their freedom—but we drink to Emmet that is gone, boys—gone.
Here 's the memory of the friends that are gone!

CHARMING MARY NEAL.

I 'm a bold undaunted Irishman, my name is John McCann.
I 'm a native of sweet Donegal, convenient to Strabane;
For the stealing of an heiress, I lie in Lifford Jail
And her father swears he will me hang for his daughter Mary Neal.

Whilst in cold irons I lay bound, my love sent word to me:
"Don't fear my father's anger, for I will set you free."

[1] Father Tom Maguire, the well-known Catholc controversialist.

Her father gave consent to let me out on bail,
And I was to stand for trial for his daughter Mary Neal.

Her father kept her close confined, for fear I should her see,
And on my trial day, was my prosecutor to be;
Like a moving beauty bright, to appear she did not fail,
She freed me from all danger, she 's my charming Mary Neal.

With wrath and indignation, her father loud did call,
And when my trial was over, I approached the garden wall,
My well-known voice soon reached her ears, which echoed hill and dale,
Saying, " You 're welcome here, my Johnny dear," says charming Mary Neal.

We both sat on a sunny bank, and there we talked awhile.
He says, " My dear, if you will comply, I 'll free you from exile:
The Shamrock is ready from Derry to set sail;
So come with me, off to Quebec, my charming Mary Neal."

She gave consent, and back she went, and stole the best of clothes,
And to no one in the house her secret she made known;
Five hundred pounds of ready gold from her father she did steal,
And that was twice I did elope with charming Mary Neal.

Our coach it was got ready to Derry for to go,
And there we bribed the coachman for to let no one know;
He said he would keep secret, and never would reveal.
So off to Derry there I went with charming Mary Neal.

It was to Captain Nelson our passage money paid,
And in the town of Derry it was under cover laid.
We joined our hands in wedlock bands before we did set sail,
And her father's wrath I value not—I love my Mary Neal.

It was over the proud and swelling seas our ship did gently glide,
And on our passage to Quebec, six weeks a matchless tide;
Until we came to Whitehead Beach we had no cause to wail,
On Crossford Bay I thought that day I lost my Mary Neal.

On the ninth of June, in the afternoon, a heavy fog came on;
The captain cries, " Look out, my boys! I fear we are all gone."

Our vessel on a sandy bank was driven by a gale,
And forty more washed overboard, along with Mary Neal.

With the help of boats and ship's crew, five hundred they were saved,
And forty more of them also have met a watery grave.
Her yellow locks I soon espied came floating on the gale,
I jumped into the raging deep and saved my Mary Neal.

Her father wrote me a letter as you may understand,
That if I would go back again he would give me all his land.
I wrote him back an answer, and that without fail,
"That I 'm the heir of your whole estate by your daughter Mary Neal."

COLLEEN RUE.[1]

As I roved out one summer's morning, speculating most curiously,
To my surprise, I soon espied a charming fair one approaching me;
I stood awhile in deep meditation, contemplating what should I do,
But recruiting all my sensations, I thus accosted the *Colleen Rue:*—

"Are you Aurora, or the beauteous Flora, Euterpasia, or Venus bright?
Or Helen fair, beyond compare, that Paris stole from her Grecian's sight?
Thou fairest creature, you have enslaved me, I am intoxicated by Cupid's clue,
Whose golden notes and infatuation deranged my ideas for you, *Colleen Rue.*"

"Kind sir, be easy, and do not tease me, with your false praise so jestingly,
Your dissimulations and invitations, your fantastic praises, seducing me.
I am not Aurora, or the beauteous Flora, but a rural maiden to all men's view,
That 's here condoling my situation, and my appellation is the *Colleen Rue.*"

[1] *Cáilin Ruadh*, red (haired) girl.

"Was I Hector, that noble victor, who died a victim of Grecian skill,
Or was I Paris, whose deeds were various, as an arbitrator on Ida's hill,
I would roam through Asia, likewise Arabia, through Pennsylvania seeking you,
The burning regions, like famed Vesuvius, for one embrace of the *Colleen Rue.*"

"Sir, I am surprised and dissatisfied at your tantalizing insolence,
I am not so stupid, or enslaved by Cupid, as to be dupèd by your eloquence,
Therefore desist from your solicitations, I am engaged, I declare it 's true,
To a lad I love beyond all earthly treasures, and he 'll soon embrace his *Colleen Rue.*"

THE CROPPY BOY.

It was very early in the spring,
The birds did whistle and sweetly sing,
Changing their notes from tree to tree,
And the song they sang was old Ireland free.

It was early in the night,
The yeoman cavalry gave me a fright;
The yeoman cavalry was my downfall,
And taken was I by Lord Cornwall.

'T was in the guard-house where I was laid,
And in a parlor where I was tried;
My sentence passed and my courage low
When to Dungannon I was forced to go.

As I was passing by my father's door,
My brother William stood at the door;
My aged father stood at the door,
And my tender mother her hair she tore.

As I was walking up Wexford Street
My own first cousin I chanced to meet;
My own first cousin did me betray,
And for one bare guinea swore my life away.

My sister Mary heard the express,
She ran upstairs in her mourning-dress—
Five hundred guineas I will lay down,
To see my brother through Wexford Town.

As I was walking up Wexford Hill,
Who could blame me to cry my fill?
I looked behind and I looked before,
But my tender mother I shall ne'er see more.

As I was mounted on the platform high,
My aged father was standing by;
My aged father did me deny,
And the name he gave me was the Croppy Boy.

It was in Dungannon this young man died,
And in Dungannon his body lies;
All you good Christians that do pass by
Just drop a tear for the Croppy Boy.

THE CRUISKEEN LAWN.[1]

Let the farmer praise his grounds,
Let the huntsman praise his hounds,
The shepherd his dew-scented lawn;
But I, more blest than they,
Spend each happy night and day
With my charming little crúiscín lán, lán, lán,[2]
My charming little crúiscín lán.

Grádh mo chroidhe mo crúiscín,—
Sláinte geal mo mhúirnín.
Is grádh mo chroidhe a cúilin bán.

[1] The chorus is pronounced thus:

Grá-ma-chree ma crooskeen,
Shlántya gal ma-voorneen
S grá-ma-chree a cooleen bán, etc.

and means:

Love of my heart, my little jug!
Bright health to my darling!
The love of my heart is her fair hair, etc.

[2] *Lan*, full.

Grádh mo chroidhe mo crúiscín,—
Sláinte geal mo mhúirín,
Is grádh mo chroidhe a cúilin, bán, bán,
Is grádh mo chroidhe a cúilin bán.

Immortal and divine,
Great Bacchus, god of wine,
Create me by adoption your son;
In hope that you 'll comply,
My glass shall ne'er run dry,
Nor my smiling little crúiscín lán, lán,
My smiling little crúiscín lán.

And when grim Death appears,
In a few but pleasant years,
To tell me that my glass has run;
I 'll say, Begone, you knave,
For bold Bacchus gave me lave
To take another crúiscín lán, lán, lán, lán,
Another little crúiscín lán.

Then fill your glasses high,
Let 's not part with lips adry,
Though the lark now proclaims it is dawn;
And since we can 't remain,
May we shortly meet again,
To fill another crúiscín lán, lán, lán,
To fill another crúiscín, lán.

THE DEAR AND DARLING BOY.[1]

When first unto this town I came,
With you I fell in love,
And if I could but gain you
I 'd vow I 'll never rove.
There 's not a girl in all this town
I love as well as thee.
I 'll rowl you in my arms,
My *cushla gal ma chree.*

My love she won't come nigh me,
Nor hear the moan I make;

[1] This is from a bunch of modern ballads, evidently, from the use of the term "French Flanders," of considerable antiquity.

Neither would she pity me
Tho' my poor heart should break.
If I was born of noble blood,
And she of low degree,
She would hear my lamentation,
And surely pity me.

The ship is on the ocean,
Now ready for to sail.
If the wind blew from the east,
With a sweet and pleasant gale;
If the wind blew from my love
With a sweet and pleasant sound,
It 's for your sake, my darling girl,
I 'd range the nations round.

Nine months we are on the ocean,
No harbor can we spy.
We sailed from the French Flanders
To harbors that were nigh.
We sailed from the French Flanders
To harbors that were nigh.

O, fare you well, my darling girl,
Since you and I must part!
It 's the bright beams of your beauty
That stole away my heart.
But since it is my lot, my love,
To say that I must go,
Bright angels be your safeguard
Till my return home.

DRIMMIN DUBH DHEELISH.[1]

Oh, there was a poor man,
And he had but one cow,
And when he had lost her
He could not tell how,
But so white was her face,
And so sleek was her tail,
That I thought my poor *drimmin dubh*
Never would fail.

[1] *Drimmin . . . dheelish*, loyal black white-back.

'Agus oro, Drimmin dubh, Oro, ah.
Oro, drimmin dubh, Miel agra.[1]

Returning from mass,
On a morning in May,
I met my poor *drimmin dubh*
Drowning by the way.
I roared and I bawled,
And my neighbors did call
To save my poor *drimmin dubh,*
She being my all.

'Ah, neighbors! was this not
A sorrowful day,
When I gazed on the water
Where my *drimmin dubh* lay?
With a drone and a drizzen,
She bade me adieu,
'And the answer I made
Was a loud pillelu.

Poor *drimmin dubh* sank,
And I saw her no more,
Till I came to an island
Was close by the shore;
'And down on that island
I saw her again,
Like a bunch of ripe blackberries
Rolled in the rain.

'Arrah, plague take you, *drimmin dubh!*
What made you die,
Or why did you leave me,
For what and for why?
I would rather lose Paudeen,
My *bouchelleen baun,*[2]
Than part with my *drimmin dubh,*
Now that you 're gone.

When *drimmin dubh* lived,
And before she was dead,
She gave me fresh butter
To eat to my bread,

[1] And choice black white-back. O choice Ah!
O choice black white-back. Honey O love!

[2] *Bouchelleen baun*, my little fair-haired boy.

And likewise new milk
That I soaked with my scone,
But now it 's black water
Since *drimmin dubh's* gone.

GARRYOWEN.

Let Bacchus's sons be not dismayed,
But join with me each jovial blade;
Come booze and sing, and lend your aid
To help me with the chorus—
Instead of Spa we 'll drink brown ale,
And pay the reckoning on the nail,
No man for debt shall go to jail
From Garryowen in glory!

We are the boys that take delight in
Smashing the Limerick lamps when lighting,
Through the streets like sporters fighting,
And tearing all before us.
Instead, etc.

We 'll break windows, we 'll break doors,
The watch knock down by threes and fours;
Then let the doctors work their cures,
And tinker up our bruises.
Instead, etc.

We 'll beat the bailiffs, out of fun,
We 'll make the mayor and sheriffs run;
We are the boys no man dares dun,
If he regards a whole skin.
Instead, etc.

Our hearts, so stout, have got us fame
For soon 't is known from whence we came;
Where'er we go they dread the name
Of Garryowen in glory.
Instead, etc.

Johnny Connell 's tall and straight,
And in his limbs he is complete;
He 'll pitch a bar of any weight,
From Garryowen to Thomond Gate.
Instead, etc.

Garryowen is gone to wrack
Since Johnny Connell went to Cork,
Though Darby O'Brien leapt over the dock
In spite of all the soldiers.
Instead, etc.

HANNAH HEALY, THE PRIDE OF HOWTH.

You matchless nine, to my aid incline,
Assist my genius while I declare
My lovesick pain for a beauteous dame,
Whose killing charms did me ensnare;
Sly little Cupid has knocked me stupid;
In grief I mourn upon my oath;
My frame 's declining, I 'm so repining
For Hannah Healy, the pride of Howth.

She 's tall and slender, both young and tender;
She 's modest, mild, and she 's all sublime;
For education in Erin's nation
There 's none to equal this nymph divine;
I wish to gain her, but can't obtain her,
I 'd fondly court her, but yet I 'm loath,
Lest I should tease her or once displease her,
Sweet Hannah Healy, the pride of Howth.

At seventeen this maid serene
My heart attracted, I must allow;
I thought her surely a goddess purely,
Or some bright angel, in truth I vow;
Since that I languish, my mind 's in anguish,
A deep decline it has curbed my growth;
None can relieve me, then you can believe me,
But Hannah Healy, the pride of Howth.

In all Olympus I 'm sure no nymph is,
To equal her that I do admire;
Her lovely features surpasses nature;
Alas, they set my poor heart on fire;
She exceeds Flora, or bright Aurora,
Or beauteous Venus from the briny froth;—
I am captivated—I do repeat it—
By Hannah Healy, the pride of Howth.

Each lovely morning young men keep swarming
To view this charmer taking the air;
She 's so enchanting, they all are panting
To gain her favor, I do declare;
But still they 're fearful, and no way cheerful,
The greatest hero you 'll find him loath,
Nor dare entreat her or supplicate her,
So bright an angel is the pride of Howth.

I 'll drop my writing and my inditing,
I see it 's useless for me to fret;
A pound of trouble, or sorrow double,
Will ne'er atone for an ounce of debt;
I 'll resign courting and all like sporting,
Cupid and Hymen, I 'll shun them both,
And raise my mind from all female kind—
So adieu, sweet Hannah, the pride of Howth!

THE IRISH GRANDMOTHER.[1]

Paddy, agra, run down to the bog, for my limbs are beginning to tire,
And see if there 's ever a sod at all that 's dry enough for a fire:
God be praised! It 's terrible times, and granny is weak and old,
And the praties black as the winter's face, and the night so dark and cold!
It 's many a day since I seen the like, but I did one, Pat, *asthore,*
And I prayed to God on my bended knees I might never see it more.
'T was the year before the Risin' of Smith O'Brien, you know,
Thirty-two years ago, Paddy,—thirty-two years ago.
Your grandfather—God rest his soul!—went out with the boys to fight;
For the bailiffs came with the crowbars, and the sickness came with the blight,
An' he said it was better to die like a man, though he held but a rusty pike,
Than starve on the roadside, beggin' for food, an' be thrown like a dog in the dike.

[1] This ballad made its appearance during the agitation and distress of the winter of 1879. It was first published in the Dublin *Nation* over the signature *In Fide Fortis.*

Ochone, ochone! it 's a sorrowful tale, but listen afore you go,
For Tim he never came back to me, but I 'll see him soon, I know.
Tim Ryan he held a decent farm in the glen o' Cahirmore,
And he tilled the lands the Ryans owned two hundred years before;
An' it 's many a time, by the blazing fire, I heard from the priest, Father John
(He was my husband's cousin, *agra,* and he lived to be ninety-one),
That the Ryans were chiefs of the country round till Cromwell, the villain, came,
And battered the walls of the castle and set all the houses aflame;
He came an' he stabled his horses in the abbey of St. Columkille,
An' the mark of his murderin' cannon you may see on the old wall still.
An' he planted a common trooper where the Ryans were chieftains of yore,
An' that was the first o' the breed of him that 's now Lord Cahirmore.

Old Father John,—he was ninety-one—it was he that could tell you the story,
An' every name of his kith and kin,—may their souls now rest in glory!
His father was shot in '98 as he stood in the chapel door;
His grandfather was the strongest man in the parish of Cahirmore;
An' thin there was Donough, Donal More, and Turlough on the roll,
An' Kian, boy, that lost the lands because he 'd save his soul.

Ochone, machree, but the night is cold, and the hunger in your face.
Hard times are comin', *avic!* God help us with his grace!
Three years before the famine came the agent raised the rent,
But then there was many a helpin' hand, and we struggled on content.
Ochone, ochone! we 're lonely now,—now that our need is sore,
For there 's none but good Father Mahony that ever comes inside our door.
God bless him for the food he brings an' the blankets that keep us warm!
God bless him for his holy words that shelter us from harm!

This is the month an' the day, Paddy, that my own colleen went,
She died on the roadside, Paddy, when we were drove out for the rent;
An' it 's well that I remember how she turned to me an' cried,
"There 's never a pain that mayn't be a gain," and crossed herself and died.
For the Soupers were there with shelter and food if we 'd only tell the lie,
But they fled like the wicked things they were when they saw poor Kathleen die.
She 's prayin' for all of us now, Paddy,—her blessing I know she 's giving!
An' they that have little here below have much, *asthore,* in heaven!

THE IRISHMAN'S FAREWELL TO HIS COUNTRY.[1]

Oh! farewell, Ireland, I am going across the stormy main,
Where cruel strife will end my life, to see you never again.
'T will break my heart from you to part, *acushla store machree!*
But I must go full of grief and woe to the shores of America.

On Irish soil my fathers dwelt since the days of Brian Boru,
They paid their rent and lived content, convenient to Carriemore,
But the landlord sent on the move my poor father and me:
We must leave our home far away to roam in the fields of America.

No more at the churchyard, *store machree,* at my mother's grave I 'll kneel.
The tyrants know but little of the woe the poor man has to feel.
When I look on the spot of ground that is so dear to me,
I could curse the laws that have given me cause to depart to America.

[1] This ballad made its appearance during the time of the Fenian excitement in 1865, when the peasants expected an expedition from the Irish in the United States.

O, where are the neighbors, kind and true, that were once the country's pride?
No more will they be seen on the face of the green, nor dance on the green hillside.
It is the stranger's cow that is grazing now, where the people we used to see.
With notice they were served, to be turned out or starved, or banished to America.

O, Erin, *machree,* must our children be exiled all over the earth?
Will they evermore think of you, *astore,* as the land that gave them birth?
Must the Irish yield to the beasts of the field? O, no, *acushla store machree!*
They are coming back in ships with vengeance on their lips from the shores of America.

IRISH MOLLY O.[1]

Oh! who is that poor foreigner that lately came to town,
And like a ghost that cannot rest still wanders up and down?
A poor, unhappy Scottish youth;—if more you wish to know,
His heart is breaking all for love of Irish Molly O!
She 's modest, mild, and beautiful, the fairest I have known—
The primrose of Ireland—all blooming here alone—
The primrose of Ireland, for wheresoe'er I go,
The only one entices me is Irish Molly O!

When Molly's father heard of it, a solemn oath he swore,
That if she 'd wed a foreigner he 'd never see her more.
He sent for young MacDonald and he plainly told him so—
"I 'll never give to such as you my Irish Molly O!"
She 's modest, etc.

MacDonald heard the heavy news—and grievously did say—
"Farewell, my lovely Molly, since I 'm banished far away,
A poor forlorn pilgrim I must wander to and fro,
And all for the sake of my Irish Molly O!"
She 's modest, etc.

[1] This ballad has been largely kept alive by virtue of the beautiful and pathetic air to which it is sung.

"There is a rose in Ireland, I thought it would be mine:
But now that she is lost to me, I must for ever pine,
Till death shall come to comfort me, for to the grave I 'll go,
And all for the sake of my Irish Molly O!"
She 's modest, etc.

"And now that I am dying, this one request I crave,
To place a marble tombstone above my humble grave!
And on the stone these simple words I 'd have engraven so—
'MacDonald lost his life for love of Irish Molly O!'"
She 's modest, etc.

JENNY FROM BALLINASLOE.

You lads that are funny, and call maids your honey,
Give ear for a moment; I 'll not keep you long.
I 'm wounded by Cupid; he has made me stupid;
To tell you the truth now, my brain 's nearly wrong.
A neat little posy, who does live quite cosy,
Has kept me unable to go to and fro;
Each day I 'm declining, in love I 'm repining,
For nice little Jenny from Ballinasloe.

It was in September, I 'll ever remember,
I went out to walk by a clear river side
For sweet recreation, but, to my vexation,
This wonder of Nature I quickly espied;
I stood for to view her an hour, I 'm sure:
The earth could not show such a damsel, I know,
As that little girl, the pride of the world,
Called nice little Jenny from Ballinasloe.

I said to her: "Darling! this is a nice morning;
The birds sing enchantingly, which charms the groves;
Their notes do delight me, and you do invite me,
Along this clear water some time for to rove.
Your beauty has won me, and surely undone me;
If you won't agree for to cure my sad woe,
So great is my sorrow, I 'll ne'er see to-morrow,
My sweet little Jenny from Ballinasloe."

"Sir, I did not invite you, nor yet dare not slight you;
You 're at your own option to act as you please:
I am not ambitious, nor e'er was officious;
I am never inclined to disdain or to tease.

I love conversation, likewise recreation;
I 'm free with a friend, and I 'm cold with a foe;
But virtue 's my glory, and will be till I 'm hoary,"
Said nice little Jenny from Ballinasloe.

"Most lovely of creatures! your beautiful features
Have sorely attracted and captured my heart;
If you won't relieve me, in truth you may b'lieve me,
Bewildered in sorrow till death I must smart;
I 'm at your election, so grant me protection,
And feel for a creature that 's tortured in woe.
One smile it will heal me, one frown it will kill me;
Sweet, nice little Jenny from Ballinasloe!"

"Sir, yonder 's my lover; if he should discover
Or ever take notice you spoke unto me,
He 'd close your existence in spite of resistance;
Be pleased to withdraw, then, lest he might you see.
You see, he 's approaching; then don't be encroaching
He has his large dog and his gun there also.
Although you 're a stranger, I wish you from danger,"
Said nice little Jenny from Ballinasloe.

I bowed then genteelly, and thanked her quite freely;
I bid her adieu, and took to the road;
So great was my trouble my pace I did double;
My heart was oppressed and sank down with the load.
For ever I 'll mourn for beauteous Jane Curran,
And ramble about in affection and woe,
And think on the hour I saw that sweet flower,
My dear little Jenny from Ballinasloe!

JOHNNY, I HARDLY KNEW YE.

While going the road to sweet Athy,
Hurroo! hurroo!
While going the road to sweet Athy,
Hurroo! hurroo!
While going the road to sweet Athy,
A stick in my hand and a drop in my eye,
A doleful damsel I heard cry:
"Och Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
With drums and guns, and guns and drums
The enemy nearly slew ye;

My darling dear, you look so queer,
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!

"Where are your eyes that looked so mild?
Hurroo! hurroo!
Where are your eyes that looked so mild?
Hurroo! hurroo!
Where are your eyes that looked so mild,
When my poor heart you first beguiled?
Why did you run from me and the child?
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
With drums, etc.

"Where are the legs with which you run?
Hurroo! hurroo!
Where are the legs with which you run?
Hurroo! hurroo!
Where are the legs with which you run
When you went to carry a gun?
Indeed, your dancing days are done!
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
With drums, etc.

"It grieved my heart to see you sail,
Hurroo! hurroo!
It grieved my heart to see you sail,
Hurroo! hurroo!
It grieved my heart to see you sail,
Though from my heart you took leg-bail;
Like a cod you 're doubled up head and tail.
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
With drums, etc.

"You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg,
Hurroo! hurroo!
You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg,
Hurroo! hurroo!
You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg,
You 're an eyeless, noseless, chickenless egg;
You 'll have to be put wid a bowl to beg:
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
With drums, etc.

"I 'm happy for to see you home,
Hurroo! hurroo!
I 'm happy for to see you home,
Hurroo! hurroo!

I 'm happy for to see you home,
All from the island of Sulloon,
So low in flesh, so high in bone;
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
With drums, etc.

"But sad as it is to see you so,
Hurroo! hurroo!
But sad as it is to see you so,
Hurroo! hurroo!
But sad as it is to see you so,
And to think of you now as an object of woe,
Your Peggy 'll still keep ye on as her beau;
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
With drums and guns, and guns and drums
The enemy nearly slew ye;
My darling dear, you look so queer,
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!"

THE LAMENTATION OF HUGH REYNOLDS.[1]

My name is Hugh Reynolds, I come of honest parents;
Near Cavan I was born, as plainly you may see;
By loving of a maid, one Catherine MacCabe,
My life has been betrayed; she 's a dear maid to me.[2]

[1] I copied this ballad from a broad-sheet in the collection of Mr. Davis; but could learn nothing of its date, or the circumstances connected with it. It is clearly modern, however, and founded on the story of an abduction, which terminated differently from the majority of these adventures. The popular sympathy in such cases is generally in favor of the gallant, the impression being that an abduction is never attempted without at least a tacit consent on the part of the girl. Whenever she appears as a willing witness for the prosecution it is said she has been tampered with by her friends, and public indignation falls upon the wrong object. The 'Lamentation' was probably written for or by the ballad singers; but it is the best of its bad class.

The student would do well to compare it with the other street ballads in the collection; and with the simple old traditional ballads, such as 'Shule Aroon' and 'Peggy Bawn,' that he may discover if possible, where the charm lies that recommends strains so rude and naked to the most cultivated minds. These ballads have done what the songs of our greatest lyrical poets have *not* done—delighted both the educated and the ignorant. Whoever hopes for an equally large and contrasted audience must catch their simplicity, directness, and force, or whatever else constitutes their peculiar attraction.—*Note by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, 'Ballad Poetry of Ireland.'*

[2] "*A dear maid to me.*" His love for her cost him dear.

The country were bewailing my doleful situation,
But still I 'd expectation this maid would set me free;
But, oh! she was ungrateful, her parents proved deceitful,
And though I loved her faithful, she 's a dear maid to me.

Young men and tender maidens, throughout this Irish nation,
Who hear my lamentation, I hope you 'll pray for me;
The truth I will unfold, that my precious blood she sold,
In the grave I must lie cold; she 's a dear maid to me.

For now my glass is run, and the hour it is come,
And I must die for love and the height of loyalty:
I thought it was no harm to embrace her in my arms,
Or take her from her parents; but she 's a dear maid to me.

Adieu, my loving father, and you, my tender mother,
Farewell, my dearest brother, who has suffered sore for me;
With irons I 'm surrounded, in grief I lie confounded,
By perjury unbounded! she 's a dear maid to me.

Now, I can say no more; to the Law-board [1] I must go,
There to take the last farewell of my friends and counterie;
May the angels, shining bright, receive my soul this night,
And convey me into heaven to the blessed Trinity.

LANIGAN'S BALL.[2]

In the town of Athy one Jeremy Lanigan
Battered away till he hadn't a pound,
His father he died and made him a man again,
Left him a house and ten acres of ground!
He gave a grand party to friends and relations
Who wouldn't forget him if he went to the wall;
And if you 'll just listen, I 'll make your eyes glisten
With the rows and the ructions of Lanigan's ball.

Myself, to be sure, got free invitations
For all the nice boys and girls I 'd ask,
And in less than a minute the friends and relations
Were dancing as merry as bees round a cask.

[1] *Law-board*, gallows.

[2] '*Lanigan's Ball.*'—A version made up from several, and as near absolute correctness as seems possible.

Miss Kitty O'Hara, the nice little milliner,
Tipped me the wink for to give her a call,
And soon I arrived with Timothy Glenniher
Just in time for Lanigan's ball.

There was lashins of punch and wine for the ladies,
Potatoes and cakes and bacon and tay,
The Nolans, the Dolans, and all the O'Gradys
Were courting the girls and dancing away.
Songs they sung as plenty as water,
From 'The Harp that once through Tara's ould Hall,'
To 'Sweet Nelly Gray' and 'The Ratcatcher's Daughter,'
All singing together at Lanigan's ball.

They were starting all sorts of nonsensical dances,
Turning around in a nate whirligig;
But Julia and I soon scatthered their fancies,
And tipped them the twist of a rale Irish jig.
Och mavrone! 't was then she got glad o' me:
We danced till we thought the old ceilin' would fall,
(For I spent a whole fortnight in Doolan's Academy
Learning a step for Lanigan's ball).

The boys were all merry, the girls were all hearty,
Dancin' around in couples and groups,
When an accident happened—young Terence McCarthy
He dhruv his right foot through Miss Halloran's hoops.
The creature she fainted, and cried "*Millia murther!*"
She called for her friends and gathered them all;
Ned Carmody swore he 'd not stir a step further,
But have satisfaction at Lanigan's ball.

In the midst of the row Miss Kerrigan fainted—
Her cheeks all the while were as red as the rose—
And some of the ladies declared she was painted,
She took a small drop too much, I suppose.
Her lover, Ned Morgan, so powerful and able,
When he saw his dear colleen stretched out by the wall,
He tore the left leg from under the table,
And smashed all the china at Lanigan's ball.

Oh, boys, but then was the ructions—
Myself got a lick from big Phelim McHugh,
But I soon replied to his kind introductions,
And kicked up a terrible hullabaloo.

Old Casey the piper was near being strangled,
They squeezed up his pipes, his bellows, and all;
The girls in their ribbons they all got entangled,
And that put an end to Lanigan's ball.

A LAY OF THE FAMINE.

Hush! hear you how the night wind keens around the craggy reek?
Its voice peals high above the waves that thunder in the creek.

"Aroon! aroon! arouse thee, and hie thee o'er the moor!
Ten miles away there 's bread, they say, to feed the starving poor.

"God save thee, Eileen *bawn astor,* and guide thy naked feet,
And keep the fainting life in us till thou come back with meat.

"God send the moon to show thee light upon the way so drear,
And mind thou well the rocky dell, and heed the rushy mere."

She kissed her father's palsied hand, her mother's pallid cheek,
And whirled out on the driving storm beyond the craggy reek.

All night she tracks, with bleeding feet, the rugged mountain way,
And townsfolks meet her in the street at flushing of the day.

But God is kinder on the moor than man is in the town,
And Eileen quails before the stranger's harsh rebuke and frown.

Night's gloom enwraps the hills once more and hides a slender form
That shudders o'er the moor again before the driving storm.

No bread is in her wallet stored, but on the lonesome heath
She lifts her empty hands to God, and prays for speedy death.

Yet struggles onward, faint and blind, and numb to hope or fear,
Unmindful of the rocky dell or of the rushy mere.

But, ululu! what sight is this?—what forms come by the reek?
As white and thin as evening mist upon the mountain's peak.

Mist-like they glide across the heath—a weird and ghostly band;
The foremost crosses Eileen's path, and grasps her by the hand.

"Dear daughter, thou has suffered sore, but we are well and free;
For God has ta'en our life from us, nor wills it long to thee.

"So hie thee to our cabin lone, and dig a grave so deep,
And underneath the golden gorse our corpses lay to sleep—

"Else they will come and smash the walls upon our moldering bones,
And screaming mountain birds will tear our flesh from out the stones.

"And, daughter, haste to do thy work, so thou mayest quickly come,
And take with us our grateful rest, and share our peaceful home."

. . . . . .

The sun behind the distant hills far-sinking down to sleep;
A maiden on the lonesome moor, digging a grave so deep;

The moon above the craggy reek, silvering moor and wave,
And the pale corpse of a maiden young stretched on a new-made grave.

MACKENNA'S DREAM.

One night of late I chanced to stray,
All in the pleasant month of May,
When all the Green in slumber lay,
The moon sunk in the deep;
'T was on a bank I sat me down,
And while the wild wind whistled round,
The ocean with a solemn sound
Lulled me fast asleep.

I dreamt I saw brave Brian Boru,
Who did the Danish force subdue;

His saber bright with wrath he drew;
These words he said to me:
"The Harp melodiously shall sound,
When Erin's sons shall be unbound,
St. Patrick's Day they 'll dance around
The blooming laurel tree."

I thought brave Sarsfield drew up nigh,
And presently made this reply,
"For Erin's cause I 'll live and die,
As thousands did before;
My sword again on Aughrim's plain
Old Erin's right shall well maintain,
Through millions in the battle slain,
And thousands in their gore."

I thought St. Ruth stood on the ground,
And said, "I will your monarch crown,
Encompassed by the French around,
All ready for the field."
He raised a Cross, and thus did say,
"Brave boys, we 'll show them gallant play;
Let no man dare to run away;
We 'll die before we yield."

The Brave O'Byrne he was there,
From Ballymanus, I declare,
Brought Wicklow, Carlow, and Kildare
To march at his command;
Westmeath and Cavan too did join,
The county Louth men crossed the Boyne,
Slane, Trim, and Navan too did join
With Dublin to a man.

O'Reilly, on the hill of Screene,
He drew his sword both bright and keen,
And swore by all his eyes had seen,
He would avenge the fall
Of Erin's sons and daughters brave,
Who nobly filled a martyr's grave,
And died before they 'd live enslaved,
And still for vengeance call.

Then Father Murphy he did say,
"Behold, my lord, I 'm here to-day,
With eighteen thousand pikemen gay,
From Wexford hills so brave:

Our country's fate, it does depend
On you, and on your gallant friend;
And Heaven will his cause defend,
Who 'll die ere be a slave."

I thought each band played 'Patrick's Day,'
To marshal all in grand array;
With cap and feather white and gay,
They march in warlike glow,
With drums and trumpets loud and shrill,
And cannon upon every hill;
The pikemen did the valley fill,
To strike the fatal blow.

When, all at once, appeared in sight
An army clad in armor bright;
Both front, and rear, and left, and right,
Marched Paddies evermore.
The chieftains pitched their camps with skill,
Determined tyrants' blood to spill;
Beneath us ran a mountain rill,
As rapid as the Nore.

A Frenchman brave rose up and said—
"Let Erin's sons be not afraid;
To glory I 'll the vanguard lead,
To honor and renown;
Come, draw your swords along with me,
And let each tyrant bigot see
Dear Erin's daughters must be free
Before the sun goes down."

Along the line they raised a shout,
Crying, "Quick march, right about!"
With bayonets fixed they all marched out
To face the deadly foe:
The enemy were no-ways shy,
With thundering cannon planted nigh;
Now thousands on the bank did lie,
And blood in streams did flow.

The enemy made such a square
As drove our cavalry to despair,
Who were nigh routed, rank and rear,
But yet not forced to yield.

The Wexford boys that ne'er were slack,
Came, with the brave Tips at their back,
With Longford joined, who in a crack
Soon sent them off the field.

They gave three cheers for Liberty,
As the enemy all broken flee;
I looked around, but could not see
One foeman on the plain,
Except the men who wounded lay,
Not able for to run away.
When I awoke 't was break of day—
So ends MacKenna's dream.